Oct 6,
1951

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THE NEW YORKER

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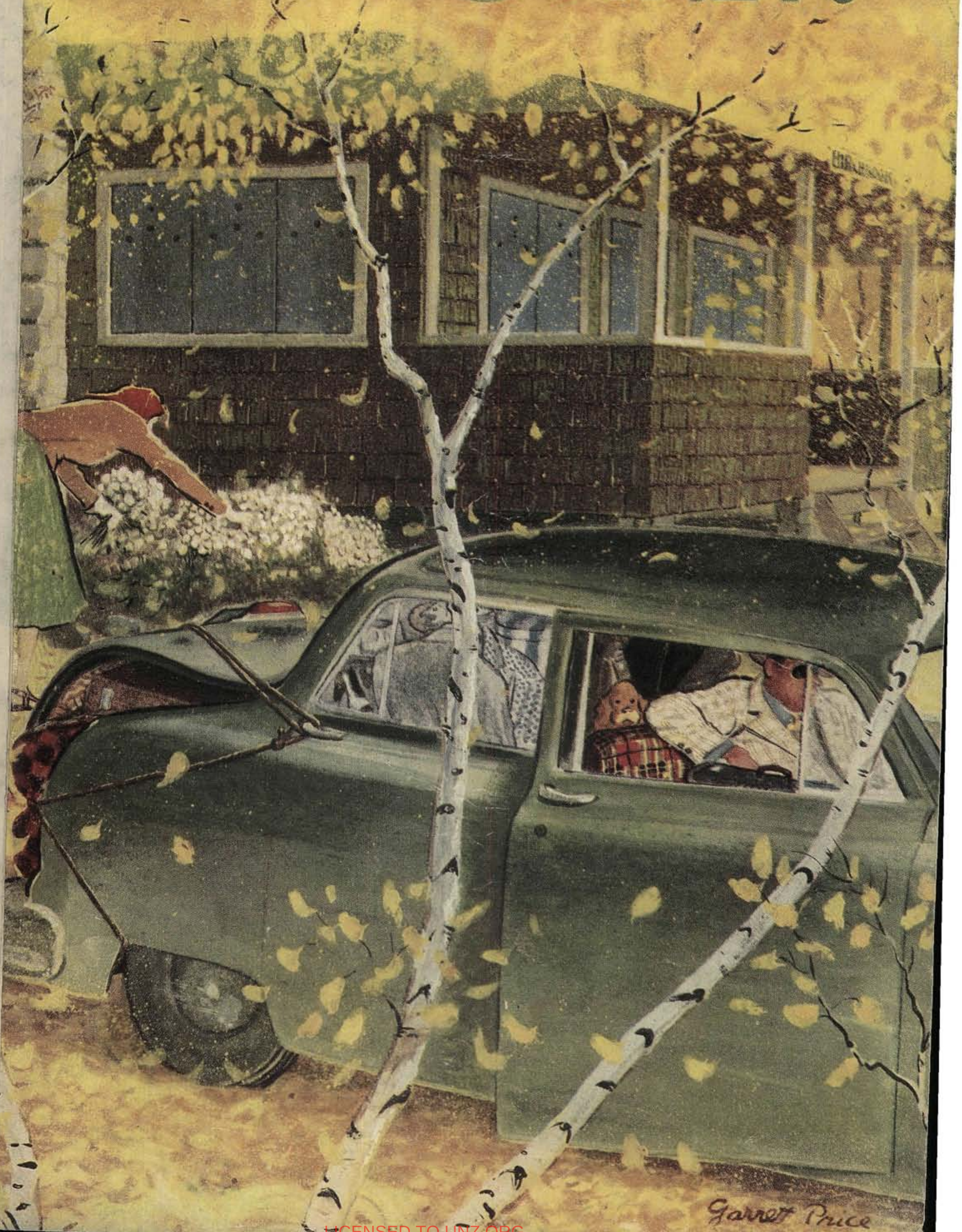
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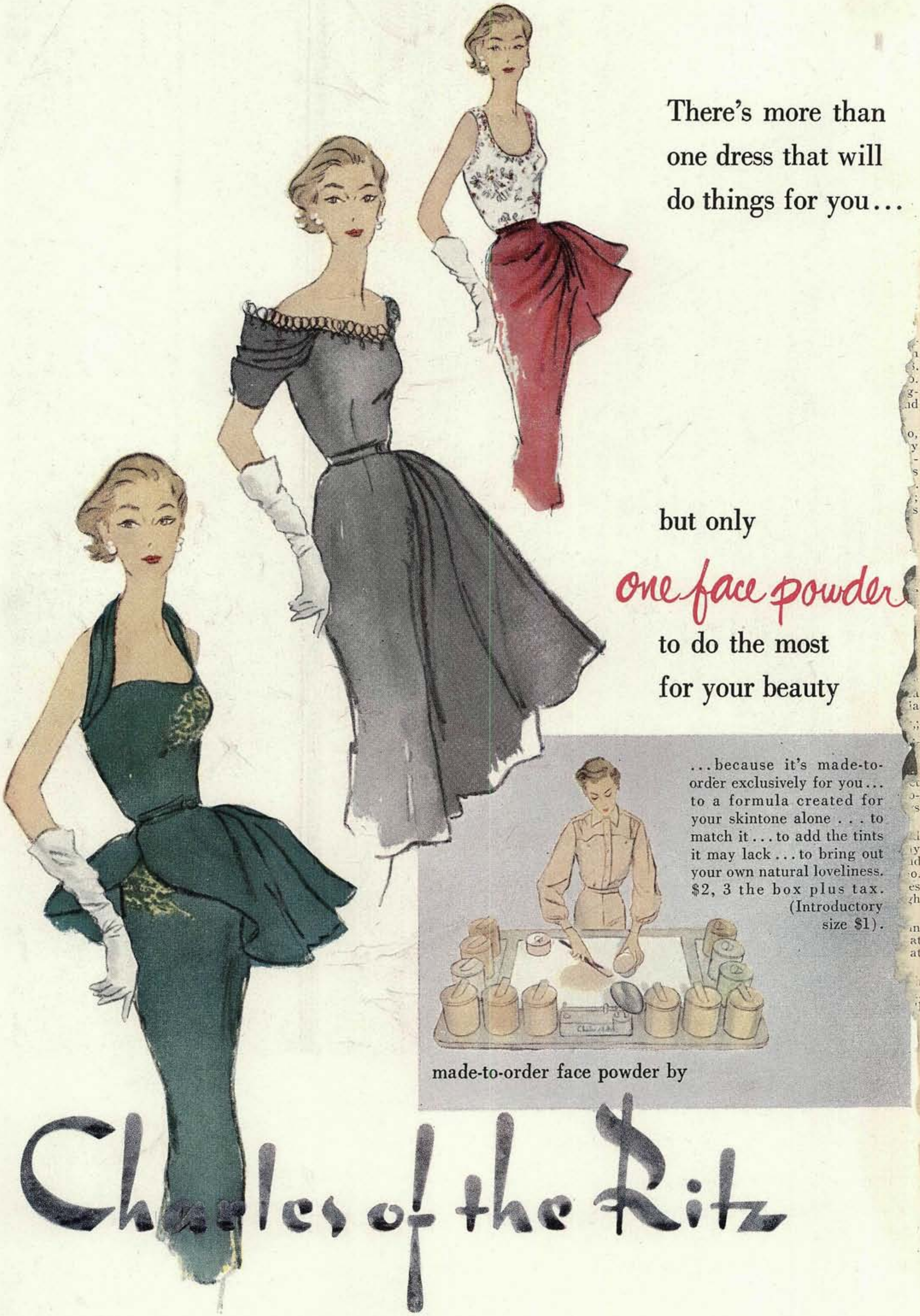

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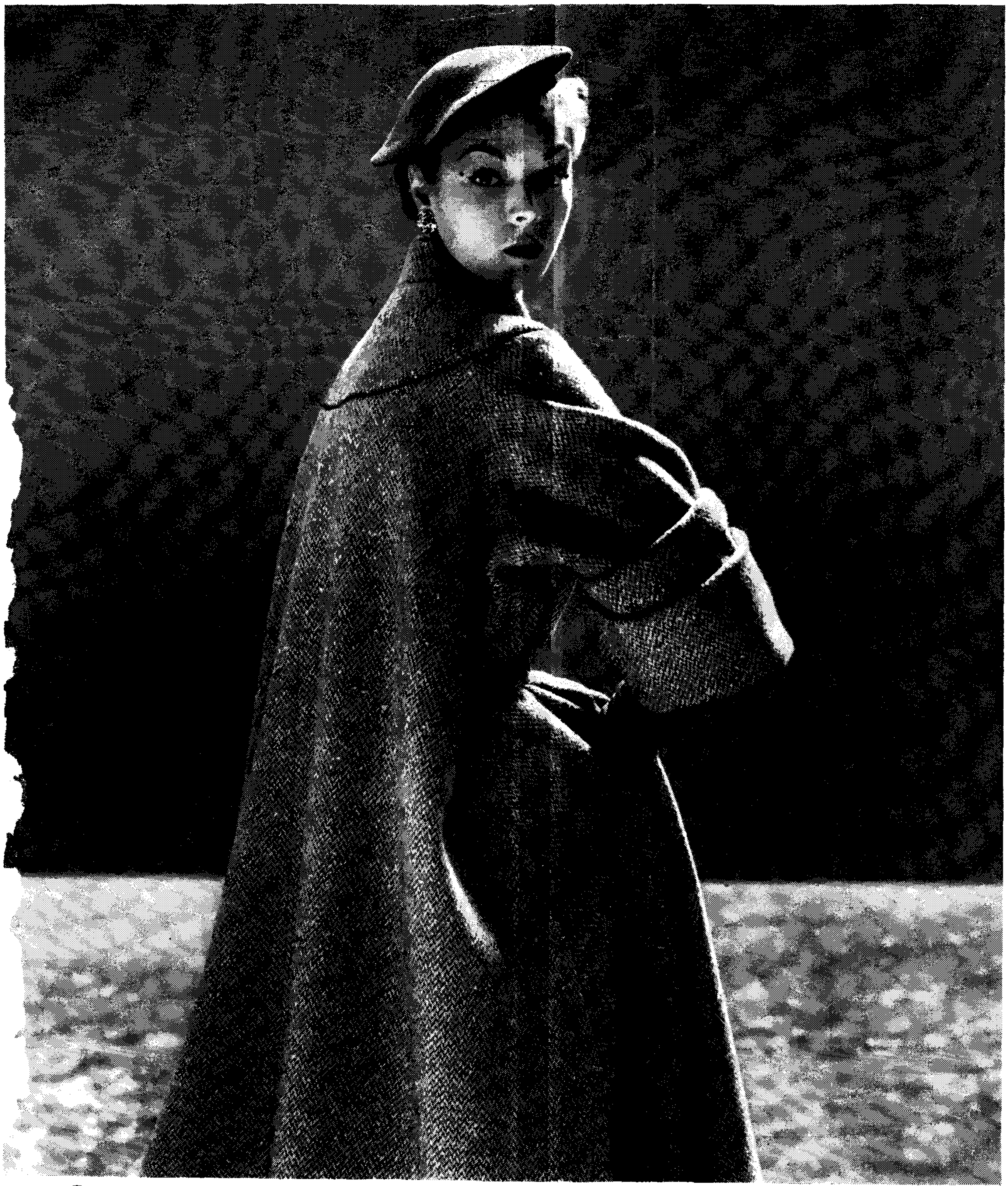

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ON THE PLAZA

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Diamond Lil—Who but Mae West? A limited return engagement of this famous bicycle act. Produced by George Brandt and directed by Charles Freeman. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

Lace on Her Petticoat—Aimée Stuart's mild and talkative little comedy about the class struggle in Scotland in 1890 has its touching moments, but on the whole it is a good deal more naïve than dramatic. Herman Shumlin directed a cast that includes Neva Patterson, Jeff Morrow, and Muriel Aked. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Moon Is Blue—A smooth and surefire comedy, by F. Hugh Herbert, about a boy who gets a girl in three acts. With Donald Cook, Barbara Bel Geddes, and Barry Nelson. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Rose Tattoo—Tennessee Williams' lively drama about a perfervid Sicilian woman who keeps her late husband's ashes enshrined in her living room and lets a rather inadequate slip serve as her widow's weeds. Maureen Stapleton is splendid as the lady, and Eli Wallach is quite diverting as a truck driver who helps convince her that any kind of live man is better than a dead one. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Oct. 27.)

Stalag 17—A comedy melodrama that will be fairly rough going for anyone unaccustomed to functional jokes. It concerns life in a German prison camp, where scatological humor is all the rage. Directed by José Ferrer, the play includes in its cast John Ericson, Harvey Lembeck, Mike Kellin, Laurence Hugo, and Frank Maxwell. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Run—affairs of state: Washington love and politics. Now with June Havoc. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Remains to Be Seen—A comedy by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, with Janis Paige, Jackie Cooper, Mr. Lindsay, and Warner Anderson. The producer is Leland Hayward, the director Bretaigne Windust. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

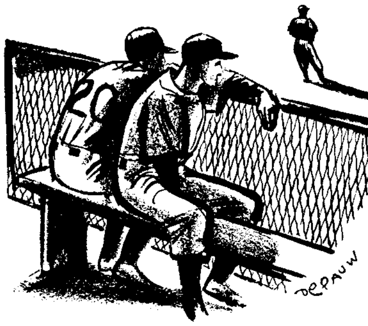
The King and I—A bright and handsome view of Siam, in the best recent Rodgers and Hammerstein tradition. Gertrude Lawrence heads the cast, and gets notable support from Yul Brynner and others. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Oct. 7.)

Seventeen—A musical version of the Booth Tarkington novel that is not without its moments. Sally Benson is responsible for the book, and Ann Crowley, Kenneth Nelson, Frank Albertson, and Doris Dalton are some of the Hoosiers. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6690. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Tree Grows in Brooklyn—From the novel of the same title, Betty Smith, the original author, and George Abbott have fashioned an adaptation that has both humor and pathos. It also has nice songs by Arthur Schwartz and Dorothy Fields and a magnificently funny performance by Shirley Booth. Johnny Johnston, Marcia Van Dyke, and Nathaniel Frey are among those supporting Miss Booth. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Two on the Aisle—Bert Lahr, Dolores Gray, and a good company in a fast but not particularly distinguished revue. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—call me madam: Ethel Merman, the lady ambassador to Lichtenburg. Irving Berlin wrote the songs, and Paul Lukas, Alan Hewitt, and Pat Harrington help out in the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **guys and dolls:** A dash of Damon Runyon, with music and lyrics by Frank Loesser and a cast that includes Robert Alda, Sam Levene, Isabel Bigley, and Martha Stewart. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **south pacific:** Anybody here doesn't know about "South Pacific"? Roger Rico is playing opposite Martha Wright these days. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Saint Joan—Uta Hagen has the lead in this Theatre Guild production of Shaw's play, directed by Margaret Webster. The cast also includes John Buckmaster, Andrew Cruickshank, and Alexander Scourby, and there is incidental music by Lehman Engel. Opens Thursday, Oct. 4. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:15; opening-night curtain at 7:20. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:15.)

Music in the Air—The Kern-Hammerstein musical, originally produced on Broadway in 1932. This time out, the cast is headed by Dennis King, Jane Pickens, Charles Winninger, and Conrad Nagel. Oscar Hammerstein II directed, and Reginald Hammerstei is the producer. Opens Monday, Oct. 8 (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-520 Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; openin night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays a Saturdays at 2:30.)

Glad Tidings—Melvyn Douglas, Signe Hass and Haila Stoddard in a romantic comedy b Edward Mabley. Produced by Harald Brom ley and directed by Mr. Douglas. Open Thursday, Oct. 11. (Lyceum, 45th St., E LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40 opening-night curtain at 8. Matinée Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

Ballet Theatre—Final performances of the engagement—Thursday evening, Oct. 4: "Constantia," "L'Amour et Son Amour," "Th Black Swan: Pas de Deux," and "Les Demoiselles de la Nuit." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 5: "Designs with Strings," "Giselle," and "The Thief Who Loved a Ghost." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 6: "Till Eulenspiegel," "The Nutcracker: Pas de Deux," "Rodeo," and "Helen of Troy." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 6: "Schumann Concerto," "L Fille Mal Gardée," "Le Jeune Homme et Mort," and "Theme and Variations." . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 7: "Swan Lake, "The Thief Who Loved a Ghost," "The Black Swan: Pas de Deux," and "Bluebeard." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 7: "Schumann Concerto," "Bluebeard," "Le Jeune Homme la Mort," and "Princess Aurora." (Metr politan Opera House. BR 9-3135. Evening at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

José Greco and His Spanish Ballet—Ballet an folk and other Spanish dances, by a compan that includes Nila Amparo, Carola Goya, a La Quica. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-59 Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matiné Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Throu Saturday, Oct. 27.)

Pearl Primus—With her group. (Kaufma Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Thursday, Oct. 11, 8:40.)

José Limón—With his company. (Central Hig School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th S Saturday, Oct. 13, at 8:15. For tickets, ca GR 3-1391.)

MISCELLANY

Borscht Capades—If you understand Yiddish and happen to be amused by its rather special humor, you may be entertained by this fairly elaborate floor show. Otherwise, you will certainly be far happier somewhere else. Among the more acceptable performers are a lady simply known as Raasche, the Barry Sisters, Phil Foster, and Dave Barry. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Tuesday, Oct. 9, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

Rodeo—Bronco riding, calf roping, steer wrestling, and just what you'd expect, except for

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The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; S. B. Botsford, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXVII, No. 33, October 6, 1951. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1951, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Philippines, Latin America, and Spain, $7.50; Canada, $8.00; Other Foreign, $10.00.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Vaughn Monroe, who will join in the proceedings starting Monday, Oct. 8. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Through Sunday, Oct. 21.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Dancing, except on Sunday, in the elegant sunken Garden, to the soothing murmurs of Jules Lande's orchestra at dinner and supper. The Trianon Room will reopen on Thursday, Oct. 11, with Mr. Lande's and Nino de Moraes' bands at dinner and supper, and William Adler's violin at cocktail time.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Michael Kent's quartet appears "under the clock" at cocktail time and in the Madison Room (which is closed Sundays) at dinnertime. No dancing anywhere, and not a peep out of the gang on the Day of Rest.

CARLTON HOUSE, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000)—The main reminder of the late lamented Ritz's Oval Room is Emery Deutsch's band, now billeted in the restaurant here, where it makes nostalgic dinner music, except on Sundays. No dancing.

GOGI'S LARUE, 45 E. 58th St. (EL 5-6374)—Any number of epicurean delights, not the least of which is Ted Straeter's irresistible invitation to the dance. His men and Pancho's rumba band open fire at nine-thirty. In the handsome new Plush Room, George Feyer's piano music starts at eight. Closed Mondays.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Some people even have their mail sent here. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

NEW YORKER, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—In the Terrace Room, there's a new ice show, which goes on twice an evening. Dance music by Tommy Reynolds' band and Adrian Rollini's trio. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Cotillion Room, Yma Sumac's four-octave larynx works wonders with Peruvian folk music and not very much with Times Square folk music. Artini and Consuelo prance politely, and Stanley Melba's orchestra and Chico-Relli's rumba band do dance music. On Sundays, there's only a dinner show. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Every night, Stanley Worth's quartet plays for dancing from cocktails through supper in the Café Pierre.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Kay Thompson, probably this season's hostess with the mostest, is in the Persian Room, surrounded by her well-known hostess pajamas and the well-known Williams Brothers. Her small musical comedy is fast, furious, and fun. The bands of Dick La Salle and Mark Monte are also in attendance. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, a reminder of the days when life was more serene, is full of Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dance music after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ The Palm Court has Leo LeFleur's music during the cocktail hour. No dancing.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—To the amazement of absolutely no one, Guy Lombardo and a few other Lombardos are back in the Grill at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the sumptuous Maisonette, there's Julie Wilson, a delectable and happy-go-lucky morning-glory, cavorting through some rather broadminded ballads. The dance bands of Horace Diaz and Milt Shaw tinkle away between-times. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every afternoon and evening, Irving Conn's orchestra supplies the clientele of the Café Lounge with music to dance to.

SHERRY-NETHERLAND, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—The small Carnaval Room, pretty as a picture, offers the orchestras of Hugo Pedell, musicmaker to the Syosset set, and Jan Brunesco, as well as the chansons of Hélène François, a more sedate but handsomely bound edition of her sister, Denise Darcel. Closed Sundays.

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Dancing in the Café Rouge, during dinner and supper, to Ralph Flanagan's big band. Closed Sundays.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Night life as you see it on television, sound effects and all. An orchestra and a rumba band for dancing in one of the alcoves.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Basically Broadway, but a pretty good Broadway. Emile Petti's and Panchito's bands play for dancing after nine, and someone from Hollywood named John Carroll warbles at late dinner and supper. On Wednesday, Oct. 10, the Versailles will revert to its policy of putting on miniature revues. The stirring voice of Carmen Torres will be the feature of the first one.

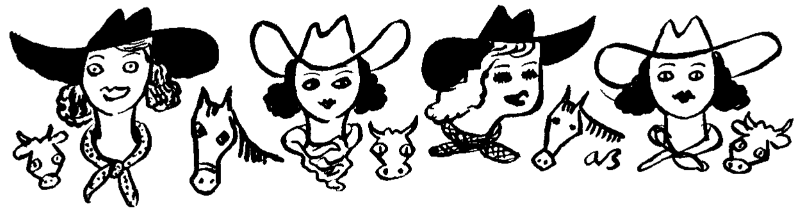
WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the new Empire Room, at dinner and supper, the tongue-in-cheek dances of the eminent Mata and Hari, and, at supper only, the antics of Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy. All evening, Emil Coleman and his orchestra, plus Mischa Borr's band, for dancing. Sundays, Mr. Borr's band plays by itself until twelve. . . . ¶ The Peacock Lounge has Don Rodney's orchestra for dancing after seven. Closed Sundays.

NOTE—The Rainbow Room, an outsize polo field with tables, is open for cocktails and listening music from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday. The best seats are in the bleachers, up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, whose band has launched a thousand débutantes, holds forth here after eight-thirty. Phil D'Arcy's trio makes dance music, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **TONI'S CAPRICE,** 112 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-6255): This airy pleasure dome is dedicated principally to the inner man, but it also affords (at the baby grand) Julius Monk from five to eight, Alex Fogarty after eight, and Hugh Shannon, whose love songs are imbued with the spirit of mockery, after eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A determined throwback to the social habits and concepts of the Noble Experiment. After ten, except Sundays, the Sonny Kendis Trio gallops for dear life through its feverish repertoire. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): A well-stocked hunting ground for those who love old familiar faces. Piano and violin after nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Good-natured Latin-American fun, accompanied by impassioned singing and almost as fervent dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . **NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): The bar of this Byzantine boudoir has Harry Meyerowitz providing cocktail piano and Rudy Timfield providing dinner and supper piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **CELESTE,** 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): Jim Mahoney gets off a fine



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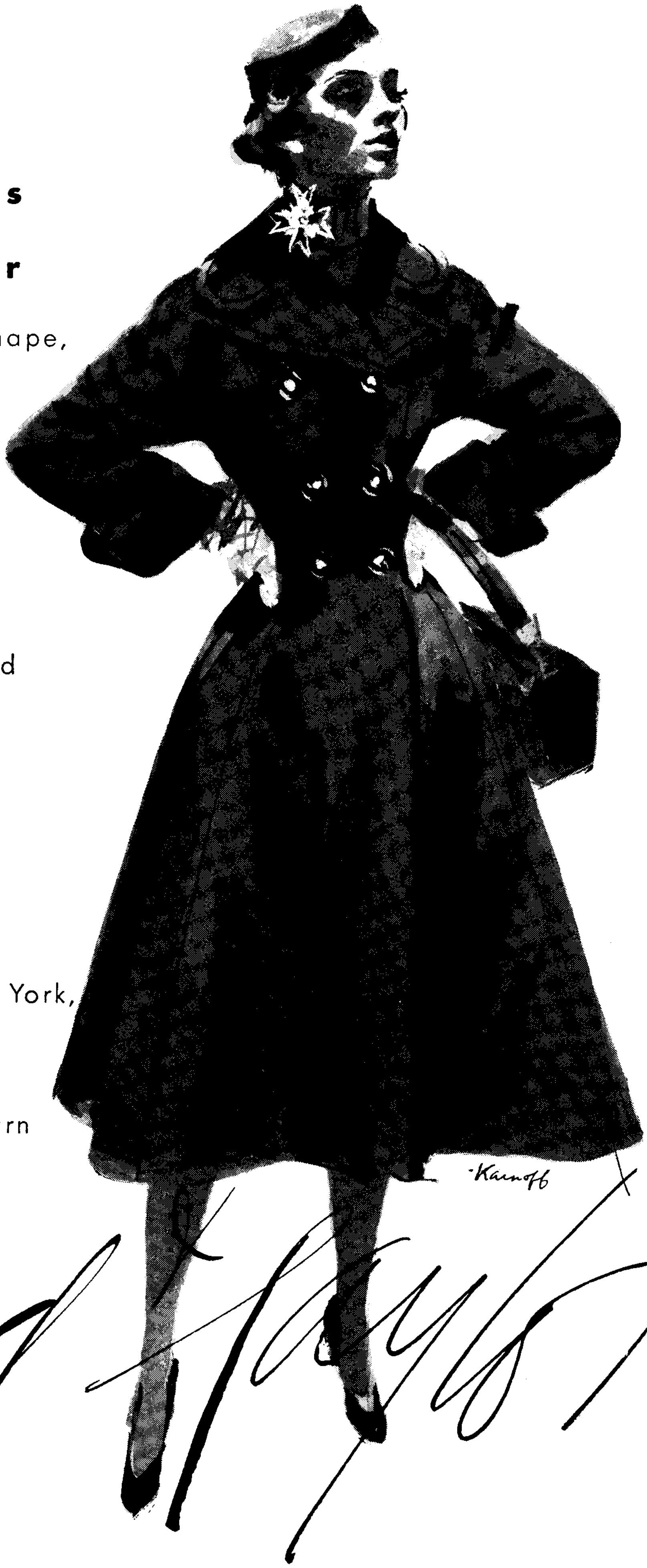

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

collection of listening music at his piano after nine. Closed Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Addison Bailey addresses himself to the local Steinway at dinner and supper, except Sundays, when Sam Hamilton calls the tunes.

BIG AND BRASSY

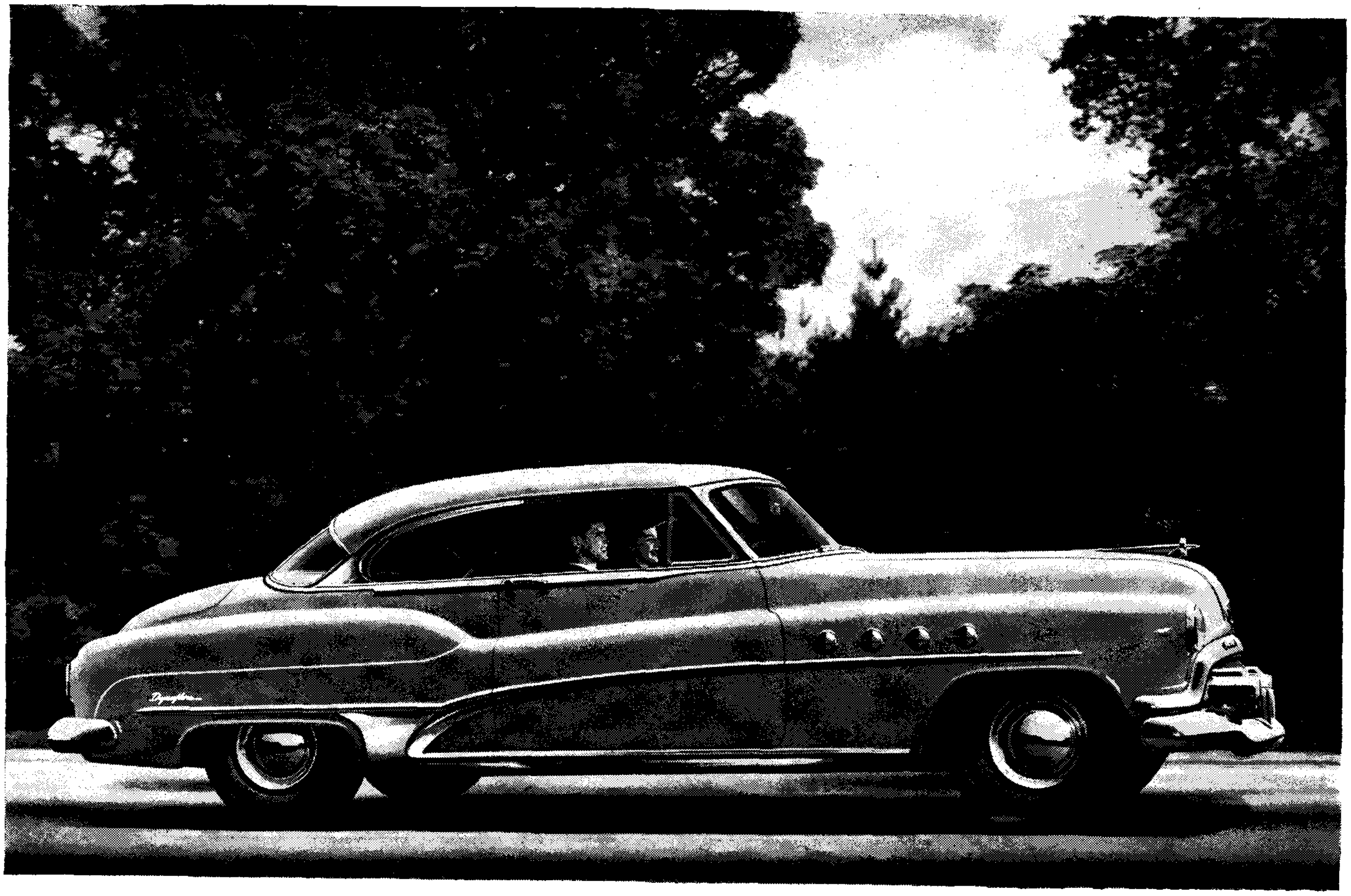
(Dancing, unless otherwise noted.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Joe E. Lewis, a homespun philosopher with a distinctly urban attitude. There's a lot more show, too, but that's not the point. . . . **RIVIERA,** Fort Lee, N.J. (Fort Lee 8-2000): An excellent view of the George Washington Bridge and any number of our best-known horseplayers. Dick Haymes and his songs are unveiled thrice nightly. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): Billy Daniels, vibrating like a Fall River boat rounding Point Judith, sings about that Old Black Magic and other interesting love potions, and François and Giselle Szony whip up some picturesque and agile adagio work. Aside from a few examples of the French dollmaker's art, the rest of the pageant is the standard recipe for hash. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Pearl Primus doing her wonderfully rampageous African stomps, with the aid of a bongo drummer and Sammy Benskin's band. Cliff Jackson is still the solo pianist. On Thursday, Oct. 11, Nellie Lutcher and her rackety ditties will replace Miss Primus. . . . **GILDED CAGE,** 1619 Broadway, at 49th St. (PL 7-1317): Burlesque, deftly masked by some resplendent Gay Nineties costumes, is back on Broadway again, in the persons of Ben Blue and Sid Slate. The gags are the same old naughty ones; the girls are freshly minted. . . . **OLD KNICK MUSIC HALL,** Second Ave. at 54th St. (PL 9-2724): Beer-garden and basket-party atmosphere, coupled with mock melodramas, real sawdust, real singing waiters, and Paul Killiam's acceptable master-of-ceremonies whimsey. Closed Sundays.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Odette Myrtil, saucy proof that old soubrettes never fade away; Doodles and the Spider, lampooning other performers' pet recordings; Orson Bean, an after-dinner speaker with an odd turn of mind. Not only that, but the ballads of Barbara Cook and the music of Stuart Ross and Ellis Larkin's trio. On Saturdays and Sundays, Miss Myrtil, Doodles and the Spider, and Mr. Ross are also in action at cocktail time. . . . ¶ In the lounge, Bart Howard plays romantic piano at dinner, except Tuesdays, and Louis Hawkins plays powerhouse piano after the theatre, except Saturdays. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): A nice evening at the hands of Ronny Graham, as affable and homey an analyst as you could find anywhere; the Three Riffs, whose songs bound from wisecrack to wisecrack with the greatest of ease; and Pat Carroll, a shiny new penny with a catch in her voice but humor in her ballads. There's also pretty music by Julius Monk and the Norman Paris Trio, as well as the ditties of Mary Mayo, who is very young, very earnest. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Shoshana Damari, a young lady with an arresting voice, and Charlotte Rae, whose lyrics are mainly sardonic. Clarence Williams' trio, which has Karl Lynch on guitar, plays real gone dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Bibi Osterwald, whose arias are well sprinkled with laughing matter, is the main bout here. There's also double piano by Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, and solo piano by Hazel Webster. Herb Corey's forte is a hilarious parody of Carol Channing. Ancient movies Sunday nights. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Except Sundays, Mabel Mercer is in her nest right over the rowdydow Show Spot bar, singing her praises of the world's oldest emotion. Sam Hamilton is at the piano. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The vociferous Mae Barnes, making hot mince pie out of the average torch song



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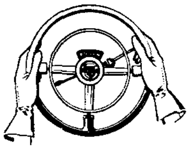

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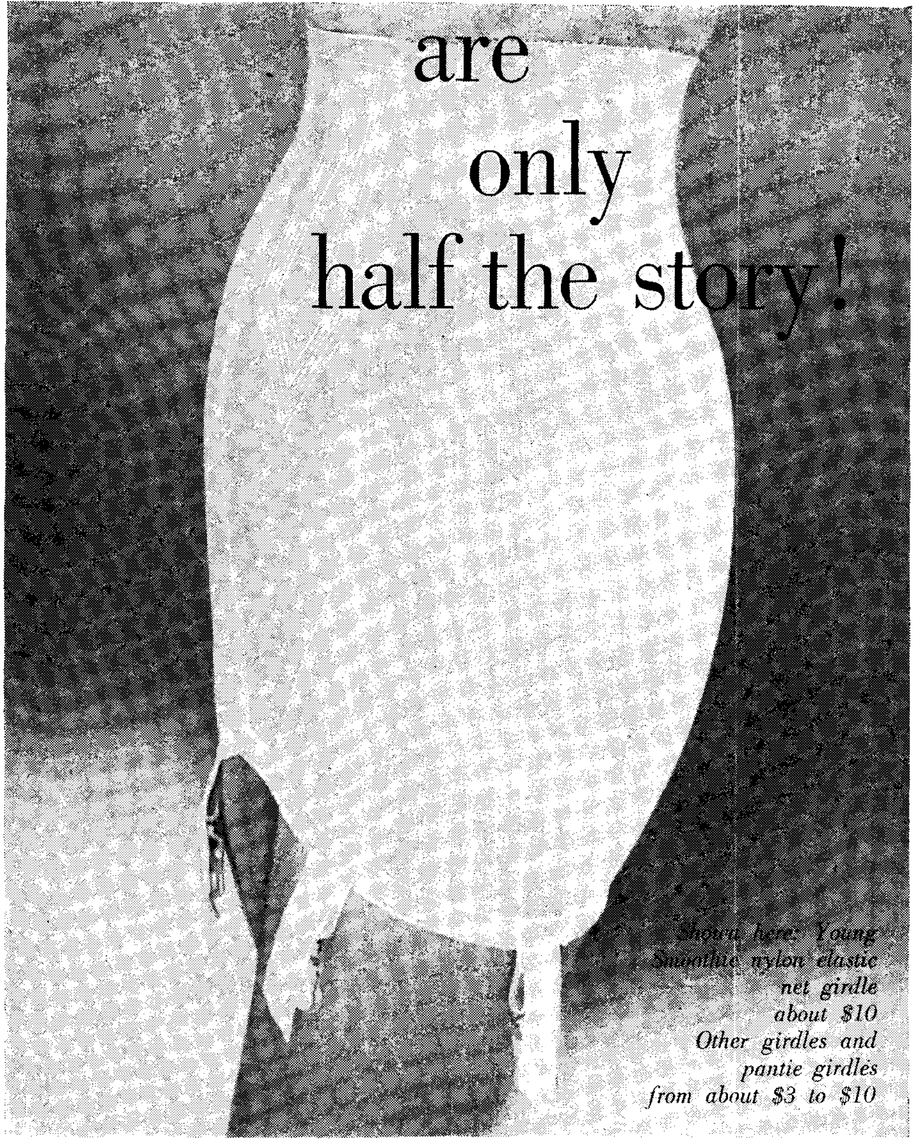

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

while Gene Fields' trio and Norene Tate's piano back her up solidly. Jimmie Daniels' ballads are more romantic, and the ones tossed off by Alice Ghostley and G. Wood are generally sheer nonsense. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): An unrestrained riot staged by Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, Edmond Hall, Bob Casey, Gene Schroeder, and Mr. Condon. Ralph Sutton does the interlude solo-piano work, a fine demonstration of fifty-finger exercises. Tuesday nights, when other sharpshooters drop in, are often complete bedlam. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Some of the best music on the North American continent is being turned loose by the prankish Red Norvo Trio, which has Tal Farlow on guitar. A new quartet, headed by Bud Freeman, is also on deck. On Thursday, Oct. 11, Erroll Garner's trio, which includes the valuable Shadow Wilson and John Simmons, will check in. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's band is clattering along here. Sunday afternoon is jam-session time. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Jimmy Archey, aided by Henry Goodwin, Pops Foster, Benny Waters, Tommy Benford, and Dick Wellstood, is in residence. Don Frye is at the piano between sets. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): The heavyweights available now in this Broadway gym are the bands of Charlie Parker and Terry Gibbs. Jam sessions Monday nights. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday-night rent parties are still going on. On Oct. 5, the main contestants will be Wild Bill Davison, Max Kaminsky, Yank Lawsen, Lou McGarity, Pee Wee Russell, Claude Hopkins, Baby Dodds, Bob Haggart, Sonny Greer, Frankie Newton, and George Wettling. And who could ask for anything more? . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Another Friday-night barbecue, this week (Oct. 5) offering such nourishing vitamins as Georg Brunis, Peanuts Hucko, Willie the Lion Smith, Red Allen, Morey Feld, and the Dixieland Rhythm Kings of Dayton, a town in Ohio. Dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

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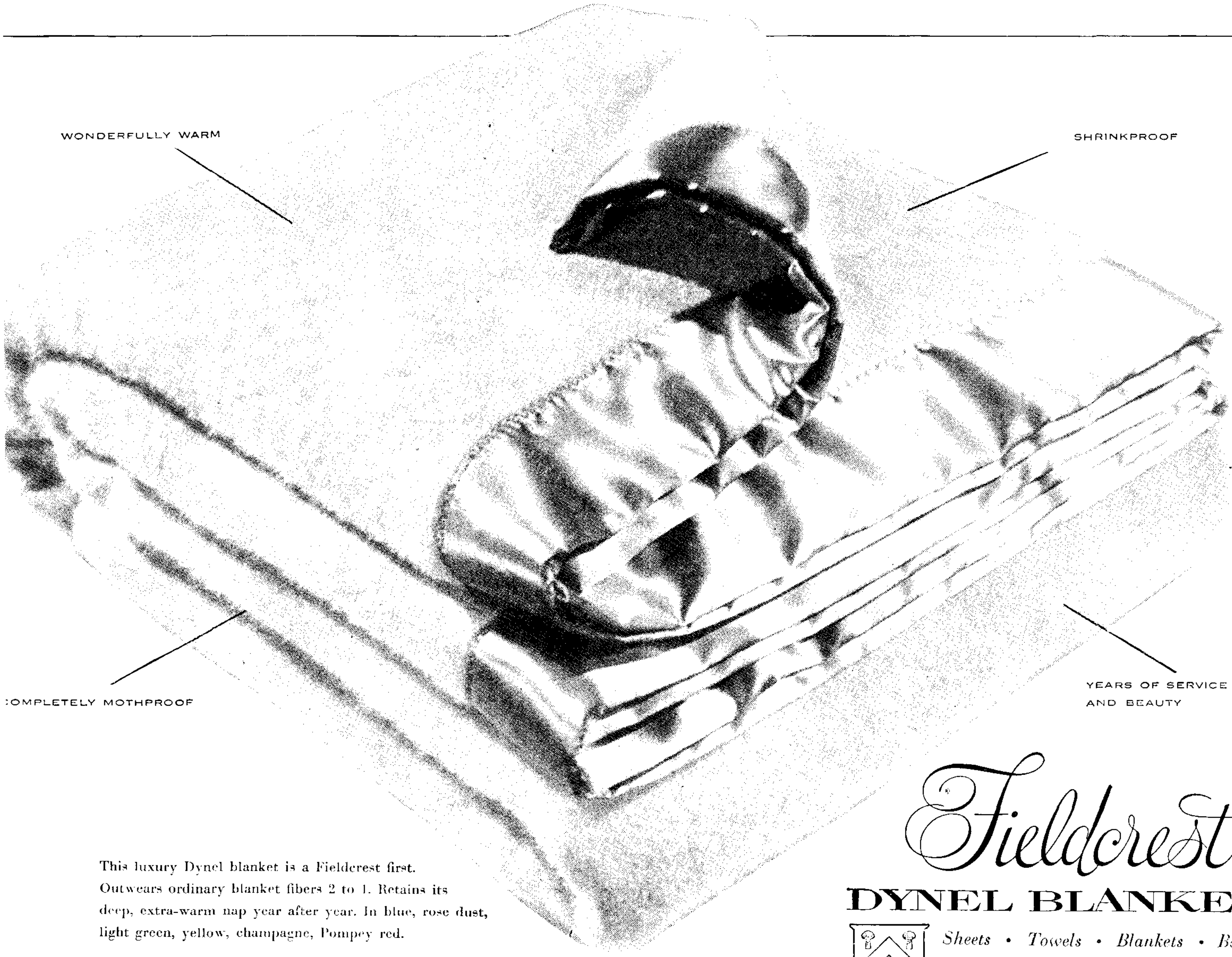
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life in the Congo and the Sudan. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 13.)

Brancusi to Duchamp—Oils and sculptures by these and other European modernists, in a lively and illuminating show. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 27.)

Jacob Elshin—Paintings, mystical in subject and sombre in tone, by a Seattle artist, whose first New York showing this is. (Salpeter, 42 W. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 6; through Oct. 12.)

Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors—The eleventh annual showing by this group includes works by Karl Knaths, George Constant, Xceron, and Morris Davidson. (National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park S.; through Oct. 8.)

Peter Fingesten—Recent sculptures, based chiefly on mythological motifs. (Heller, 108 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 6.)

Vaughn Flannery—Oils of American horse-racing scenes, very effectively done, by a specialist in the genre. (Kraushaar, 32 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 20.)

Group Shows—At the **midtown**, 17 E. 57th St.: Works by Waldo Peirce, Henry Billings, Doris Rosenthal, and other gallery members, in the first exhibition at the gallery's new quarters; through Oct. 6. . . . **new art circle**, 41 E. 57th St.: Oils by Paul Klee, Randall Morgan, Max Beckmann, and other moderns; through Oct. 6. . . . **new school**, 66 W. 12th St.: Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints by members of the art faculty, among them Stuart Davis, Julian Levi, and Camilo Egas. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 10; Saturdays, 1 to 5; through Oct. 12. . . . **peridot**, 6 E. 12th St.: A showing by Reginald Pollack, Seymour Franks, Esteban Vicente, and others; through Oct. 6. . . . **rosenberg**, 16 E. 57th St.: Canvases by French and American artists, including Picasso, Braque, Max Weber, and Karl Knaths; through Oct. 6. . . . **bertha schaefer**, 32 E. 57th St.: Six contemporary American painters, among them Will Barnet, Peter Busa, and Balcomb Greene; through Oct. 6. . . . **viviano**, 42 E. 57th St.: A show of oils and sculptures, comprising works by Kay Sage, Carlyle Brown, Renato Birolli, and other Americans and Italians; through Oct. 6.

Eric de Kolb—Small Surrealist compositions in ceramic, skillfully interweaving a number of modern influences. (Kleemann, 65 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 15.)

Lehmbruck and His Contemporaries—A group of sculptures by the early German modernist, plus other works by some of his contemporaries, among them Klee, Kokoschka, and Macke. (Valentin, 32 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 13.)

Ontario Society of Artists—This organization's first exhibition in the United States, comprising paintings and sculptures. (American British Art Gallery, 122 E. 55th St.; through Oct. 5.)

Richard Pousette-Dart—New paintings, ranging from gauche to extremely sensitive, by one of the more advanced symbolic abstractionists. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 13.)

Gregorio Prestopino—Recent works, a bit more smoothly stylized, and possibly less powerful, than his previous ones. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 13.)

Siamese Sculptures—An exhibition of pieces dating from the ninth through the fifteenth centuries. (Carlebach, 937 Third Ave., at 56th St.; through Nov. 3.)

Grace G. Swank—Landscapes mostly, done in a pleasantly precise and freshly observant, if slightly stiff, manner. (Argent, 42 W. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 6; through Oct. 13.)

Some of This Week's Openings—At the **associated american artists**, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Joe Jones; through Oct 20. . . . **burliuk**, 119 W. 57th St.: Louis M. Eilshemius. Weekdays, noon to 6; through Oct. 13. . . . **downtown**, 32 E. 51st St.: Group show; through Oct. 27. . . . **durlacher**, 11 E. 57th St.: I. Rice Pereira; through Oct. 27. . . . **feigl**, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Jean Hélion; through Oct. 20. . . . **kootz**, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Art for a Synagogue; through Oct. 20. . . . **niveau**, 63

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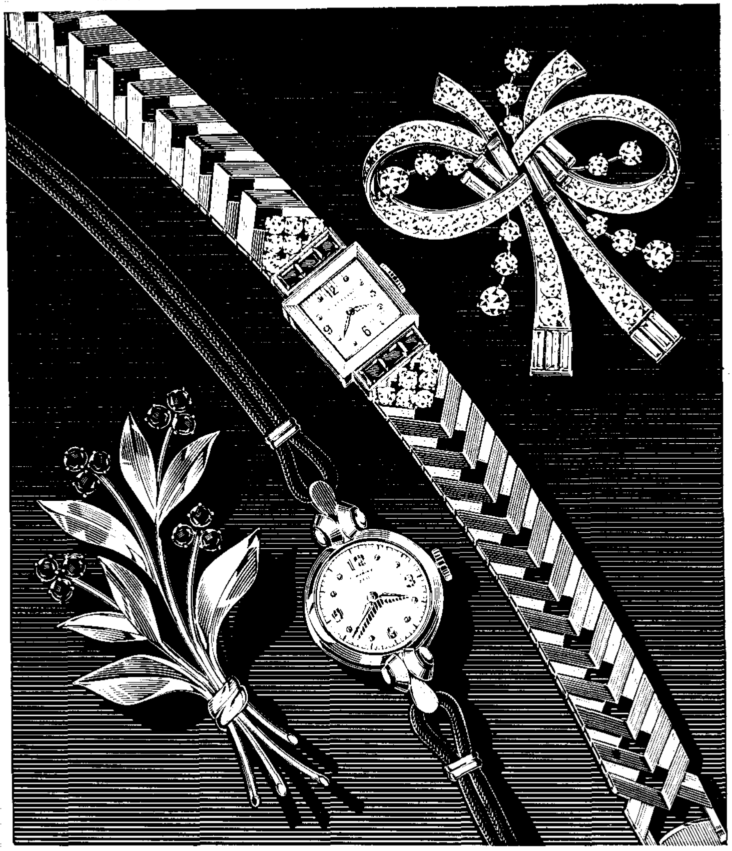

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

E. 57th St.: Jean Dufy; through Oct. 31. . . . **PASSEDOIT**, 121 E. 57th St.: Wallace Putnam; through Oct. 20. . . . **PERLS**, 32 E. 58th St.: Jean Eve; through Oct. 27. . . . **SCULPTURE CENTER**, 167 E. 69th St.: Steel Sculpture. Weekdays, 2 to 5 and, except Saturdays, 7 to 10; through Oct. 31.

NOTE—The semiannual exhibit in Washington Square is on view daily, starting at noon and continuing until dark; through Sunday, Oct. 7.

MUSEUMS

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Japanese prints and paintings, mainly by nineteenth-century artists; through Oct. 14. . . . ¶ A display of portrait photographs, 1830-1930, including examples by Thomas Eakins, Man Ray, and Alfred Stieglitz; through Oct. 14. . . . ¶ Paintings and sculptures by Ben Shahn, Reuben Tam, Milton Hebald, and other members of the Museum's art school faculty; starting Oct. 6. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Columbus Day, 1 to 5.)

COOPER UNION, Cooper Sq. at 7th St.—About a hundred woodcuts, etchings, and engravings given to the Museum by Leo Wallerstein. Among the artists are Dürer, Rembrandt, and Van Ostade. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday and Thursday evenings until 9:30; through Oct. 20.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Lithographs and posters by Toulouse-Lautrec, chosen from the Museum's collection, in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of his death; through Nov. 25. . . . ¶ A selection of paintings by Old Masters, plus Oriental and Egyptian objects of art, all given to the Museum by Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Harkness; starting Oct. 12. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Columbus Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A comprehensive exhibition of oils and other works by James Ensor, the Anglo-Belgian artist generally credited with being one of the precursors of modern Surrealism; through Oct. 28. . . . ¶ An exhibit of eight European and American cars, among them a 1931 Mercedes, a 1949 M.G., and a 1951 Army jeep, chosen as examples of the well-designed automobile; through Nov. 11. . . . ¶ Prints by the late Max Beckmann; through Oct. 28. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays and Columbus Day, 1 to 7.)

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Currently on display here are recent acquisitions: paintings by such men as Moholy-Nagy, Kandinsky, Mondrian, Vantongerloo, and Delaunay, plus a Pevsner construction and other items. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Columbus Day, noon to 6; through Nov. 11.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—A hundred paintings and five sculptures by members of the League of Present Day Artists, in their eleventh annual exhibition. (Daily, 1 to 5; starting Oct. 7.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8th St.—A retrospective of works by Mark Tobey, including paintings (oil, water color, and tempera) and prints. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5; through Nov. 4.)

MUSIC

NEW YORK CITY OPERA COMPANY—Thursday, Oct. 4, at 8:15: Première of "The Dybbuk" (in English), by David Tamkin. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 5, at 8:15: "The Tales of Hoffmann." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 6, at 2:30: "The Love for Three Oranges" (in English). . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 6, at 8:15: "Don Giovanni." . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 7, at 2:30: "La Traviata." . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 7, at 7:15: "Die Meistersinger." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 10, at 8:15: "The Dybbuk" (in English). . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 11, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly." . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 12, at 8:15: "Rigoletto." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 13, at 1:15: "Die Meistersinger." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 13, at 8:15: "Manon." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, Nov. 11.)

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, April 20—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting, in concert form, with vocal soloists, the first presentations in America of Ferruccio Busoni's opera "Arlecchino." (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Thursday, Oct. 11, at 8:45, and Friday, Oct. 12, at 2:30.)

Leopold Mittman and David Soyer—Piano and cello. (Town Hall. LU 2-4536. Thursday, Oct. 4, at 8:30.)

Moura Lympany—Piano. (Town Hall. LU 2-4536. Monday, Oct. 8, at 8:40.)

SPORTS

Baseball—World Series—Yankees vs. the winner of the Giants-Dodgers playoff games. First and second games at Yankee Stadium, Thursday and Friday, Oct. 4-5; third, fourth, and, if necessary, fifth games in the home park of the National League champion, Saturday through Monday, Oct. 6-8. After that, if the feathers are still flying, back to Yankee Stadium for final games on Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 9-10. All games will start at 1, except on Sunday, when things will get under way at 2. The New York Telephone Company is furnishing running scores along with its time reports; call MEridian 7-1212.

Boxing—Joe Louis vs. Rocky Marciano, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Polo Grounds. Thursday, Oct. 11. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

College Football—**SATURDAY, OCT. 6** (all at 2): Colgate vs. Cornell, at Hamilton. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Harvard, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ *Holy Cross vs. Fordham, at Worcester.* . . . ¶ Navy vs. Princeton, at Annapolis. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Dartmouth, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Brown, at New Haven. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 13** (all at 2): Army vs. Dartmouth, at West Point. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Yale, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Harvard, at Ithaca. . . . ¶ N.Y.U. vs. Rutgers, at Triborough Stadium, Randalls Island. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Princeton, at Philadelphia.

Dog Show—Devon Dog Show Association. (Devon, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 6.)

Hunt Racing—Rolling Rock Hunt Racing Association. (Ligonier, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 6.)

Polo—At **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB,** Purchase: Sundays at 3. . . . **BOSTWICK FIELD,** Westbury: Sundays at 3:30. . . . **MEADOW BROOK CLUB,** Westbury: Sundays at 3:30. The Monty Waterbury Memorial Tournament, Oct. 7.

Racing—At **BELMONT PARK:** Weekdays at 1:15; through Tuesday, Oct. 16. The Futurity, and the Manhattan Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 6; the Ladies Handicap, Wednesday, Oct. 10; the Grand National Steeplechase Handicap, Friday, Oct. 12; and the Jockey Club Gold Cup, Saturday, Oct. 13. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:45 and 1:25.) . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK,** Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Nov. 3. (A train will leave Penn Station for the track at 10.) . . . **LAUREL PARK,** Laurel, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30, from Wednesday, Oct. 10, through Thursday, Oct. 25. The *Selima*, Saturday, Oct. 13.

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weekdays at 8:40; through Thursday, Nov. 15. (Trains leave Grand Central Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 6:53, 7:28, and 7:40, and Saturdays at 7:20.) . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 13.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—The organization is currently in the throes of transferring all operations from Flushing Meadow to Manhattan, but if you call PLaza 4-1234, Ext. 634, you may catch an open meeting, at Flushing Meadow, of the Security Council, the Commission on Conventional Armaments, the Atomic Energy Commission, or the Interim Committee of the General Assembly. Be sure to call the day before you want to go. Questions about the United Nations will be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 220 W. 45th St., JU 2-0233.

Newspapers—Memorabilia of New York newspapers that are now a hundred or more years old, among them the *Times*, the *Post*, the *Journal of Commerce*, the *Herald Tribune*, and the *Brooklyn Eagle*. The show comprises early issues (first issues, in some cases), notable headlines, editorial hoaxes, and other items pertaining to the histories of the pa-

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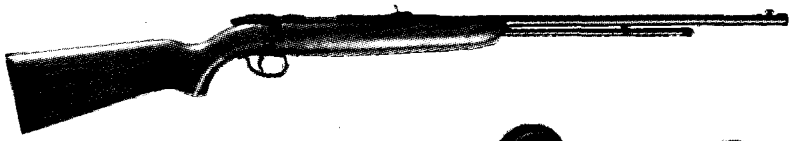

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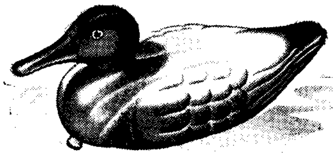

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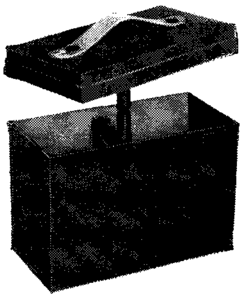

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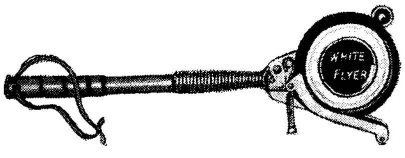

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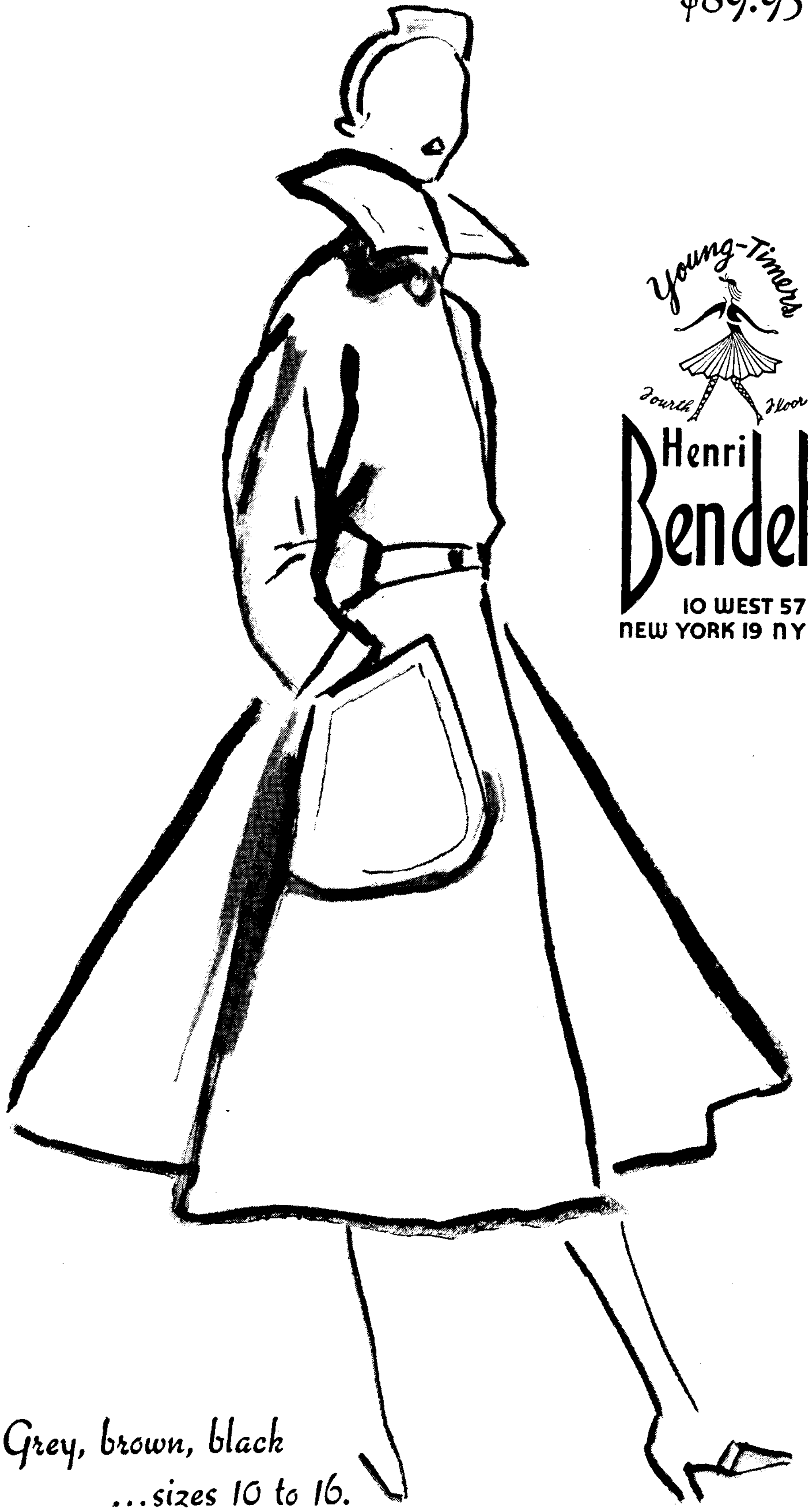

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

pers. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W. at 77th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; through Dec. 30.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM—The current show is called "Conquest of Space," and deals with an imaginary trip by space ship to some of our neighboring planets. (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays, except Columbus Day, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays, Sundays, and Columbus Day at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Through Nov. 30.)

AUCTIONS—At the **PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Cabinet objects of art, including Herend and other table porcelains, Russian and Viennese enamelware, Staffordshire and Continental faïences, and silver, from various sources. (Exhibition Thursday, Oct. 4, from 10 to 5. Auction Friday, Oct. 5, at 1:45.) . . . ¶ Eighteenth-century French furniture, as well as English furniture of the Georgian period, porcelains, and other objects of art, owned by Marguerite Glover. (Exhibition Thursday and Friday, Oct. 4-5, from 10 to 5. Auction Saturday, Oct. 6, at 1:45.) . . . ¶ First editions of works by French, English, and other authors, from the library of E. W. Titus. (Exhibition Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 4-6, from 10 to 5. Auction Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 8-9, at 1:45.) . . . ¶ French, English, American, and other paintings of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, including works by Gainsborough, Corot, and Gilbert Stuart, from the collections of the late Edward Hubert Litchfield and others. (Exhibition Saturday, Oct. 6; Monday, Oct. 8; and Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 10-11, from 10 to 5; and Tuesday, Oct. 9, from 10 to 8. Auction Thursday, Oct. 11, at 8.) . . . **KENDE GALLERIES**, 119 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Old Masters, among them Van Dyck, Rubens, and David, belonging to a private Swiss collector. (Auction Thursday, Oct. 4, at 8.)

REGISTRATION—The final days of the registration period for the Nov. 6 elections are Thursday and Friday, Oct. 4-5, from 5 P.M. to 10:30 P.M., and Saturday, Oct. 6, from 7 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.

COLUMBUS DAY—Falls on Friday, Oct. 12.

●

NOTE—Volunteers are still sorely needed in each of the city's civil-defense departments, among which are Transportation, Medical Emergency, Public Health, Public Welfare, and the Fire and Police Auxiliaries. Telephone operators, messengers, air wardens, hospital aids, clerical workers, and such are wanted to fill jobs in nearly a hundred and fifty different categories. Some of these posts involve technical or professional skills, but for most of them the qualifications are merely time, heart, and, possibly, muscle. All hospitals, precinct police stations, and district firehouses are prepared to take applications, and additional recruiting centers have been opened in motion-picture theatres, libraries, and other public buildings. Further information can be had from the five borough recruiting offices: 500 Park Ave., at 59th St. (MU 8-6940), in Manhattan; 2 Court St. (MAin 4-7681), in Brooklyn; Borough Hall, 120-55 Queens Blvd. (BOulevard 3-2324), in Queens; Bronx County Court House, 161st St. and Grand Concourse (LUdlow 8-9634), in the Bronx; and Borough Hall, St. George, S.I. (GIbraltar 2-8836), in Richmond. . . . ¶ Blood donations for the armed forces are, of course, also urgently sought. To make an appointment call the Manhattan Red Cross Chapter, 70 W. 40th St., MU 9-1000, or the Brooklyn Chapter, 57 Willoughby St., MAin 4-6001.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

HOCKEY—Professional games, at Madison Square Garden, Oct. 24 and 28, and Nov. 7, 11, and 14.

HORSE SHOWS—Pennsylvania National Horse Show. (Harrisburg, Pa. Oct. 20 and Oct. 22-27.) . . . ¶ National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Oct. 30-Nov. 6.)

HUNT RACING—Rose Tree Fox Hunt Club. (Media, Pa. Oct. 20.) . . . ¶ Monmouth County Hunt Racing Association. (Red Bank, N.J. Oct. 27.) . . . ¶ Essex Fox Hounds Race Meeting Association. (Far Hills, N.J. Nov. 3.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—Opening game of the season, at Madison Square Garden, Nov. 10.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—At the POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Chicago Cardinals, Oct. 14; Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, Oct. 21; Giants vs. Yanks, Nov. 4; and Giants vs. Washington Redskins, Nov. 11. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Yanks vs. Green Bay Packers, Oct. 28.

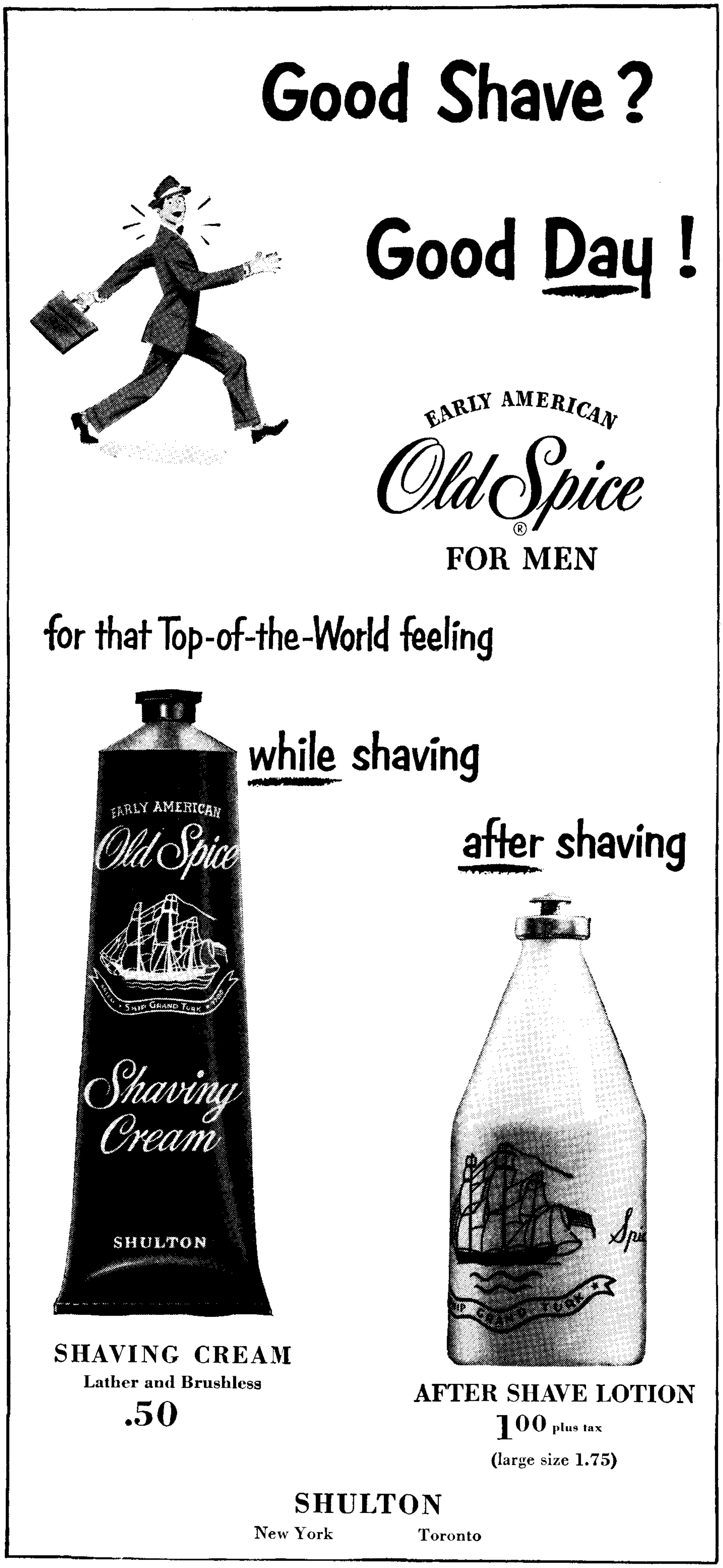
RACING—UNITED HUNTS AT BELMONT PARK: Oct. 17-18. . . . EMPIRE CITY AT JAMAICA: Oct. 19-Nov. 15. The Gold Cup, Oct. 20. . . . PIMLICO, Baltimore: Oct. 27-Nov. 16.

MUSIC—OPERA: The Metropolitan Opera season will open Nov. 13, with "Aïda," and will run through April 12. . . . CARNEGIE HALL: The Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Oct. 16 and Nov. 13. . . . ¶ Stan Kenton and his orchestra, Oct. 19-20. . . . ¶ Samson François, piano, Oct. 24. . . . ¶ Max Pollikoff, violin, Oct. 29. . . . ¶ José Iturbi, piano, Nov. 2. . . . ¶ Solomon, piano, Nov. 4. . . . ¶ Frances Magnes, violin, Nov. 7. . . . ¶ Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, Thor Johnson conducting, Nov. 11. . . . ¶ Opening performances of the Boston Symphony, Charles Münch conducting, Nov. 14 and 17. . . . TOWN HALL: The Little Orchestra Society, Thomas Scherman conducting, Oct. 15 and Nov. 5. . . . ¶ Martial Singher, baritone, Oct. 17 and 31, and Nov. 14. . . . ¶ Fredell Lack, violin, Oct. 19. . . . ¶ Philharmonic-Symphony Young People's concert, Igor Buketoff conducting, Oct. 20. . . . ¶ Janice Moudry, contralto, Oct. 26. . . . ¶ Mary Bothwell, soprano, Oct. 29. . . . ¶ Ania Dorfmann, piano, Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Kurt Baum, tenor, Nov. 3. . . . ¶ New Friends of Music, Nov. 4 and 11. . . . ¶ Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano, Nov. 6. . . . ¶ Eugene List, piano, Nov. 9. . . . ¶ Guiomar Novaes, piano, Nov. 10. . . . ¶ Richard Dyer-Bennet, folk singer, Nov. 10.

BALLET—New York City Ballet Company, at the City Center, Nov. 13-Dec. 16.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: Ginger Rogers, Paul McGrath, and Tom Helmore in a comedy by Louis Verneuil, "Love and Let Love." . . . ¶ A limited engagement of Christopher Fry's "A Sleep of Prisoners," by the original English company (Leonard White, Stanley Baker, Hugh Pryse, and Donald Heron) to be presented at St. James' Episcopal Church, Madison Ave. at 71st St. . . . ¶ A comedy by Sumner Locke Elliott, "Buy Me Blue Ribbons," with Audrey Christie and Jay Robinson. . . . ¶ "Faithfully Yours," a comedy by L. Bush-Fekete and Mary Helen Fay, based on a play by Jean Bernard Luc. Ann Sothern and Robert Cummings will have the leading roles. . . . ¶ A melodrama, "The Number," by Arthur Carter, with a cast headed by Dane Clark. . . . ¶ Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn in a two-character play, "The Fourposter," by Jan de Hartog. . . . ¶ Maxwell Anderson's new play, "Barefoot in Athens," with Barry Jones. . . . ¶ Phil Silvers, Rose Marie, Jack Albertson, and Joey Faye in "Top Banana," a musical. Hy Kraft wrote the book, and Johnny Mercer is responsible for the music and lyrics. . . . ¶ "Paint Your Wagon," a musical with a book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner and a score by Frederick Loewe. James Barton and Olga San Juan will head the cast. . . . NOTE: The First Drama Quartette—Charles Boyer, Charles Laughton, Cedric Hardwicke, and Agnes Moorehead—will present a single performance of Shaw's "Don Juan in Hell," at Carnegie Hall, Oct. 22.

OTHER DATES—New York Antiques Fair, in the 71st Regiment Armory, Oct. 15-20. . . . ¶ Chrysanthemum show, at the New York Botanical Garden, Oct. 26-28. . . . ¶ Election Day is Tuesday, Nov. 6. . . . ¶ Autumn exhibition by the Horticultural Society of New York, at Essex House, Nov. 8-10. . . . ¶ Armistice Day is Sunday, Nov. 11.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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

An American in Paris—Gershwin tunes and a jaunty book by Alan J. Lerner make this a highly entertaining musical. Gene Kelly contributes a most diverting portrayal of an American artist on the loose along the Seine. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

Bitter Rice—Extravagantly active ladies in the rice fields of the Po Valley. An Italian film, in which Silvana Mangano is outstanding as the most tempestuous of the harvesters. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Oct. 5. . . . ¶ Murray Hill, Park at 42nd, MU 2-1431; Oct. 5-6. . . . ¶ Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; Oct. 7-9. . . . ¶ York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-9350; and Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Oct. 9-10. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; starting Oct. 9.)

The Brave Bulls—A rather specialized item dealing with the peculiarly gloomy worries and woes of bullfighters. Made in Mexico by an American outfit, the film includes some scenes in the arena that ought to interest anybody who is not utterly opposed to the sport. Mel Ferrer is on hand as a matador, and the cast is rounded out with a good many genuine Mexicans. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Oct. 9, tentative.)

Force of Arms—The last war again. William Holden and Nancy Olson are excellent as two troubled members of the United States forces in Italy, but the story leaves something to be desired. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Oct. 9. . . . ¶ Murray Hill, Park at 42nd, MU 2-1431; and Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; starting Oct. 10.)

The Great Caruso—There aren't many biographical facts in this alleged account of the great man's life, but there is a spate of good music, sung, for the most part, by Mario Lanza, who has an agreeable voice, and by Dorothy Kirsten and Blanche Thebom, who also sound fine. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Oct. 5. . . . ¶ Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Oct. 7-8, tentative.)

Kon-Tiki—The documentary account of a journey from Peru to Polynesia on a primitive raft. The six Scandinavian travellers who made the trip hoped to prove that Peruvians had settled Polynesia. Whether they proved it or not, they assuredly had a fascinating voyage. The narration that accompanies the picture was written and is delivered by Thor Heyerdahl, leader of the expedition. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Oct. 9.)

Oliver Twist—A British adaptation of Dickens' story of poverty and greed in nineteenth-century England, turned out by Robert Neame and David Lean, who were also responsible for "Great Expectations." Though not as distinguished as its predecessor, it has expert characterizations by Alec Guinness, as Fagin, and John Howard Davies, as Oliver. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7241.)

Operation Disaster—An English film about a submarine that goes to its doom on a practice run in the North Sea. Exciting, but not for claustrophobes. John Mills is in command of the unfortunate craft. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Oct. 4.)

A Place in the Sun—An adaptation of Theodore Dreiser's "An American Tragedy" that rates a blue ribbon. Astutely directed by George Stevens, the piece has as its central figures Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060.)

The River—Jean Renoir's masterful interpretation of the Rumer Godden novel about life along the Ganges. Produced by Kenneth McEldowney, an American, the film features Arthur Shields, Nora Swinburne, an Indian actress and dancer named Radha, and all kinds of other Indians who happen within the range of M. Renoir's camera. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

Show Boat—The old stern-wheeler, still doing all right on the river. Among those on board: Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel, Ava Gardner, and William Warfield. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; starting Oct. 10.)

A Streetcar Named Desire—Tennessee Williams in celluloid. Not as enthralling, perhaps, as the Pulitzer Prize play from which it derives, but a fine movie nevertheless. With Marlon Brando, Vivien Leigh, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CI 7-5900.)

Tales of Hoffmann—An overblown British treatment of the famous opera, danced by one group onscreen, sung by another off, and filmed against preposterous sets. With Robert Rounseville, Leonide Massine, Moira Shearer, Ludmilla Tcherina, and Robert Helpmann. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

The 13th Letter—Charles Boyer (an old doctor) and Michael Rennie (a young one) caught up in a tangle of poison-pen letters. First-rate acting, and enough suspense to keep you around until the finish. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting Oct. 10.)

Tony Draws a Horse—The English having some amiable fun at the expense of a number of their own social customs. Cecil Parker and Anne Crawford are included in a highly satisfactory cast. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Oct. 5-6.)

The Well—Race-rioting and the rescue of a small girl from a well are turned into a rousing melodrama. The cast features Henry Morgan, Richard Rober, Barry Kelly, and Maidie Norman. (State, B'way at 45th, LU 2-5070.)

REVIVALS

The Astonished Heart (1950)—Noel Coward on the perils of adultery. A British film, with Celia Johnson and the author. (Murray Hill, Park at 42nd, MU 2-1431; Oct. 7-9.)

Ballerina (1938)—Ballet folk backstage. In French, with Mia Slavenska. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590.)

The Bank Dick (1940)—W. C. Fields as a bank dick. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630.)

The Bicycle Thief (1949)—An Italian film, made by Vittorio De Sica, about a search for a stolen bicycle by a workman and his son. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 4.)

The Captive Heart (1947)—Allied soldiers in a German prison camp. An English film, with Michael Redgrave. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Oct. 10.)

City Lights (1931)—The old familiar Chaplin, plus a blind flower girl and an alcoholic millionaire. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630. . . . ¶ Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 4.)

King Solomon's Mines (1950)—Deering-do in Africa. With Deborah Kerr, Stewart Granger, and thousands of beasts. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Oct. 9, tentative.)

Movie Crazy (1932)—The venerable Harold Lloyd commotion. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Oct. 7-8, tentative.)

Ninotchka (1939)—Garbo full of laughs. Also with Melvyn Douglas. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Oct. 7.)

Thunder Rock (1944)—The dreams of a disillusioned journalist in a Lake Michigan lighthouse. An English film, with Michael Redgrave. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Oct. 6-8.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Oct. 7: "One A.M." (1916), with Charlie Chaplin, and "The Kid" (1921), with Mr. Chaplin, who also directed it, and Jackie Coogan. . . . ¶ Starting Oct. 8: "Morocco" (1930), with Marlene Dietrich, Gary Cooper, and Adolphe Menjou. (Showings are at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Here Comes the Groom," Bing Crosby, Jane Wyman.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
TALES OF HOFFMANN.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
A PLACE IN THE SUN.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
"The Magic Face," Luther Adler, Patricia Knight.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"Journey Into Light," Sterling Hayden, Viveca Lindfors.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"The Day the Earth Stood Still," Michael Rennie, Patricia Neal.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
AN AMERICAN IN PARIS.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through Oct. 9 (tentative): "Flying Leathernecks," John Wayne, Robert Ryan.
From Oct. 10 (tentative): "The Mob," Broderick Crawford, Betty Buehler.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"David and Bathsheba," Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"A Millionaire for Christy," Fred MacMurray, Eleanor Parker.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
THE WELL.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through Oct. 9: "Saturday's Hero," John Derek, Donna Reed.
From Oct. 10: "The Whistle at Eaton Falls," Lloyd Bridges, Dorothy Gish.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Pickup," Hugo Haas, Beverly Michaels.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
KON-TIKI.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 7-9653)
Through Oct. 9: "Jim Thorpe—All American," Burt Lancaster, Charles Bickford; and "Never Trust a Gambler," Dane Clark, Cathy O'Donnell.
From Oct. 10: "Alice in Wonderland," a full-length Walt Disney film; and "Cavalry Scout," Rod Cameron, Audrey Long.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 9: **KON-TIKI.**
From Oct. 10: "That's My Boy," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis.

Murray Hill, Park at 42nd. (MU 2-1431)
Oct. 4: "Meet Me After the Show," Betty Grable, Macdonald Carey; and "I Was an American Spy," Ann Dvorak, Douglas Kennedy.
Oct. 5-6: **BITTER RICE** (in Italian); and "Woman Hater," revival, Stewart Granger, Edwige Feuillère.
Oct. 7-9: **THE ASTONISHED HEART**, revival; and "A Man's Castle," revival, Spencer Tracy, Loretta Young.
From Oct. 10: **FORCE OF ARMS**; and "Two of a Kind," Edmond O'Brien, Lizabeth Scott.

Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-8790)
Oct. 4 (tentative): "The Man on the Eiffel Tower," revival, Charles Laughton, Franchot Tone; and "Adam and Evalyn," revival, Stewart Granger, Jean Simmons.
Oct. 5-6 (tentative): "The Saxon Charm," revival, Robert Montgomery, Susan Hayward; and "An Ideal Husband," revival, Paulette Goddard, Michael Wilding.
Oct. 7-8 (tentative): **THE GREAT CARUSO**; and **MOVIE CRAZY**, revival.
From Oct. 9 (tentative): **THE BRAVE BULLS**; and **KING SOLOMON'S MINES**, revival.

Lexington, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Oct. 9: "The People Against O'Hara," Spencer Tracy, Pat O'Brien; and "The Law and the Lady," Greer Garson, Michael Wilding.
From Oct. 10: **SHOW BOAT**; and "The Painted Hills," Lassie, Paul Kelly.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Kind Lady," Ethel Barrymore, Maurice Evans.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Medium," Marie Powers, Leo Coleman, Anna Maria Alberghetti.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Oct. 9: "Jim Thorpe—All American," Burt Lancaster, Charles Bickford; and "Never Trust a Gambler," Dane Clark, Cathy O'Donnell.
From Oct. 10: "Alice in Wonderland," a full-length Walt Disney film; and "Cavalry Scout," Rod Cameron, Audrey Long.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Oct. 6: "Meet Me After the Show," Betty Grable, Macdonald Carey.
Oct. 7-9: "That's My Boy," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis.
From Oct. 10: **FORCE OF ARMS.**

Park Avenue, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7241)
OLIVER TWIST.

Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th. (PL 5-2746)
"Mr. Peek-a-Boo," Joan Greenwood, Bourvil.

York, 1st Ave. at 64th. (RH 4-9350)
Through Oct. 5: "The Big Carnival" (formerly called "Ace in the Hole"), Kirk Douglas, Jan Sterling; and "Dear Brat," Mona Freeman.
Oct. 6: "Duchess of Idaho," revival, Esther Williams, Van Johnson; and "Rusty Leads the Way," revival, Ted Donaldson.
Oct. 7-8: "Mr. Belvedere Rings the Bell," Clifton Webb, Hugh Marlowe; and "Smuggler's Island," Jeff Chandler, Evelyn Keyes.
Oct. 9-10: **BITTER RICE** (in Italian); and "Roadblock," Charles McGraw, Joan Dixon.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Oct. 5: **THE GREAT CARUSO.**
Oct. 6-9: "Mr. Belvedere Rings the Bell," Clifton Webb, Hugh Marlowe.
From Oct. 10: **THE 13TH LETTER.**

Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Oct. 9: "The People Against O'Hara," Spencer Tracy, Pat O'Brien; and "The Law and the Lady," Greer Garson, Michael Wilding.
From Oct. 10: **SHOW BOAT**; and "The Painted Hills," Lassie, Paul Kelly.

Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Oct. 6: "The Wooden Horse," Leo Genn.
From Oct. 7: **NINOTCHKA**, revival.

Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Oct. 4: "Happy Go Lovely," David Niven, Vera-Ellen; and "Best of the Badmen," Robert Ryan, Claire Trevor.
Oct. 5-6: "The Big Carnival" (formerly called "Ace in the Hole"), Kirk Douglas, Jan Sterling; and "Dear Brat," Mona Freeman.
Oct. 7-8: "Mr. Belvedere Rings the Bell," Clifton Webb, Hugh Marlowe; and "Smuggler's Island," Jeff Chandler, Evelyn Keyes.
From Oct. 9: **BITTER RICE** (in Italian); and "Woman Hater," revival, Stewart Granger, Edwige Feuillère.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Oct. 9: **KON-TIKI.**
From Oct. 10: "Mr. Belvedere Rings the Bell," Clifton Webb, Hugh Marlowe.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Oct. 9: "Jim Thorpe—All American," Burt Lancaster, Charles Bickford; and "Never Trust a Gambler," Dane Clark, Cathy O'Donnell.
From Oct. 10: "Alice in Wonderland," a full-length Walt Disney film; and "Cavalry Scout," Rod Cameron, Audrey Long.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Oct. 7: "The People Against O'Hara," Spencer Tracy, Pat O'Brien; and "The Law and the Lady," Greer Garson, Michael Wilding.
Oct. 8-9: "Insurance Investigator," Richard Denning, Audrey Long; and "Million Dollar Pursuit," Penny Edwards, Grant Withers.
From Oct. 10: **SHOW BOAT**; and "The Painted Hills," Lassie, Paul Kelly.

Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th. (SA 2-2478)
Through Oct. 5: "The Big Carnival" (formerly called "Ace in the Hole"), Kirk Douglas, Jan Sterling; and "Dear Brat," Mona Freeman.
Oct. 6: "The Kissing Bandit," revival, Frank Sinatra, Kathryn Grayson; and "Angels in Disguise," revival, Leo Gorcey, Huntz Hall.
Oct. 7-8: "Mr. Belvedere Rings the Bell," Clifton Webb, Hugh Marlowe; and "Smuggler's Island," Jeff Chandler, Evelyn Keyes.
Oct. 9-10: **BITTER RICE** (in Italian); and "Roadblock," Charles McGraw, Joan Dixon.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Oct. 4: **OPERATION DISASTER**; and "Meet Me After the Show," Betty Grable, Macdonald Carey.
Oct. 5-6: **TONY DRAWS A HORSE**; and "The Inheritance," Jean Simmons, Katina Paxinou.
Oct. 7-8: "Mr. Belvedere Rings the Bell," Clifton Webb, Hugh Marlowe; and "Smuggler's Island," Jeff Chandler, Evelyn Keyes.
From Oct. 9: "That's My Boy," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis; and "Passage West," John Payne, Dennis O'Keefe.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Oct. 5: **BITTER RICE** (in Italian).
Oct. 6-8: **THUNDER ROCK**, revival.
From Oct. 9: **FORCE OF ARMS.**

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (OR 5-9630)
CITY LIGHTS, revival; and **THE BANK DICK**, revival.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Oct. 8: "The People Against O'Hara," Spencer Tracy, Pat O'Brien; and "The Law and the Lady," Greer Garson, Michael Wilding.
Oct. 9: "Insurance Investigator," Richard Denning, Audrey Long; and "Million Dollar Pursuit," Penny Edwards, Grant Withers.
From Oct. 10: **SHOW BOAT**; and "The Painted Hills," Lassie, Paul Kelly.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Oct. 6: "Meet Me After the Show," Betty Grable, Macdonald Carey; and "I Was an American Spy," Ann Dvorak, Douglas Kennedy.
Oct. 7-9: "Mr. Belvedere Rings the Bell," Clifton Webb, Hugh Marlowe; and "Smuggler's Island," Jeff Chandler, Evelyn Keyes.
From Oct. 10: **THE CAPTIVE HEART**, revival; and "A Man's Castle," revival, Spencer Tracy, Loretta Young.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through Oct. 8: "Jim Thorpe—All American," Burt Lancaster, Charles Bickford; and "Never Trust a Gambler," Dane Clark, Cathy O'Donnell.
Oct. 9: "To the Last Man," revival, Randolph Scott, Gail Patrick; and "Man of the Forest," revival, Randolph Scott, Barton MacLane.
From Oct. 10: "Alice in Wonderland," a full-length Walt Disney film; and "Cavalry Scout," Rod Cameron, Audrey Long.

Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through Oct. 6: "Iron Man," Jeff Chandler, Evelyn Keyes; and "Mark of the Renegade," Ricardo Montalban, Cyd Charisse.
Oct. 7-8: "The Hoodlum," Lawrence Tierney; and "City Across the River," revival, Stephen McNally.
From Oct. 9: "That's My Boy," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis; and "Passage West," John Payne, Dennis O'Keefe.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
BALLERINA (in French), revival.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
THE RIVER.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Oct. 9: "The People Against O'Hara," Spencer Tracy, Pat O'Brien; and "The Law and the Lady," Greer Garson, Michael Wilding.
From Oct. 10: **SHOW BOAT**; and "The Painted Hills," Lassie, Paul Kelly.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Oct. 4: **THE BICYCLE THIEF** (in Italian), revival; and **CITY LIGHTS**, revival.
From Oct. 5: "Noah's Ark" (in French), revival, Pierre Brasseur; and "My First Love" (in French), revival.

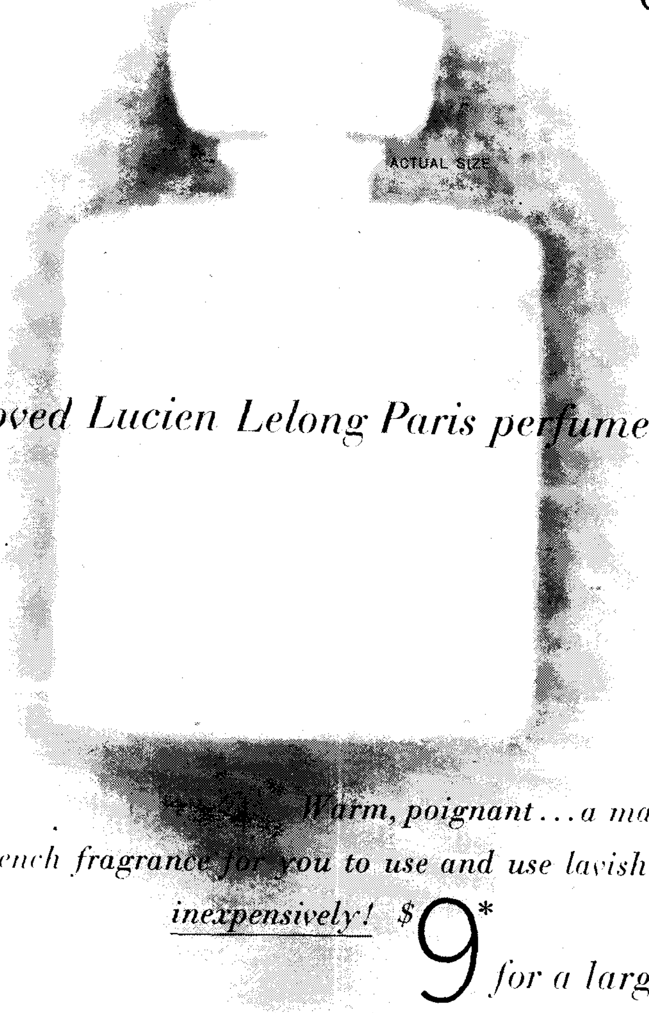
Riverside, B'way at 96th. (RI 9-9861)
Through Oct. 9: "Jim Thorpe—All American," Burt Lancaster, Charles Bickford; and "Never Trust a Gambler," Dane Clark, Cathy O'Donnell.
From Oct. 10: "Alice in Wonderland," a full-length Walt Disney film; and "Cavalry Scout," Rod Cameron, Audrey Long.

Carlton, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-3862)
Through Oct. 6: "Rich, Young and Pretty," Jane Powell, Vic Damone; and "Fighting Coast Guard," Brian Donlevy, Forrest Tucker.
Oct. 7-9: **BITTER RICE** (in Italian); and "Bad Sister," revival, Margaret Lockwood, Joan Greenwood.
From Oct. 10: "Mr. Belvedere Rings the Bell," Clifton Webb, Hugh Marlowe; and "Smuggler's Island," Jeff Chandler, Evelyn Keyes.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (AC 2-1019)
Through Oct. 9: "The People Against O'Hara," Spencer Tracy, Pat O'Brien; and "The Law and the Lady," Greer Garson, Michael Wilding.
From Oct. 10: **SHOW BOAT**; and "The Painted Hills," Lassie, Paul Kelly.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (AC 2-0406)
Through Oct. 9: "Jim Thorpe—All American," Burt Lancaster, Charles Bickford; and "Never Trust a Gambler," Dane Clark, Cathy O'Donnell.
From Oct. 10: "Alice in Wonderland," a full-length Walt Disney film; and "Cavalry Scout," Rod Cameron, Audrey Long.

Coliseum, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Through Oct. 9: "Jim Thorpe—All American," Burt Lancaster, Charles Bickford; and "Never Trust a Gambler," Dane Clark, Cathy O'Donnell.
From Oct. 10: "Alice in Wonderland," a full-length Walt Disney film; and "Cavalry Scout," Rod Cameron, Audrey Long.



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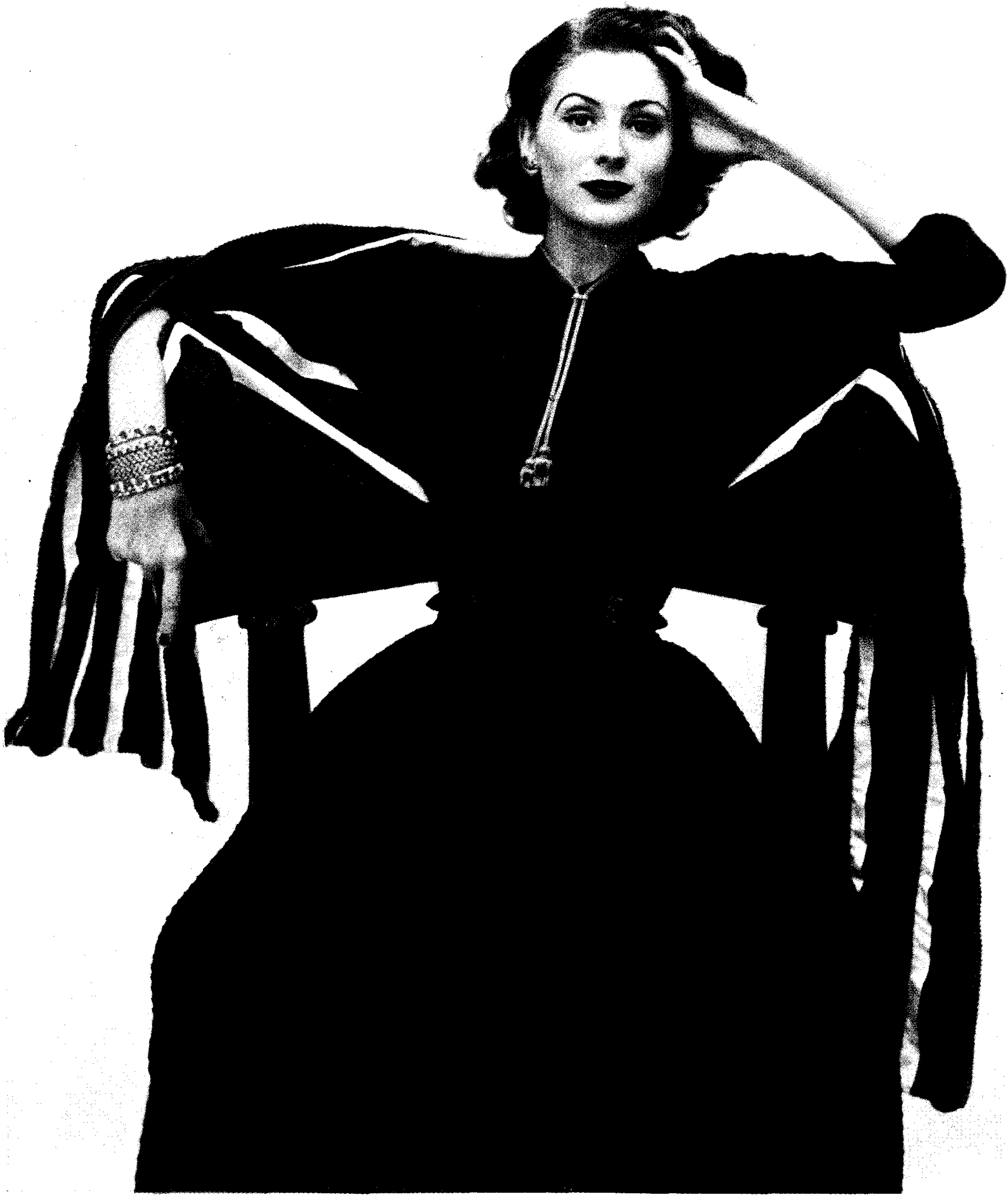

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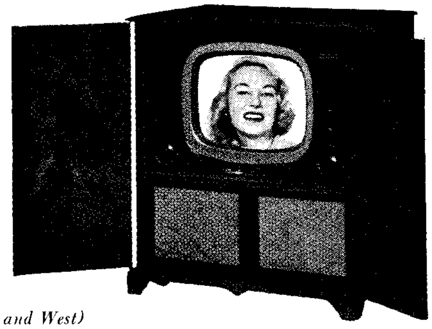

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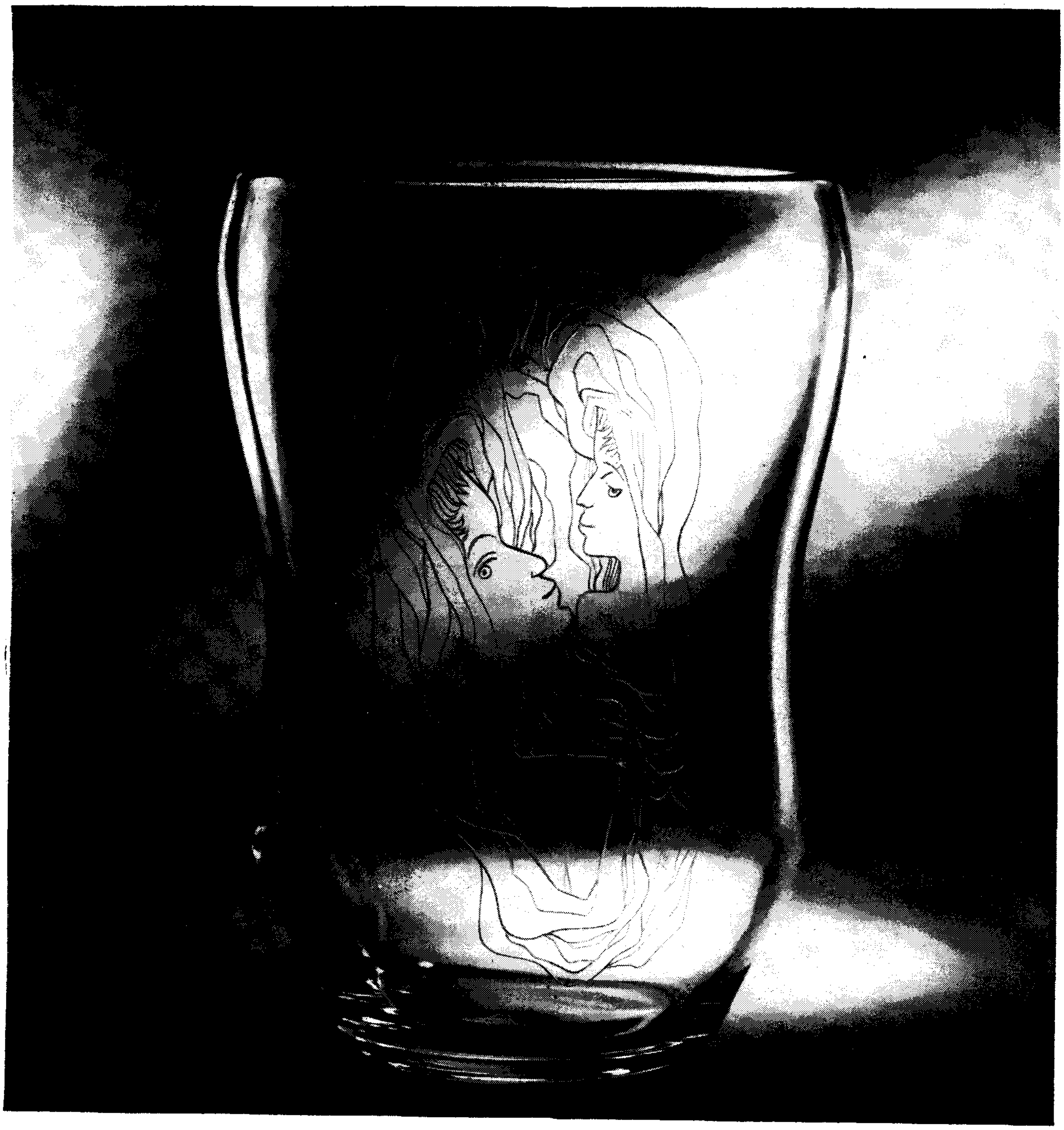

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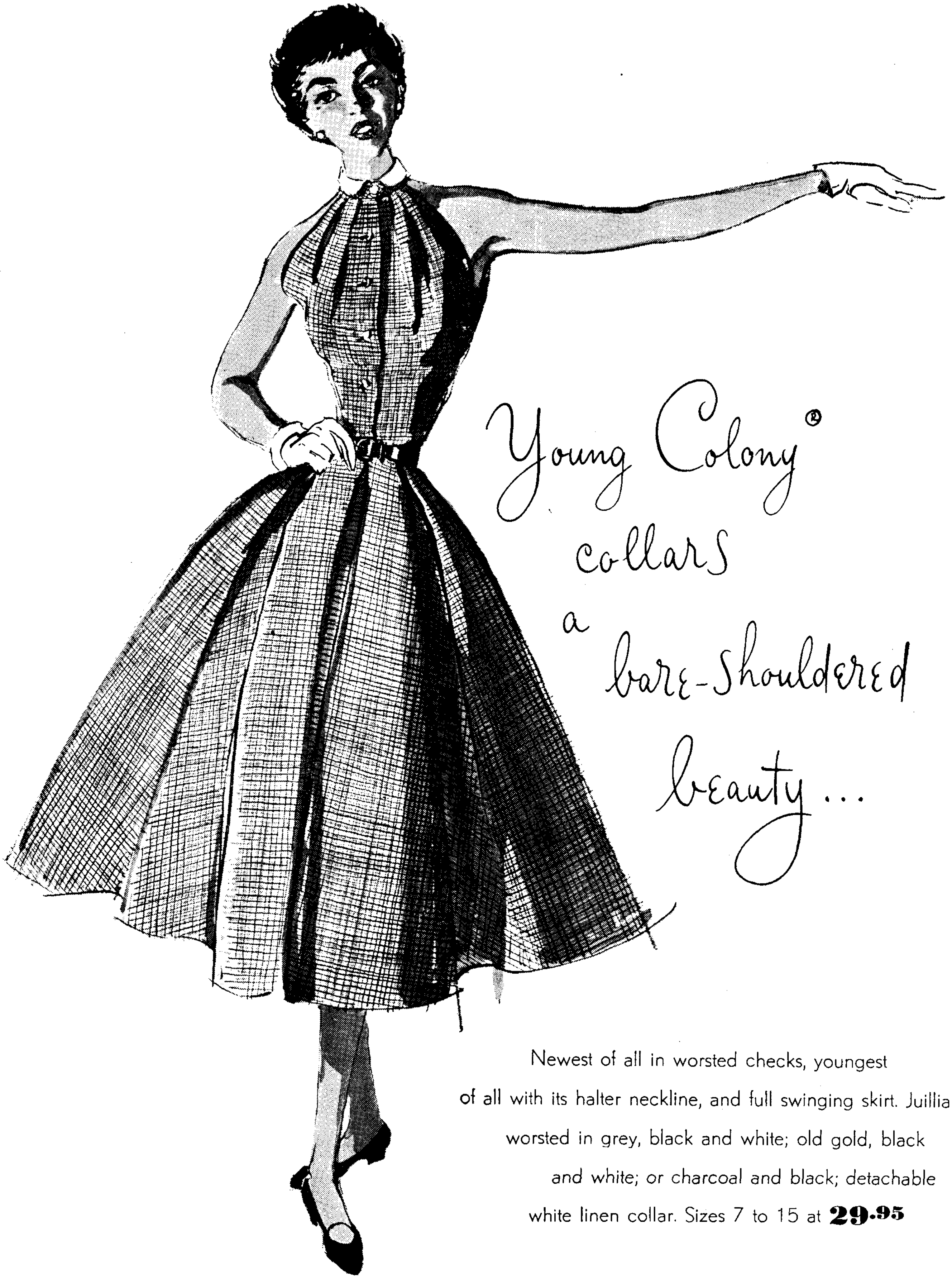
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THE
NEW YORKER

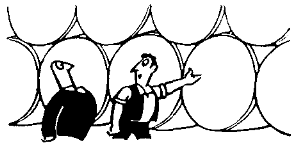
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

LATELY, as we've come upon accounts of first one and then another symptom of the widespread laxity and immorality that are supposed to have this country in a tight and tawdry grip, it has disturbed us to reflect how little we've been personally hep to what's allegedly going on. Groping through our past, we can recall offhand no big-time gambler, political boss, or even college basketball player with whom we've had a furtive tryst, no palm we have greased or been greased by. We have no recollection of ever meeting an official of the R.F.C. at a cocktail party, and we get asked to lots of cocktail parties. We're no prig, mind you. We've been to the fights and the race track in our day, and have doubtless rubbed elbows there with all manner of riffraff. But the companion of our choice at such gatherings has usually been an amiable cartoonist so guileless and far from the thought of corruption that two-year-olds are wont to address him by his first name. Oh, there have been suspicious-looking characters in our life, all right. They turn up from time to time in the reception room of our office, but on investigation it generally develops that they're either poets in search of the poetry editor or press agents determined to press some hideous token of their esteem on our neighbor, the television reviewer, a man whose cubicle is at this moment reeling under the impact of a huge ashtray surmounted by a bright-colored effigy of Arthur Godfrey. (Come to think of it, maybe he ought to give the thing back; the receipt of such tokens, even as a routine matter, is suspect nowadays.) Still, as we brood over our apparently artless existence, it occurs to us that possibly we aren't quite so detached from the mainstream of contemporary life as we sometimes think. Perhaps things aren't as bad as we've been given to understand. A pure and healthy pond may, while covered with a thin film of scum, have the appearance of a fathomless cesspool, but often there's nothing wrong with it that half a bucket of copper sulphate won't clear up in a jiffy.

One-Third

HAVING heard that one of the world's largest vermouth-blending cellars is underneath 420 West Forty-fifth Street, between Ninth and Tenth Avenues, we took the ten-minute hike over there from our office the other morning and spent an informative hour with the Tribunos, father and son—Mario P. and John L., respectively—who are the proprietors of the business, Vermouth Industries of America, Inc. We found both Tribunos in Mario P.'s ground-floor office, which is fitted out with a basin and sundry hoses, test tubes, and Bunsen burners. Mario P., president of the firm, was sitting at his desk, tasting some samples of imported herbs that had just arrived and marking their packages "OK" or "NG," according to his verdict, while John L., a well-tanned young man, sat at his elbow. "Try this," Mario P. said, handing us a pinch from a packet labelled "Coriander Seeds." We munched a few seeds without being able to taste anything much. "How beautiful!" said Mario P., spitting out some seeds and writing "OK" on the packet. "My father's palate is superb," said John L. admiringly. We inquired about the chemical appointments, and John L. explained that by law the alcohol content of vermouth must match the label specifications within one per cent either way, and that the alcoholic content of all Tribuno vermouth is measured in that room. "We have to tell the government every ingredient we use, but we don't have to tell them all the proportions," he went on. "That's how we're able to preserve the secret formula. Pop worked it out, more or less as a hobby, at our house in Bayside, back in prohibition days. He was in the fruit and grape-concentrate businesses then. He founded this firm in 1935, and nobody knows the formula *yet* but the two of us."



John L. offered to show us around the cellar, and, leaving Mario P. to his tasting, we followed him through a ground-floor bottling room and down a long staircase, getting a briefing as we went. "Here's the deal on vermouth," John L. said. "It's white wine plus wormwood—the basic herb, and the source of the name, incidentally—plus various other herbs and botanicals. The wine we use is a fortified sherry-type wine from California, and some of our herbs and botanicals are angelica, tonka bean, hyssop, orrisroot, rosemary, elder flower, sage, sweet marjoram, nutmeg, orange peel, and lemon peel." We came to a dank, humming room full of huge oak casks, and John L. told us that each cask contained three or five thousand gallons of newly blended dry vermouth, while the humming was from a machine filtering out impurities at the rate of one cask an hour. In another room, we found tanks of amber-colored herb extract and, in a third room, rows of casks where blended and filtered vermouth—some dry, some sweet—was undergoing its final six months of aging. "Our vermouth is aged for about a year, and it takes a year and a half to get a batch of extract ready for mixing," John L. said. "We've got fifteen thousand square feet of cellar space here. We came to this location from Brooklyn in 1940. Seems funny to be blending vermouth practically under Times Square, but our reasoning was that this is near the distributors and these rooms have nice, high ceilings. Used to be a candy factory. The rents are generally terrible in this area, but they're not so bad underground."

When we got upstairs again, a limousine was standing outside the door, and the two Tribunos, who were leaving together to keep separate lunch appointments, offered to give us a lift to Fifth Avenue. On the way across town, John L. told us that his father was born into a family of Piedmontese winemakers, and at the age of sixteen had already concocted a specialty of his own—a *Barolo chinato*, or wine with quinine. "Was tarrible," Mario P. put in, reminiscently. "Oh, I don't believe it was so bad," said his son. He then informed us that the elder Tribuno came to this country in 1903 and, in pre-prohibition times, was first a winegrower in California and later a wine importer and distributor in New York. John L., a Yale graduate, class of 1934, joined his father's firm in 1939 and is now formally known as secretary of the company. "We sell more dry vermouth than sweet, and that's contrary to the industry trend," John L. remarked. "We make a big play for the cocktail trade, and the dry Martini is one of the most popular cocktails. Of course, *some* people make Martinis with very, very little vermouth in them." "Is tarrible!" declared Mario P. "I tell you why. Vermouth is good for the health. Gin? I don't know." "Pop and I feel," said John L. with deliberation, "that any really civilized Martini is at least one-third vermouth."

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: A playing card, the eight of spades, is stuck fast to the lofty, gold-ornamented ceiling of the East Ballroom of the Hotel Commodore.

A new toy, a set of plastic cut-out letters, manufactured by Kusan, Inc., Nashville, Tennessee, and intended to teach children how to spell, is being sold under the name Kavalcade of Letters.

Drift

An article in other pages of this magazine some time ago told of the variety of things to be found on the bottom of New York Harbor. Now *we* will deal briefly with one of the things to be found on the surface of the harbor, or just below it; to wit, driftwood. The Army Engineers are responsible for clearing driftwood from local waters, and for the past year and more have been doing the job with the Driftmaster, which sounds like a cake-mixer but is actually a ship—the first vessel ever designed for the specific purpose of gathering up driftwood, and a strange one. You might say it is *two* vessels. It has twin, parallel hulls a hundred feet long and, for two-thirds of their length, only eight feet wide. Toward the stern, they broaden out by four feet and are covered by a superstructure. The hulls are bridged two feet above the waterline and forty-eight feet back from their prows; elsewhere they are separated by a twenty-foot-wide expanse of open water, in or over which are suspended two steel nets, one behind the other. These do the gathering up. The rear net is lowered first, and as soon as it is filled, it is raised out of the water (to reduce resistance) and the forward net is lowered. When both are full, the Driftmaster heads shoreward to dump its load. Each net weighs three and a half tons and holds six hundred cubic feet of drift. A fifty-nine-foot derrick handles the nets. The superstructure contains a cabin for the use of the crew, and atop it is the navigation bridge. Beneath it are two diesels, one for each hull, and behind each hull are a propeller and a rudder. The craft draws seven feet, and makes eight and a half knots with good propellers, but because of the hazards of driftwood collecting, her propellers are usually pretty well nicked and battered. The purpose of clearing driftwood is, of course, to keep other propellers in the harbor from getting into that condition.

William P. Hocking, skipper of the Driftmaster, recently permitted us to come aboard his ship and watch her at work. We overtook her in a launch off Gravesend, and the Captain told us at once that we hadn't picked a good day for results. "We get the most drift when the moon is full or new," he said, "or when the winds are light and variable. Those high moon tides pull the drift right off the beaches. We're busy after heavy rains, too, because then the discharge from storm sewers pushes the drift out into the channels. But strong winds from a single direction, like the ones we've been having the past few days, drive drift up onto the beaches or under piers, where we can't get at it." The Captain spun the wheel and bore down on a floating log he had spotted. "Usually, I don't go after single pieces," he said, "but on a day like this I have to take what I can. Last Tuesday, we took six full nets—thirty-six hundred cubic feet. That meant three trips to the incinerator barges. Three trips is all we can manage in an eight-hour day."

The Captain told us that drift tends to collect in streaks, and that the streaks may be up to half a mile long. Only rarely are they too wide to be swept in a single run. "I like to fill a net slowly," he said. "That gives the men a chance to arrange the pieces crosswise, for closer stacking. Besides, a big piece coming at us end-on might rip the net." As he spoke, two members of his crew of eight, standing at the bow of the Driftmaster, guided a clump of drift into the aft net with long pikes, looking for all the world like a couple of old whaling harpooners fresh out of Nantucket. Captain Hocking swung the ship to starboard, where some gulls were flying. "Wherever there's gulls, there's drift," he said. "After a while, you learn how to find it. I usually keep to the same areas—lower Red Hook Flats on the first of the ebb, Robbins Reef, St. George, and The Narrows four or five hours after high water, and Gravesend Bay and Norton's Point in the flood."

Though it's illegal to throw so much as an orange peel into the harbor, the Driftmaster picks up countless bits of discarded dunnage wood, old life preservers, rafts, Jacob's ladders, fruit crates, and garbage. Just after Christmas, there are always plenty of Christmas trees to be netted. The collected drift is taken to two incinerator barges—one of steel, the other of concrete—permanently anchored in shallow water near the Bayonne Naval Shipyards. Their decks are covered with a blanket of sand. The drift is dumped onto the sand, and at the end of the day is fired with oily rags and left to burn. The first barge was put into use in 1940, and for a while excited Staten Island ferryboat riders kept reporting big fires in the harbor, but by now everyone is used to seeing the burning drift.

Dim View

FROM Merrie Olde England comes this tale, about an elderly Yorkshire couple who were visiting an exhibition of domestic appliances, one of the Festival of Britain displays in London, and paused to gaze through the glass panel of a demonstration washing machine at a bunch of laundry that was being swirled and splashed. "Well," said the lady of the pair, "if that's television, they can have it."

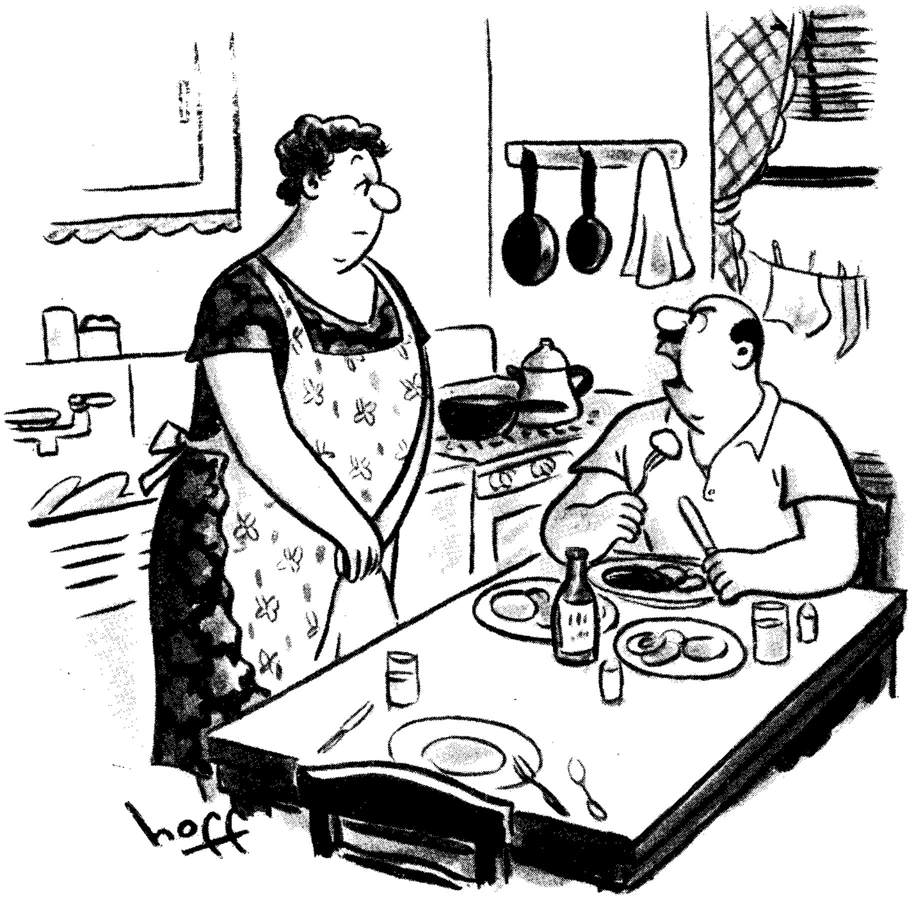
Reminder

A MAN who one day last month bought a present for his wife at Tiffany, and later found himself vaguely wondering about a strange pen he found in his pocket that night, has just received the following letter, clearing everything up and causing the pen to be restored to its rightful owner:

DEAR SIR:

On July 18th you purchased a brooch from us for which you gave us your check. When you wrote this check, you borrowed the fountain pen of our salesman, R. Churchill. Since that time, Mr. Churchill has missed his fountain pen and we are taking the liberty of inquiring whether you inadvertently put the pen in your pocket and have since overlooked it.

Respectfully,
TIFFANY & CO.



"Anniversary! Anniversary! Anniversary! Do you have to keep bringing that up year after year?"

• •

Like Shutting a Door

NO two ways about it, dentists are a fascinating lot. Take, for instance, a local dentist named Frederick Franck, who devotes three days a week to teeth and four to painting. Franck, a native of the Netherlands who came to this country in 1939, has built up a comfortable dental practice here, has had eight one-man shows of his work—five in this country and three in Europe—and has sold paintings to a number of American and European museums. We called Franck a few days ago and said we'd like to have a talk with him, and since we had happened to catch him in his role of artist, he suggested we meet him at his studio. This proved to be a pleasantly cluttered, skylighted room adjoining the apartment that he and his wife occupy at the corner of West Fourth Street and West Eleventh Street, in the Village. On the occasion of our visit, Franck, an athletic-looking man of forty-one, had on a turtleneck sweater, was smoking a burly pipe, and was holding in check a large, woolly black dog by the name of Brush. Despite these props, Franck assured us at once, he is not the outdoor type. On an average, he works seventeen hours a day seven days a week at one or the other of his professions, devoting whatever time is left to sleep, of which he needs very little, and to reading, which he does voraciously, mostly in the fields of theology, philosophy, and anthropsychology. "I have no social life," Franck told us. "My wife acts as one of my assistants at the office, so I'm able to see something of her there. I'm forced to avoid other artists and dentists. They're nice people, but I haven't got time to talk to them."

On his three predominantly dental days, Franck sees patients from 8:45 A.M. to 8:45 P.M., taking ten or fifteen minutes off around noon for a sandwich. "As a dentist, I completely dismiss art from my mind," he said. "It is like shutting a heavy, fireproof door. My office is in midtown, and I have some of my older, more conservative paintings on the walls, so a good many of my patients are aware that I paint, but they don't take it seriously. If a patient sees me here in the Village, out of my white jacket, he usually doesn't recognize me." Being an artist does not help Franck as a dentist, save to the extent that aesthetics enters into the problem of straightening teeth and making restorations. "As a dentist, my movements must be delicate and precise," Franck said. "As an artist, I work with bold strokes on enormous canvases. You might conclude that I am naturally a painter rather than a dentist, and you might be right."

Franck was born in Maastricht, of a well-to-do family. Painting has always been a leading occupation in Maastricht, and young Frederick was anxious to become an artist, but two of his uncles were doctors, and the family decided that he should follow in their footsteps. He was finishing his fifth year of medical school in Amsterdam and taking private art lessons on the side when his father died, and he immediately switched to a school of dentistry, in Antwerp. "I felt too guilty to give up medicine altogether," he said. "I figured dentistry would give me

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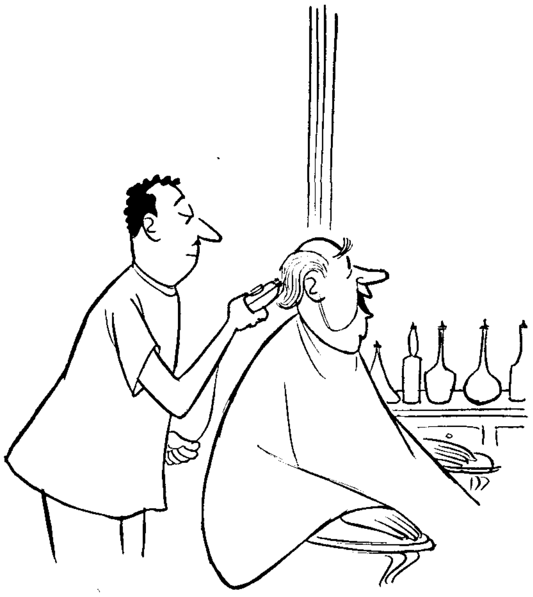

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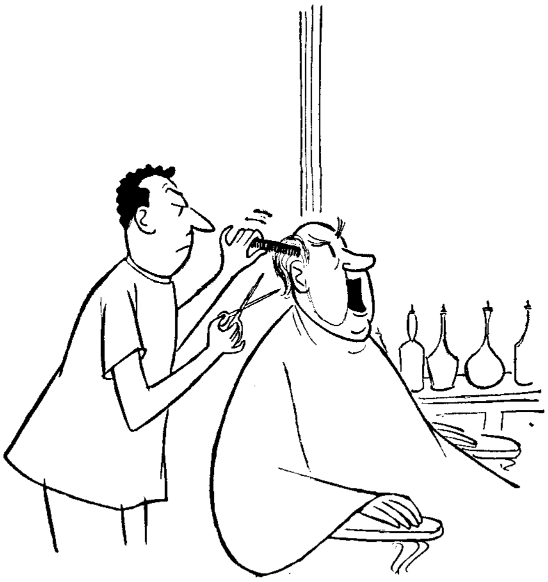


more time for art. About this time—in 1929, it was—I became obsessed with the notion that there was going to be another war, and I was determined to come to America. My family sent me to a psychiatrist, and after an earnest talk with me he called one of my uncles and said, 'This young man wants to leave the country. Would you also get a ticket for me?' "

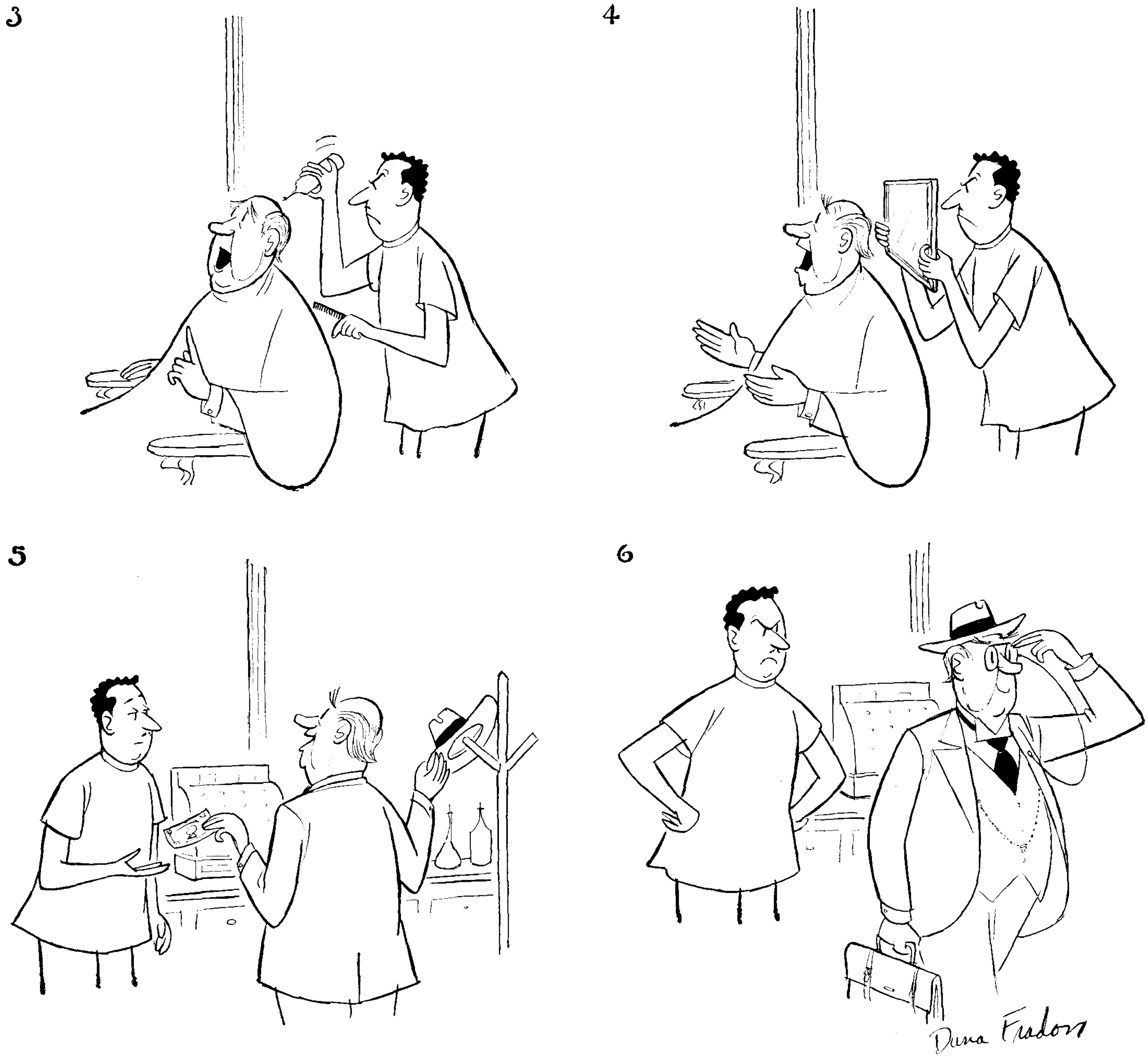
Once Franck had won his degree in dentistry, his family agreed to his leaving the Netherlands, but pleaded with him to go no farther than England. It turned out that in order to practice in England, he would have to go through dental school all over again. He enrolled in the dental section of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, in Edinburgh, where the Dean urged him to forget everything he knew about Continental dentistry, as being unspeakably bad. Upon graduating, Franck practiced in London for three years, then took off for America. He wanted to live in New York, where he would have ready access to the local art galleries, but to practice as a dentist here, he found, he would need an American degree. Nothing daunted, he enrolled in the dental school of the University of Pittsburgh. There the Dean urged him to forget everything he had learned abroad, for, said the Dean, if Continental dentistry is bad, English dentistry is the world's worst. While Franck was at Pitt, a San Francisco dentist visited the school, took Franck aside, and said, "Why don't you come out West and study? Everybody knows how awful Eastern dentistry is." Franck stayed on, however, and got his degree. Thereafter, he taught at Pitt for a while, was commissioned by the Dutch government to go to Australia and set up some dental clinics for members of the Royal Dutch Air Force, stopped off on the West Coast and painted enough pictures for a one-man show in San Francisco, spent six months in Australia, returned to this country, and became an American citizen, and has been practicing dentistry and painting like mad ever since.

Service

SOME of the ladies connected with a suburban church operate a baby-sitting service in the parish house Sunday mornings from eleven until twelve-thirty for the benefit of parishioners. They were puzzled but coöperative on a recent Sabbath when a young woman whom they didn't recognize deposited two tots in their laps. "Mummy and Daddy are going to take a nice long ride," one of the tots subsequently advised them, "but they'll be back by twelve-thirty anyway."

Reconversion

WE were drawn irresistibly to the Hayden Planetarium one afternoon last week by an engraved document notifying us that the chairman and board of directors of Coty had the honor to invite us to a preview of Meteor, "a great new perfume masterpiece," which, "because it is a rare artistic achievement . . . will mark an outstanding event of its kind in a decade." Still trying to figure out Coty's English, we entered the Planetarium's Copernican Room and took a seat among several hundred other guests, many of whom were talking French. From the ceiling, moving on trolleys around a large yellow bulb representing the sun, depended the several planets of the solar system. Presently, Coty's chairman, Grover Whalen, wearing a suit that in the spotlight trained on it looked bright purple, strolled to a platform in front of a large nocturnal painting of Paris embellished with a sky literally alive with shooting stars, and, as the yellow bulb was turned off, said, "Ladies and gentlemen, you see we and Coty are so powerful that we put out the sun." Charles Kullman then sang the "Marseillaise" and "The Star-Spangled Banner," both of which were greeted with applause, and Mr. Whalen resumed. "Today," he said, "we've reached into the planets and have found a scientist to present Meteor to you." He thereupon introduced Mr. Robert R. Coles, chairman of the Planetarium and a denizen of the planet Earth, who, also in a suit that looked to be purple, launched into a disquisition on the wonders of the universe. "The nearest star beyond the sun is twenty-five trillion miles out in space," he said. "Now, what does that mean?" He paused, and during the silence we gazed at the furrowed brows of Mr. Philip Cortney, Coty's president, and his brother, Mr. Leon Cotnareanu, vice-chairman of the board, both of whom were sitting near us. "Practically nothing," said Mr. Coles. "It's beyond human comprehension. It would take you more than nine thousand years to count to just one billion." We commenced to count to a billion, nevertheless, as he went on to discuss light-years and to propound a question as to how many stars there are. "I think Sir James Jeans has answered this by saying that there are as many stars as there



are sand grains on every beach in the world," he said. He held up a small object in his right hand, identified it as a meteorite, and swung into a discussion of meteors, whose origin is, he said, often unknown. "These chunks of star stuff have a history as strange and mysterious as anything in the realm of science," he said. Mr. Coles' peroration was strange, if not, under the circumstances, mysterious. "When Coty was considering the name for a perfume," he said, "a perfume that itself is mysterious—I'm told the science of perfume is mysterious beyond description—what could be more appropriate than to reach out into the universe for the name Meteor?"

Meteor, we mused as we watched a star-shaped box containing a five-hundred-dollar bottle of it open up under the influence of a cosmic ray directed by a Geiger counter (Mr. Coles explained that this was what was happening), just *cannot* be that mysterious. Mr. Whalen may not know its ingredients, but we bet Mr. Cortney and Mr. Cotnareanu do. And as we gazed admiringly at a ballet in which a star-spangled young man, after many a teasing gesture, handed the bottle to a young lady clad in what we took to be cosmic dust, we marvelled at a marriage of science and industry that could make a museum smell so sweet. During an ensuing cocktail party (we had a Martini under Mars), we asked Mr. Whalen how come. All he told us was "They wanted a company man to make the speech, but I thought a scientist would be much better."

On our return to our office, still seeking enlightenment, we looked up "Hayden Planetarium" in the *World Almanac*. The index directed us to page 160, but there was nothing about the Planetarium there. Persevering, we found it on page 166. The entry reads, in part, "The Hayden Planetarium played a vital role in World War II by adapting its unique facilities to celestial navigation instruction. With the end of the conflict the Planetarium reconverted immediately to peacetime activity." Peace, it's wonderful.

•

SIGN in front of a home in Van Nuys, California:

For Sale
Siamese Cats
Beautiful and Intelligent
The Cadillac of Cats

THE CLICHÉ EXPERT TESTIFIES ON THE DRAMA

Q—Mr. Arbuthnot, you are an expert on the clichés of the drama, and in particular of drama criticism?

A—I am a battle-scarred veteran of not a few first nights.

Q—Then, with your permission, I shall test your competence in the field by putting a few questions to you.

A—Please do so.

Q—Where is Gilbert Miller?

A—On his way to London to secure the American rights.

Q—Excellent. And what did you think of "The Gay Mortician," which opened at the Patricia Collinge Theatre last Monday night under the management of—

A—Please do not say "under the management." The correct phrase is "under the aegis." Well, in this reviewer's opinion "The Gay Mortician" was powerfully wrought, richly rewarding, utterly engaging, eminently satisfactory, wholly convincing, beautifully integrated, admirably played, and fairly obvious.

Q—In what way was it effective?

A—It was pictorially effective.

Q—How beautiful was it?

A—It was breathtakingly beautiful, and it was magnificently mounted.

Q—And how contrived?

A—Poorly contrived.

Q—I think you qualify, Mr. Arbuthnot. Tell me, as an expert in drama criticism, what would you say actors like Fredric March, Louis Calhern, Lee Tracy, and Sir Cedric Hardwicke contribute?

A—They contribute masterly performances. They carry the major load. They do a grand job, give a good account of themselves, and make the most of. Not only that but their acting is incisive. Of course, they are supported.

Q—By what?

A—A competent cast.

Q—How?

A—Ably.

Q—I see. Now, in reference to that young actress who recently made such a hit in "Turnips at Nine-Thirty," what did she do?

A—She stole the show.

Q—Stole it, eh? What does that mean?

A—It means she walked away with the evening's honors. She brought down the house.

Q—How?

A—By showing great promise, by captivating the audience, and by radiating charm. She leaped into popularity overnight. She skyrocketed to fame.

Q—Why?

A—Because she is pleasing to the eye and brings a rare and refreshing talent to the theatre.

Q—That indicates what?

A—It indicates that her name will soon be in lights. She will be elevated to stardom.

Q—I see. Tell me, Mr. Arbuthnot, what kind of roles do Ethel Barrymore, Lynn Fontanne, Katharine Cornell, Dorothy Stickney, and Judith Anderson play?

A—They play stellar roles.

Q—Why?

A—Because they are first ladies of the theatre, and great ladies of the stage.

Q—Why are they great ladies of the stage?

A—Because they are actresses of distinction.

Q—What kind of distinction?

A—Rare distinction.

Q—Now, when a great lady of the stage opens in a play—

A—Pardon me. Great ladies of the stage do not play in plays. They play in vehicles.

Q—Vehicles?

A—Yes. "Our Man Friday hears that Miss Hayes' *vehicle* for next season may be Elmer van Druten's new comedy drama, 'The Sin of Leland Hayward.' "

Q—Now, then, when great ladies of the stage are in a cast—

A—They are never *in* a cast. They *grace* a cast.

Q—I beg your pardon. When they grace a cast, how do they act?

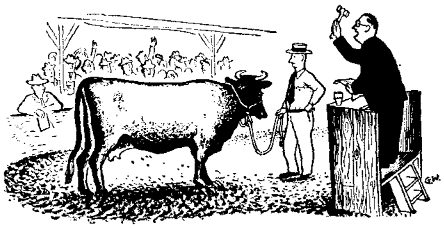
A—With emotional intensity, consummate artistry, and true awareness. They are superb as. They are magnificent in the role of. It is good to have them back.

Q—And how are their performances etched?

A—Finely. They have the ring.

Q—What ring?

A—The ring of authority. They bring new understanding to the role of Shakespeare's immortal heroine. They make the part come alive.



Q—I see. Now, Mr. Arbuthnot, when Thornton Sherwood writes a play—

A—Sir, the *mot juste* continues to elude you. Playwrights do not write plays. They fashion them.

Q—How?

A—With due respect for the eternal verities.

Q—How else?

A—With deft strokes, scalpel wit, loving care, penetrating insight, and masterly craftsmanship.

Q—Why?

A—So that Joshua Logan may direct the plays with authority and imagination.

Q—What kinds of plays are there?

A—Oh, their number is legion. There are dramas of frustration and dramas of extramarital love, or the eternal triangle. There are plays that are penetrating studies and plays that are valuable human documents. There are pageants, which ought to be glittering, if possible. Tragedies should, of course, be stark, and melodramas lurid, and spectacles, to be de rigueur, should be lavish, colorful, or handsome. But lampoons must be merry, farces must be rollicking, and comedies must be either of ancient vintage or sophisticated.

Q—What does the playwright do in a sophisticated comedy?

A—He pokes fun at our foibles. He dissects our tribal mores.

Q—Using what kind of vein?

A—A rich vein of satire.

Q—The task of the playwright sounds onerous enough, Mr. Arbuthnot.

A—Oh, you have no idea of the angles he must consider. He must, for instance, make sure that his play has compelling moments. He must take care that it is well knit and fast-moving, and that it is brilliant in conception, builds up to an exciting climax, and ends on a happy note. Then, there is the character insight.

Q—What about that?

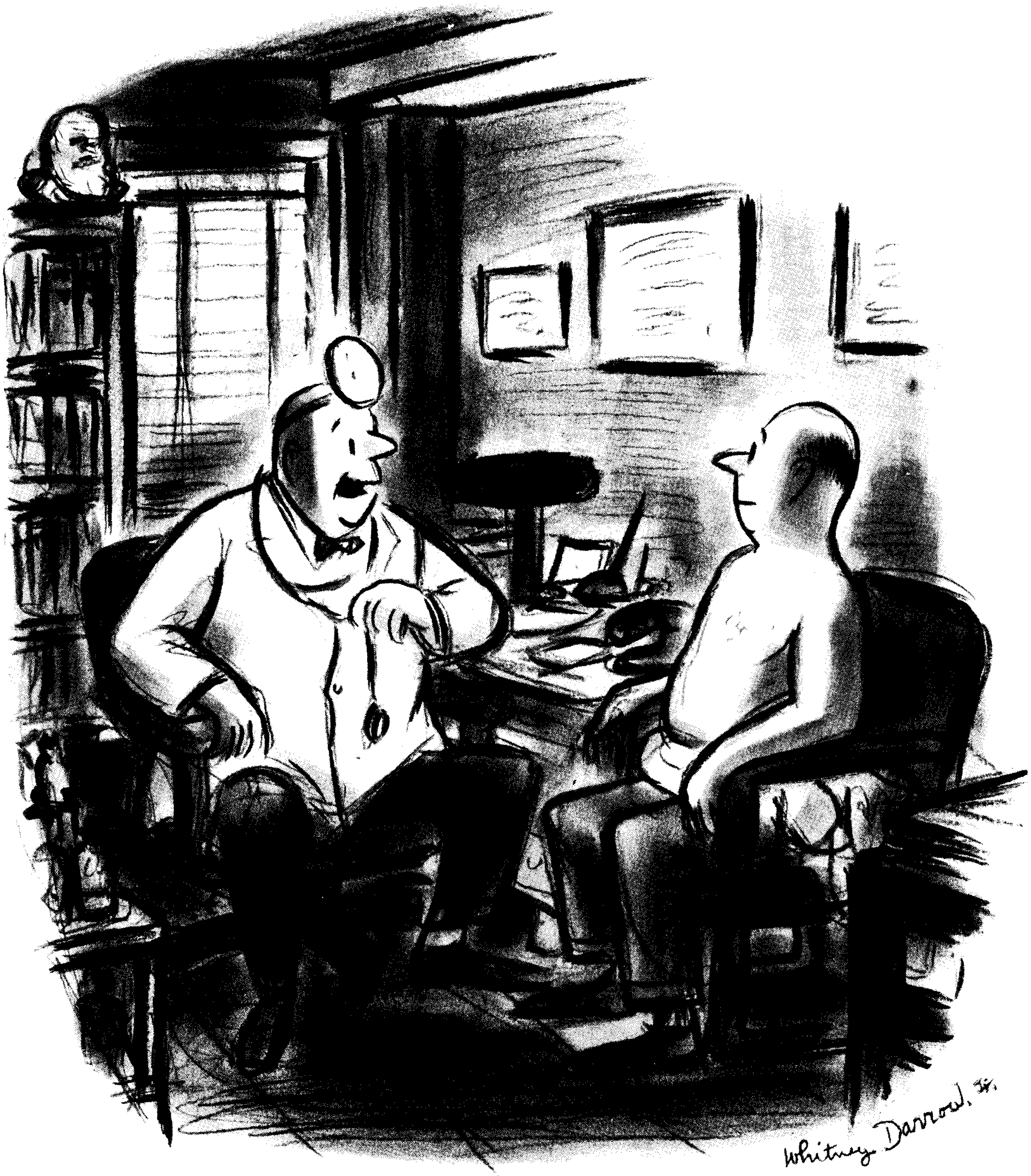
A—Well, he must provide plenty of it, along with a scope.

Q—Must have a scope, too, eh?

A—Yes, preferably wide.

Q—Why?

A—So that his play may provide a rich or rewarding experience. So that it may be first-rate entertainment, a major event of the theatrical season, and the most important contribution to the drama in years. In short, so that it may be a Must.


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"I don't want to confuse you with a lot of medical jargon. Let's put it this way—it'll cost you five hundred dollars."

• •

Q—Why must it be a Must?

A—If it isn't, it will rate as a disappointment and die a-borning.

Q—If the play is a comedy, how should it be packed?

A—With laughs, and it must be full of quiet humor.

Q—Any other kind of humor?

A—Yes, adult. And it must be a lighthearted comedy.

Q—Why?

A—So it can be put down as the funniest play since. It held this reviewer.

Q—If it hadn't held this reviewer, what would have happened?

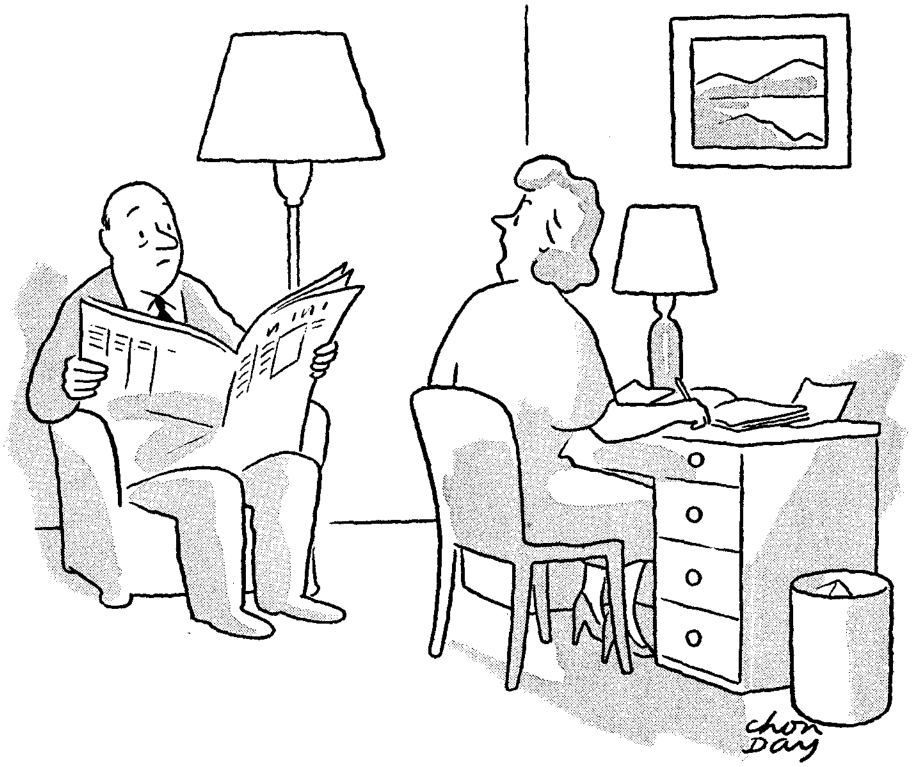
A—Then it would have left this reviewer cold. He must confess it.

Q—He must?

A—Yes. This reviewer must confess the play left him cold.

Q—Why?

A—Because it does not live up to the promise of the first act. Or it gets off



"The Corn Exchange Bank is looking for an argument again."

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to a slow start. It drags, peters out, and falls apart. It fails to convey.

Q—Are you insinuating that the plot—

A—Wears thin. Precisely. It is full of weak spots.

Q—What are *they*?

A—Structural defects. It also lacks spontaneity.

Q—What else does it lack?

A—Substance, drive, authority, emotional power, and oomph.

Q—The result being?

A—The result being that its charm eluded this reviewer. The opening-night reception was mixed.

Q—Why?

A—Because it doesn't quite come off, despite. Because it is handicapped by. This reviewer found it hackneyed, fustian, contrived, pedestrian, slim, meagre, talky, run-of-the-mill, uninspired, uneven, fumbling, dull, grim, confused, tedious, undistinguished, mediocre, routine, dreary, pretentious, slick, and pointless.

Q—You didn't like it?

A—It left much to be desired.

Q—If it had not left much to be desired, what would it have furnished?

A—It would have furnished an enchanting evening in the theatre, or a rare, memorable, interesting, or delightful evening in same. It would have been drama of a high order.

Q—You mean it would have been sheer magic?

A—Indeed yes. It had the first-nighters cheering.

Q—The blasé first-nighters?

A—Yes, and the veteran first-nighters, too. This reviewer thought it warm, whimsical, amusing in spots, clever, believable, gossamer, decorative, competent, unpretentious, witty, likable, pleasant, literate, pat, engaging, winning, lilting, luminous, honest, captivating, and agreeable.

Q—That certainly is a quote to warm a press agent's heart, Mr. Arbuthnot.

A—Oh, it's nothing. It means I merely *liked* the play. That is, I thought it had its moments, if you care for that sort of thing. If I had *really* liked it, I should have found it masterly, brilliant, electric, terrific, inimitable, thrilling, dazzling, exciting, magnificent, riotous, splendid, uproarious, powerful, vivid, gripping, flawless—

Q—I see. Well, that gives us the idea. Now, then, Mr. Arbuthnot—

A—Don't try to throttle me. You asked for it, you know. Allow me to continue.

Q—All right, continue.

A—Where was I when you interrupted?

Q—Flawless.

A—Yes, flawless. Also authentic, dynamic, arresting, tense, absorbing, lavish, tender, provocative, poignant, superior, expert, melodious, sprightly, scintillating, haunting, and glowing.

Q—Mr. Arbuthnot, that's really a rave. You went overboard for that play.

A—I suppose you could say I did. Though, if I had really, *really* liked it, I'd have called it incandescent instead of glowing.

Q—In fine, would it be reasonable to infer that you thought the play a surefire antidote for the blues?

A—Oh, it is well worth seeing. Absolutely top-drawer, Grade A entertainment.

Q—And you envy whom?

A—I envy those seeing it for the first time. I recommend it heartily. No one can afford to pass it up. I loved every moment of it.

Q—Ranks with the best, eh?

A—It does indeed. Seldom has this reviewer beheld. Of course, it is no "South Pacific." Bravura!

Q—Bravura?

A—Yes. "Bravura" is a mighty good word for a critic to have in his tool kit. Do you know what Jean Dalrymple plans?

Q—No. What?

A—She plans to present. And guess what Lillian Hellman is revising.

Q—The second act of her as yet untitled drama?

A—Oh, you spoiled it! You're not supposed to give the answers.

Q—I'm sorry. Well, here's one for you. What has Cheryl Crawford taken?

A—An option on.

Q—Right. And who must quit the cast on June 1st, because of prior commitments in Hollywood?

A—Rex Harrison.

Q—Right again. What have Lindsay and Crouse completed?

A—The first draft.

Q—Now, Mr. Arbuthnot, let's conclude our session in a blaze of glory by tackling José Ferrer.

A—Oh, boy!

Q—Describe Mr. Ferrer's activities.

A—Well-l-l, let me see. José Ferrer presents, José Ferrer will produce, José Ferrer will star in, José Ferrer will co-star in, José Ferrer will film, José Ferrer has been inked, José Ferrer plans, José Ferrer records, José Ferrer will lecture, José Ferrer has been awarded, José Ferrer will broadcast, and José Ferrer is considering.

Q—A perfectly brilliant summary, Mr. Arbuthnot, and I cannot tell you how grateful we all are to you for this enchanting excursion into—

A—The world of make-believe—right? Good. So long.

—FRANK SULLIVAN

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOON

THE big black Tatra limousine stopped in front of a modernistic glass-and-concrete building with the trademark of a world-famous steel concern cut into marble plates on both sides of the entrance. The liveried chauffeur jumped out from behind the wheel, ran around the front of the car, opened the door at Benda's side, took off his cap, and stood in a waiting attitude, half at attention.

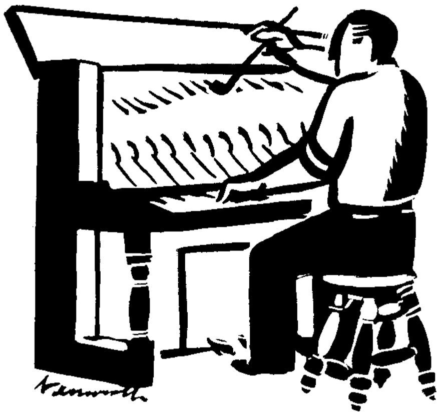
Benda looked up from the newspaper at which he had been staring absently for the past few minutes. He got up abruptly and bumped against the top of the car. His black Homburg was knocked off and fell down on the floor. I'll never learn to get out of a limousine without knocking my hat off, Benda thought. In fact, I'll never get used to Homburgs and limousines. Then he saw the twinkle in the chauffeur's eyes and knew that Anton had had the same thought.

Anton bent down quickly and picked up the hat and handed it to Benda. There was not a speck of dust on it. No matter what you thought of Anton, he did keep the car spotlessly clean. He stood there, his cap in his left hand, his right hand on the handle of the open door, as Benda got out and put on his hat.

"Shall I pick up the General Manager at six, as usual, *Pane Generalní Řediteli?*" he asked. It was always "Mr. General Manager" this and "Mr. General Manager" that with Anton, although he knew he shouldn't talk like that. After all, he and Benda were wearing the same emblem in their lapels, the emblem of the party that had dissolved social distinctions between chauffeurs and general managers in Czechoslovakia and in which everybody was addressed simply as "*Soudruh*," the Czech word for "Comrade." But somehow human relations, owing perhaps to people's inability to forget quickly, didn't always conform to Party discipline. Anton found it hard to forget that he'd always called Benda's predecessor, Dr. Jelinek, "Mr. General Manager" and had never dared address him directly. On the other hand, Benda found it hard to forget that only several months before, he and Anton had been on the same social level. Benda had been Dr. Jelinek's private secretary and Anton had been Dr. Jelinek's private chauffeur, and their jobs set them quite apart from the twenty-four thousand other employees of the concern, for whom the general manager was only a name and a signature.

Benda, following his sudden promotion to general manager, had made a conscientious effort to establish a new relationship with Anton, in accordance with Party rules, but Anton would have no part of it. After driving Dr. Jelinek for nine years, he found it impossible to address the new general manager, *any*body who was a general manager, in the second person singular and call him "Comrade." Dr. Jelinek had been a big, bluff man with powerful gestures, who liked to make it clear that it had taken him twenty-nine years, exactly half his life, to become head of the large concern, and that he didn't see any reason for not enjoying the customary prerogatives of his position.

Benda had made the grade much more quickly. He had joined the firm back in 1938, after graduating from commercial high school. He had been one of the many hundred file clerks and typists who seemed destined to lead a quasi-anonymous existence until the end of their bureaucratic lives. He made eleven hundred crowns a month, which was about as much as Dr. Jelinek made in a couple of days. In those early days, Benda decided bitterly that he had about as much chance of becoming general manager as of flying to the other side of the moon. A man had no chance for promotion unless he had outstanding brains or outstanding family connections. Later—he never found out why—he had been picked to be typist for Dr. Jelinek's private secretary. Probably it had been sheer luck—his name card lying on top of the others at the personnel office, or some such thing. Certainly it was a lucky break when the private secretary fell sick and Benda was called in by Dr. Jelinek to take dictation and type the general manager's private letters. Benda saw his chance and worked hard at it, but somehow it didn't alleviate the bitterness. He spent most of his time calling people by their titles: "Mr. General Manager," "Mr. Export Director," "Mr. General Secretary." Practically everybody entering Dr. Jelinek's office had a long title—everybody except himself. He was just Benda; no one bothered to call him so much as "*Pane Benda*"—"Mr. Benda." It was in those months that he'd begun paying attention to the editorials in *Rudé Pravo*. They reflected his bitterness and frustration, and the injustice that seemed to dominate his whole life. He didn't dare read *Rudé Pravo*, the official newspaper of the Czechoslovakian Communist Party, at the office; Dr. Jelinek would have fired him immediately. Well, maybe he wouldn't have fired him, but possibly there would have been trouble. Fortunately, you could read the paper at home. This was a democracy, and you could read anything you liked. Everybody could read and say what he liked, and the editorials of *Rudé Pravo* said that one day there would be no people like Dr. Jelinek left; in fact, there would be no general managers and no typists. There would only be comrades.



Anton was still standing by the limousine, in his deferential position. "I'll have the office call you later if I need you," Benda said.

"Thank you, Mr. General Manager," said Anton, and put on his cap.

Benda walked into the building. A wave of cold air and the smell of marble rose against him. He hardly glanced at the enormous poster at the left of the lobby, which showed the production curve and the latest figures, measured in percentages of the Five Year Plan's quota. A thick red horizontal line was marked "100%," but the production curve was still slightly below the red line, somewhat in conflict with the big red banner on the other side, saying, "EVERY MAN A STAKHANOVITE—1950 MEANS 110 PER CENT FULFILLMENT OF THE PLAN'S QUOTA!"

The janitor got up from his chair and walked over to the elevator and opened the door with his crippled hand. "Good morning, Comrade Benda," he said.

"Good morning, Comrade Hampl," said Benda. Hampl was a thin, loose-jointed man with burning eyes and a pock-marked face, and there was an attitude of defiance about him. He had fought with the partisans during the Occupation, until the Germans caught him and imprisoned him at the Little Fortress in Terezín, where they had crippled his fingers. They had done other things to him, but he had not revealed the names of the members of his group. He never talked much, and Benda wondered whether it was true, as they were saying around the office, that Hampl worked for the Ministry of National Security's secret police. Sometimes he had

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the feeling Hampl was watching him. It was plain nonsense, of course; they wouldn't make you general manager of one of the country's most important nationalized enterprises and have a half-educated, one-track-minded fanatic like Hampl spy on you. Or would they? They had done it to Benda's friend Kratky, general manager of a large nationalized textile concern. In many ways, Benda's and Kratky's careers had been strikingly similar. Both had been underpaid office workers in their respective firms in the prewar days. Both had joined the Party during the German occupation. Both had had minor brushes with the Gestapo and had managed to stay alive and out of prison. Both had been promoted to their jobs over the heads of many people with much longer experience. Now, in Party circles, it was sometimes said that the revolutionary period was over, that it was time to weed out the unfit political appointees and to consider managerial ability rather than political reliability. That was a lot of nonsense, of course; you might just as well hand over the steel mills to those fat animals in Wall Street. You could always find people to do the actual work for you, but in the leading positions you needed people who were absolutely reliable, no matter how limited their business experience.

Even the announcements of their promotion had been similar: One day Kratky (and a few weeks later Benda) read in *Rudé Pravo* that the Minister of Industry had appointed him to be general manager.

The janitor went back to his chair and picked up his paper—the same paper Benda was carrying under his arm—and Benda closed the elevator door and pressed the second-floor button. He tried to remember just when Kratky had given him the first indication of being in trouble. It must have been after the meeting of all the general managers at the Ministry of Industry, in the big reception hall behind the buffet. Benda remembered the buffet because there had been an enormous smoked ham, which was a rarity nowadays, and lots of other delicacies. They were having their second glass of wine when Kratky glanced over his shoulder to make sure that no one was listening and then whispered to Benda that he was being watched.

"Watched? By whom?"

"I don't know," Kratky said. "That's the worst part of it. I may be unduly sensitive. One begins to imagine things. But there's that man at the reception desk—they seem all afraid of him. And there's the chief telephone operator—I could swear she spends her nights writing reports about everything and everybody at the office. Sometimes I pick up the phone and after a moment there is a faraway click in the wire, as if somebody were cutting in. As I say, it may all be imagination, but the worst part of it is that it's beginning to affect my work. I feel self-conscious all the time, weighing every word and every sentence, and I keep tracing back my steps to last week, last month, last year, trying to discover whether I've done anything that could be interpreted against me. It's driving me crazy."

Benda tried to calm Kratky. It was all imagination and overwork. Everybody was overworked. You had to read too many directives, listen to too many influential people. Just nerves and being tired. While he was talking to Kratky, he noticed that Kratky's hand holding the wineglass was shaking. Benda said good night as soon as he could and left. Afterward, the picture of Kratky with his shaking hand disturbed Benda. Perhaps the newspaper stories about the campaign the Party was waging in Rumania and Hungary against incompetent managers and foremen had scared Kratky. Naturally, Kratky didn't have the experience of older men, but his political record was blameless, the Minister liked him, and he'd been on two hunting trips with the Party's General Secretary.

Two weeks later, *Rudé Pravo* had started its campaign against "increasing corruption in the textile industry." According to the paper, large quantities of textile goods had been diverted into the black market, and many of the industry's products were "of inferior quality, which met with sales resistance in the export trade." It was a stock phrase, and no one would have paid any attention to it if it had been printed in any other newspaper, but you couldn't afford to ignore *Rudé Pravo*. It would have been useless and dangerous to point out that even the most experienced experts couldn't run the textile industry with second-rate raw materials from the East, and that all imports from Australia had been cut to the bone; the paper said that "a reform was due." This was saying, in effect, that a scapegoat was needed.

Three weeks ago, in his office, Benda

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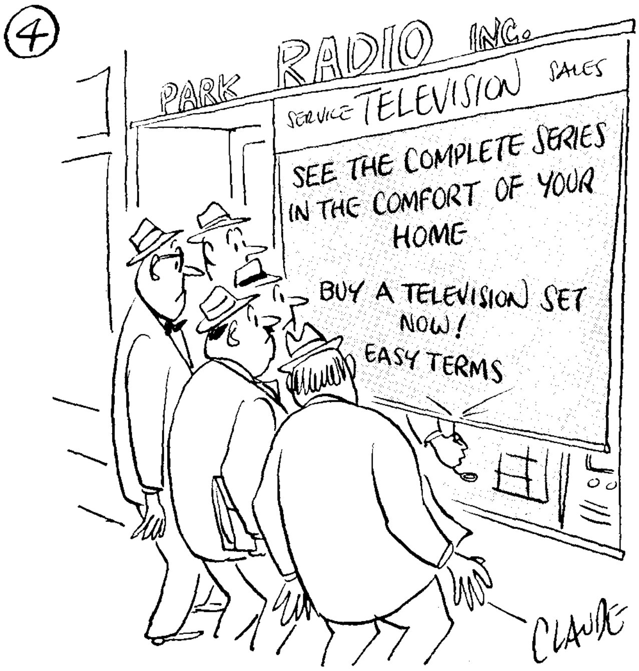
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had been studying a report about mounting absenteeism in the steel mills when his private phone rang. Only the Minister and the Minister's Cabinet chief; his wife, Adina; and three or four close friends, among them Kratky, had the number. It was Kratky. He sounded as if he'd run very fast and hadn't caught his breath yet.

"I'm talking from a phone booth on the street," he said quickly. The picture of Kratky nervously glancing over his shoulder, his hands shaking, came into Benda's mind, and again he was disturbed. "I'm in trouble," Kratky was saying. "They've called Vyskočil to the Ministry this morning without letting me know. I'm sure he's testifying against me."

"Vyskočil?"

"My production manager. One of the old fellows. They called him behind my back, without letting me know. You know what *that* means."

"Don't be silly," said Benda.

"No, no. They're going to blame me for the whole mess. Listen, do me a favor. If I shouldn't come home tonight, please drive over to the house and try to calm my wife. She has no idea of what's happened. I'm afraid to call her—they may already be watching her phone, too. Tell her— Sorry, I must go now." A click, and the voice was gone. Benda held the receiver to his ear for a while, and when he put it down, he noticed, to his utter surprise, that his palm was moist.

He didn't go to Kratky's house that night. Kratky was nervous and overworked; he was imagining things, and would be all right in a few days. No sense in frightening his wife; besides, Kratky's house *might* be watched, and Benda's visit would put him under suspicion. The next morning, he had his secretary call Kratky's office, and was told that the general manager had gone on "sick leave" for a few days. But a week later Kratky hadn't come back from his sick leave, and *Rudé Pravo* announced that Vyskočil had been named interim general manager. It was strange, because Vyskočil, although generally known as an able executive and hard worker, was not an old Party man. He had joined only in 1948, six years later than Kratky—and Benda, for that matter—had joined.

Kratky was still on sick leave. No one knew when he would be back or where he was, and no one dared ask. If he was where Benda thought him to be, he would never come back.

THE elevator stopped noiselessly at the second floor, and Benda got out. A girl carrying two files walked by. "Good morning," she said, and quickened her step. She was afraid of him. Everybody was afraid these days, Benda thought. What would the girl say if she knew that the general manager was afraid, too? Afraid of a janitor?

He turned to the left, where the linoleum on the floor was replaced by thick carpet. Even the corridor was panelled here, and old prints hung on the walls, to give a semi-private atmosphere. There were three doors leading to the rooms allocated to the general manager: the outer office, for the typist, which Benda knew well, having spent almost two years there; a larger room, for the private secretary; and, finally, the big corner room, for the general manager himself. Ordinarily, Benda went through the two anterooms, but this morning he walked down the carpeted corridor and entered his office through the hall door.

It was a big, impressive, dark-panelled room, designed to radiate dignity and confidence, with deep rugs, dark-leather chairs, bookshelves—a room in which to make Major Decisions. There were two dark-framed pictures on the wall. In the past twenty years, the portraits of T. G. Masaryk, Eduard Beneš, Adolf Hitler, Hermann Göring, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Winston Churchill, and others had at various times hung in these frames. Now they contained the confident, benevolently smiling features of Stalin and Gottwald. Between two windows stood an enormous desk. It was nine steps from either door to the desk, as Benda well remembered. Occasionally Dr. Jelinek had pushed the button for his private secretary several times, impatiently or angrily, and Benda had run there. Then the distance from door to desk could be made in seven steps. Now Benda was sitting behind the desk, waiting for people to approach it, and the distance seemed much too short, giving him hardly time to prepare himself for eventualities. Every caller might be a problem; every sentence might be a trap. In the old days, managers had run their enterprises according to certain fixed rules—supply and demand, making steel and selling it at a profit. Now it was different. There were always Policies, Directives, Special Considerations, Necessities, the Needs of Our Allies, and, above all, there was the unspoken question behind every move: What would *they* say? Would *they* agree with that deal or this decision? It wasn't always easy to guess the way *their* minds worked—those inscrutable minds in Moscow.

Benda put his hat and topcoat into a closet, sat down behind the desk, and placed the newspaper, folded lengthwise, before him. The desk was tidy, the sharpened pencils sticking out of their red container like bayonets, and the uppermost page of the desk calendar showing that day's date. Benda never left the office in the evening without tearing off the uppermost page, thus bringing the day officially to an end. He liked it that way. Well-sharpened pencils and the open desk calendar were a heritage of his file-clerk days.

He picked up the newspaper. An editorial ran down the entire left side of the front page. It was headed, "Managerial Incompetence in Our Steel Industry." The key sentences were printed in double-spaced capital letters, and read,

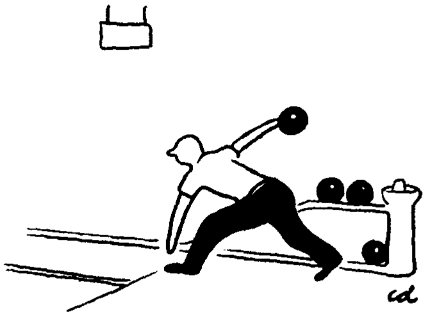
> The time has passed when we could tolerate incompetence and lack of experience because of a man's Party record. Today the state can no longer afford to tolerate managers unfit and unqualified for their responsibilities, and insufficiently trained to run our major industries. It was to those managers that the General Secretary of the Party referred at the last Party Congress when he said, "I'm less concerned with the number on a man's Party membership card than with his production effort. If he cannot deliver the quota and beyond the quota, he must be replaced."

Benda looked up at the pictures on the wall. They were still smiling at him—but ironically rather than benevolently it seemed. There was no need to read the rest of the editorial. Everybody who read the paper would know the rest by heart, and everybody was under orders to read the paper every day. Practically the same editorial had been published a few months before, when the shoe industry was unable to deliver its quotas, and again, later, when there were sabotage and slowdowns in the coal mines. "Failure of the management to utilize reserves of socialist accumulation that made more rapid development in both quantity and quality of production possible . . . Inefficient use of manpower and raw material and permitting such acts by subordinates . . . Faulty judgment concerning measures bound to bolster workers' morale . . ." Stock phrases that surely must have been left standing in type, they were used so frequently. When the editors were told to attack a specific industry, they merely filled in specific names and statistics. The editorial represented no one's private opinion; these days, the newspapers expressed neither the writers' nor the editors' opinions but merely repeated, interpreted, and confirmed orders from the highest places. The editorial, Benda noted, was signed by the editor-in-chief himself, which meant that it had been printed by order of the Party's General Secretary.

There were two ways of dealing with the issue. You could be fatalistic and let things take their course, hoping for the best, knowing that the worst would happen. Or you could go to pieces, as Kratky had done, trying to figure out every possible contingency, lying awake nights devising ways of escape. The end would be the same; if they had decided to get you, they would get you. You would be sent on "sick leave" from which you were not likely to return. You would disappear. You would—

Benda got up and walked over to the window. Across the street, a new building was going up. Between the third and fourth floors, red banners with violent slogans were strung, and downstairs, by the phone booth near the entrance, was the inevitable Five Year Plan chart and the promise of the Stakhanovites to exceed the Plan's quotas. A group of workers were standing near the booth, talking idly. They had been at the job for four months; in the old days, it would have been finished sooner, but in the old days the masons had been masons and the bricklayers bricklayers. Now many of the masons and bricklayers had become government officials; the new masons and bricklayers had once been lawyers and shopkeepers and salesmen, and they were not too good at their new trade. I should have listened to Adina, he thought. She never wanted me to have this career. She was happy when I was only a typist and we had the cold-water flat in Karlin.

Their chief recreation had been going skiing on Sundays. They couldn't afford to go to the Krkonoš, but they would take the No. 1 tram to the White Mountain, on the outskirts of the city, and have fun getting up and down the soft hills. They would come home and make a fire in the tiled stove, and then there would be the smell of smoked sausages being cooked, and sweet-sour pickles, and good bread. Now Adina had a cook and a butler, who had come with the big villa in Bubeneč, and the garden and a gardener, and the car, and none of it meant anything to her. "The car belongs to the firm," she would say, "and the house isn't ours, either." It had been Dr. Jelinek's house, and they didn't use



LIFE SCIENCES BUILDING, BERKELEY

This building is unequalled for expense and size.
These doors, constructed to heroic scale,
suitable to the huge dominion of
Science in the modern enterprise,
will close at five. Each young American male
will then return at sunset to his love.

Precautions must be taken: Animals
to be dissected must be fastened tight;
the heads of mongrels, emptied of their fear,
must be deposited in chemicals.
May Truth brood sweetly through the darkened night
upon the Fact a sophomore noted here.

May all the nebulae of Space-Time keep
their watch above this temple taxpayers built.
May all the boys who know that life is only
stimulus and response lie down to sleep,
invulnerable to human doubt and guilt.
May none of them have bad dreams, none be lonely.

—Edith Stuurman

• •

"*What do you mean you're out of gas?*"

the master bedroom, in which Dr. Jelinek had been found after taking the pills, because Adina said she would rather sleep in the attic than in *that* room. The Jelineks' things were still in the house—their light-blue Danish vases, the Belgian glasses that Dr. Jelinek's wife had picked up in Brussels, the embroidered tablecloths from Lyon, and the silver lighter from Egypt, where the Jelineks had gone on their twentieth wedding anniversary. Adina liked the furniture and the paintings and tapestries, but she wasn't happy in the house. She said it was like living in someone else's place without paying the rent. Adina said the strangest things, and sometimes Benda worried when she talked in front of the servants.

BENDA went back to his desk and pushed a button. The door was opened so quickly that he knew Jarolim, his private secretary, had been waiting just outside the door. For a moment, Benda wondered whether Jarolim could have guessed his thoughts; then he discarded the preposterous idea. "I'm getting almost as bad as Kratky," he said to himself.

"Good morning, Comrade," said the secretary coldly and correctly, and put the mail in a neat pile in front of Benda. Jarolim was a short man with steel-rimmed glasses and steely teeth; he was proud of the teeth, because they had been fitted by a dentist in Moscow. Jarolim's quick glance took in Benda's face but pointedly ignored the newspaper on the desk, thereby indicating that he had already read the editorial. Benda realized that he knew very little about his private secretary, aside from the man's political record. Who were his friends? Where did he go in the evening? Whom did he know at the Ministry? Was he spending his nights writing reports for the secret police? Was he trying to get Benda's job?

"At eleven-thirty, the Rumanian delegation is expected," Jarolim said, consulting a pad. "Vondráček called from Pilsen. His report will be in a day late. They had another breakdown at the mill."

"Did you read the paper?" Benda asked, looking straight at Jarolim.

"I read all the papers, Comrade," said Jarolim. "Every day."

It was the sort of evasive answer that Benda would have given if he had still been Dr. Jelinek's private secretary. He remembered the day when *Rudé Pravo* had attacked Dr. Jelinek, because his political record made him "unfit to run the country's biggest steel concern." That day, Benda had been standing where Jarolim now stood, and he had rather enjoyed fancying himself in the role of public prosecutor. The State v. Dr. Jelinek, "a reactionary and old-time foe of a planned economy." You couldn't leave such a man in charge of a big concern; you might as well turn the factories over to the Western cartels. A few days later, Benda had been secretly called to the Ministry. They had asked him all about Dr. Jelinek—his evenings, his telephone calls, his friends. Had Dr. Jelinek given parties at his villa? What had he done on his business trips to Paris and Luxembourg? Had he treated his secretary and chauffeur in a "capitalistic, arrogant" way? Knowing Dr. Jelinek as Benda knew him, it hadn't been difficult to answer their questions. It wasn't his, Benda's, fault that Dr. Jelinek had kept up a private correspondence with some of his friends in the Western countries even after 1948, when he should have known better.

Benda leaned back in his chair and faced Jarolim, and the issue. "I suppose you've read the editorial," he said, pointing to the paper. It seemed to him that he was almost apologizing, as if he were now the defendant and Jarolim were the public prosecutor. The State v. Benda, "incompetent manager."

Jarolim nodded and said nothing.

"We'll have a production meeting at three o'clock," Benda said. "Notify all department heads and their assistants." He'd said, "We'll have," not "I will have." After thinking all those years in terms of "we," it was difficult to get used to the "I."

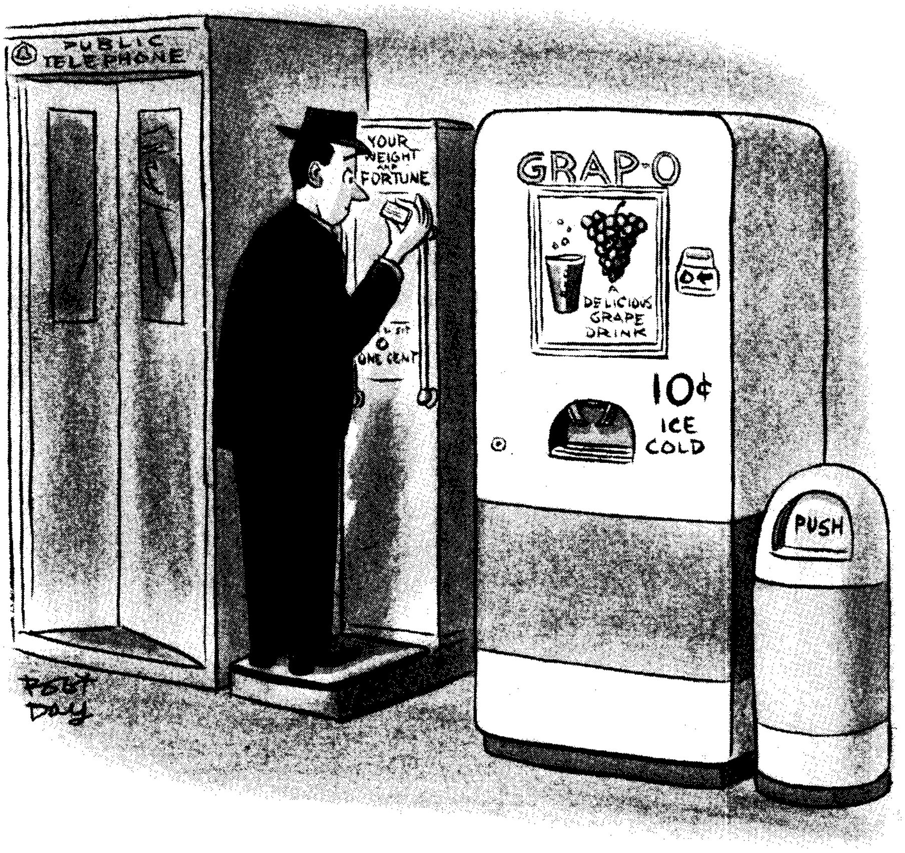
The secretary seemed to hesitate. "Comrade Brouk won't be here," he said. "He was called to the Ministry this morning. He said he might be gone all day long."

Brouk was assistant general manager and head of the export department. He had joined the Party only late in 1947, and he'd once been a member of Dr. Beneš' National Socialist Party. He was one of the three or four old-time executives who had not been removed, because it had seemed impossible to carry on without them, even though it was always said that personalities didn't count. He had been with the firm for twenty-four years and had built up its vast export organization, which had become the most important department since, in the words of the Prime Minister, export had become "a matter of economic survival."

"No one told me that Brouk was going there," Benda said sharply. He was sorry as soon as he'd said it, but it was too late.

"He just phoned," the secretary said. "It must have been a matter of urgency. They asked him to come over directly from his home."

"A matter of urgency," Benda repeated to himself, and his thoughts went back to the editorial. He wondered what Brouk was telling them about him at the Ministry right now, this very minute. And once again, as he'd done ever since he saw the title of the editorial, he wondered whether they had any doubts as to his political reliability. Suppose they found out that the chauffeur called him "Mr. General Manager." Could they object to his giving a birthday party for Adina and reserving the box at the National Theatre? They couldn't possibly know that in the middle of the opera his thoughts had wandered off and he had found himself wishing wistfully that he could be a file clerk again, sitting with Adina high up in the gallery. They used to sit there hand in hand, like lovers. Looking back at those days again now, Benda wondered what possible reason he could have had then to feel unhappy and bitter. Now it was different. They had no children, and Adina was lonely in the big house when he was away. If anything should happen to him, Adina would be unbearably lonely. He thought briefly of Dr. Jelinek's widow and how lonely she must be now in the tiny, cold room in the suburban tenement house where she had been moved after the death of her husband. Of late, Adina had been so lonely that she'd cried when he had to leave on his short business trips to Warsaw and to Zurich. He wondered whether there was anything about his trips that could have cast suspicion on him. Certainly not the Warsaw trip, because the Poles hadn't left him alone for a minute. But the Swiss trip was different. He had gone there alone, and stayed six days, and if they wanted to make a case of that . . .



". . . and you are about to enjoy a cool, delightful drink of refreshing Grap-O."

Jarolim cleared his throat. "Anything else, Comrade?"

"No," Benda said. He waited until the secretary had closed the door, and then he reached for the phone.

"Yes?" said the operator. There was a click in the wire. Or he thought he'd heard a click. He wasn't quite sure.

"Never mind," Benda said, and put down the receiver. Maybe he could walk across the street and call Adina from the booth. He got up and looked out the window. The group of workers were still standing in front of the booth, and Hampl, the janitor, was walking up and down past it, his crippled hand behind his back.

Benda walked back to his desk and sat down. Mechanically, he straightened the pencils, tore off the uppermost page of the desk calendar, with that day's date, and tossed it off into the wastebasket, as he had always done at the end of the day. The mail was still lying there unread, but there was no need to read it now. As he pushed the pile of letters aside, Benda noticed, with almost clinical detachment, that his hand was shaking. He hoped they would come soon.

—Joseph Wechsberg

◆

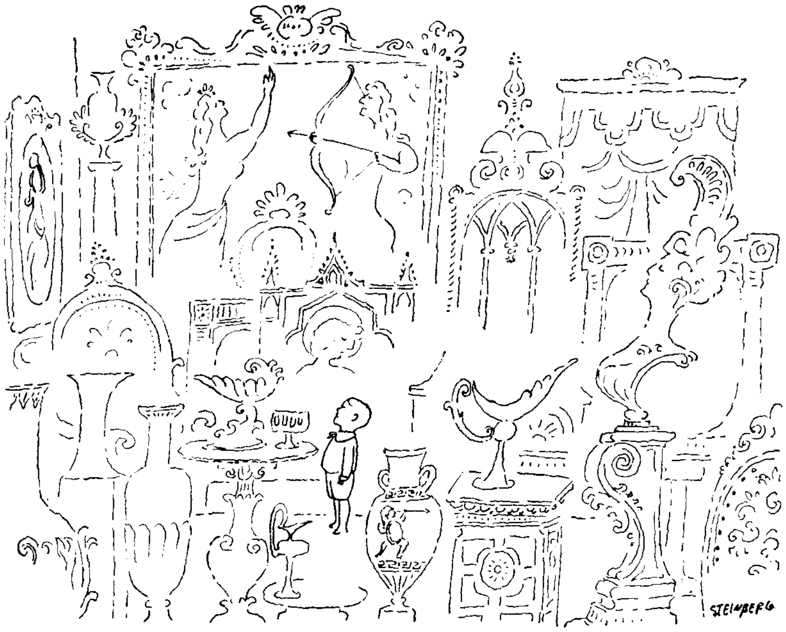
Can you imagine taking a train from New York to California with seven young children, all of whom have whooping cough? This is but one episode in a genuinely funny book.—*Hollywood Reporter.*

It was but one episode in the life of the other passengers on that train, too.

PROFILES

THE DAYS OF DUVEEN

II—A BEGINNING IN DELFT

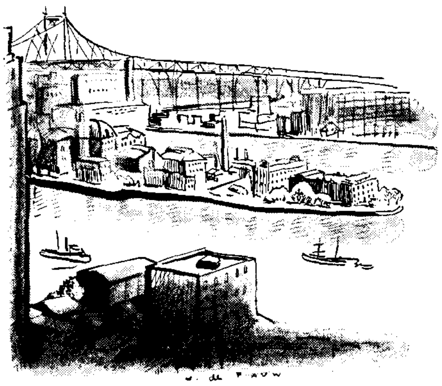


THE original Duveen establishment, the forerunner of the distinguished firm of Duveen Brothers, with its art galleries in New York, London, and Paris, was a blacksmith shop in the little village of Meppel, in Holland. Joseph Duveen, the proprietor, and his wife, Eva, were Jewish. They had four children—Joseph Joel, born in 1843; Henry, born in 1854; and two daughters. The blacksmith's wife must have been a remarkable woman. Although her husband, hammering out horseshoes for the farmers in Meppel, often called Joseph Joel to pump the bellows and Henry to hold the metal on the anvil, she managed, in addition to doing her household chores, to give the boys an elementary education—which was all the education they ever had—and to become a collector in a small way, the only disinterested collector the family has produced. She acquired a hobby that must have been a relaxation to her after the grind of her daily existence. She took to buying bits of Holland's celebrated delft pottery with her small savings. Whatever she could spare from the family budget she put into delft, and in time she became a connoisseur of it. She would send her two boys around the neighborhood to buy or exchange pieces, and for this particular pottery the children developed a taste that was as perceptive as her own. The blacksmith was humorously condescending about his wife's hobby. Delft was cheap, and he doubtless concluded that she bought it only because she didn't have the money to buy land or houses, as her more fortunate neighbors did. Actually, she bought it not just for that reason but because she loved it passionately. After she had been collecting for some years, the news percolated through to Meppel that across the Channel, in rich and mighty England, there were people who wanted to buy delft even if they could afford to buy other things, and this gave her a startling inspiration. She had loftier hopes for her boys than blacksmithing. In 1866, when Joseph Joel was twenty-three, she improvised a career for him; she loaded him with all the delft he could carry, and packed him off to England to sell it.

Joseph Joel was quite happy to go to England, but when he got there he had a change of heart. Selling delft struck him as an unmanly sort of work, and since, like so many of the Dutch, he could speak some English, he decided to become a travelling salesman of more substantial commodities. After experimenting briefly with one unmarketable product after another, he finally hit his stride in lard. His slitherings about in lard took him, in 1867, to the city of Hull, and there, one evening, he met a Miss Rosetta Barnett, the daughter of a local pawnbroker. Either Joseph Joel was taken with her charm or he had reached the point where he wanted to settle down, or both. In any case, he proceeded to rush her, and, perhaps because he was tired of carrying it around, he showered her with his mother's delft. Miss Barnett, who had never been wooed with delft before, showed her presents to her father, and he was more impressed by them than she was. Possibly he had made advances on delft to Hull collectors who were hard up. He questioned his daughter's suitor and discovered that there was a great deal more good delft where that came from. He also found out that the young man was knowledgeable about delft but somewhat deprecatory about it. Mr. Barnett took a firm line. He didn't like the idea of having a son-in-law in lard, but he was titillated by the idea of having one in delft. He said he would give his consent to the marriage if Joseph Joel would get enough delft from his mother to set up a shop in Hull. Moreover, Mr. Barnett said, he would finance the enterprise. Joseph Joel gave up his swashbuckling career in lard, married Miss Barnett, and rented a tiny shop with living quarters above it. From delft, he branched out into furniture and objects of art, learning about his merchandise as he acquired it. He attended to the buying and selling; his wife was treasurer, a task that at first consisted largely of getting her father to put up more money from time to time. The Duveens' business and reputation grew, and so did their family. They produced eight boys and four girls. Their eldest was Joseph, the future Lord Duveen of Millbank and the greatest art dealer in history, who was born over the delft-and-furniture shop on October 14, 1869.

THE blacksmith's wife, having launched her first argosy successfully, felt justified in launching another. She decided that Henry should undergo a course of instruction under Joseph Joel and then move on to America. If rich Englishmen bought delft, so, she reasoned, would rich Americans. In 1876, after a few years of apprenticeship in Hull, Henry landed in Boston. A rotund, flat-footed little man with a walrus mustache, who had never been to school and who spoke English with a guttural Dutch accent, Henry was to become within a few years the confidant, and the adviser on art purchases, of two of the most inaccessible men in America, the elder J. P. Morgan and Benjamin Altman, as well as of a group of more sociable men that included Collis P. Huntington, P. A. B. Widener, and George J. Gould. It is not recorded that Henry ever gave anything away, but he managed nevertheless to generate an atmosphere of Santa Claus benevolence. His clients, and all his fellow-dealers, were soon affectionately calling him Uncle Henry. When he arrived in Boston, though, he was just a Dutch immigrant with hardly any English and a lot of delft. There was no Miss Barnett in Boston to give his delft to, so he began to peddle it from shop to shop. The architects and decorators of Boston liked his pottery, with its graceful blue designs and charming Dutch genre scenes. After Henry had covered Boston thoroughly, he decided to try New York. He rented a room on the third floor of a loft building on Maiden Lane, and set up shop there, expanding his line to include various kinds of china, and also furniture. When he had been in New York less than a year, he felt encouraged enough to write home, “This is a fine place and I think we will do good business here.” Many years later, his nephew Joseph had this letter framed, and hung it in the office of his Fifth Avenue gallery.

The “good business” probably began when one day there toiled up the three flights of stairs to Uncle Henry’s Maiden Lane establishment a short, stout gentleman with thick glasses, who said, after he had recovered his breath, that he was interested in Chinese porcelains. So was Henry Duveen, and they had a porcelain-lovers’ chat that ended in the visitor’s buying two antique Chinese vases of enamelled copper. The visitor was the department-store magnate Benjamin Altman, and this visit led to the accumulation by Altman, through Uncle Henry, of a distinguished collection of Chinese porcelains. The two copper vases are now in the Altman Collection at the Metropolitan Museum. “Mr. Altman’s career as a collector began in 1882,” the official handbook on the collection says, “with the purchase of a pair of Chinese enamel vases (Nos. 44 and 45 in Case C, Room 1) which, for sentimental reasons, he always retained as the beginning of a great undertaking. . . . They are of interest as being the first objects of art which attracted Mr. Altman’s attention, and he always regarded them with affection as the nucleus from which his entire collection grew.” Altman evidently regarded Uncle Henry with an affection almost as deep. Altman was a bachelor and a recluse. He had no social life to speak of, and he lived frugally. Shortly after his death, Lord Duveen said to an interviewer, “Though he spent millions on art, he travelled like a Cook’s tourist.” Altman’s business partner and heir, Michael Friedsam, never forgave Duveen. It is the kind of remark that Uncle Henry would not conceivably have made; it is the kind of remark that his nephew Joseph often made, which is one reason he was never given an affectionate nickname. Lord Duveen was called many things in his lifetime, but never Uncle Joseph—not even by his nephews and nieces. Altman’s reluctance to spend money on himself was so great that it may have hastened his death. At the age of seventy-three, he became ill at a resort in the Thousand Islands. His regular doctor was in Europe, and he asked a local doctor to call a certain physician in New York and, without mentioning the name Altman, inquire what he would charge to come up and take care of a patient. The New York physician, who happened to be a friend of Altman’s regular doctor, said that his fee would be a thousand dollars a day. Altman thought it was too steep, and stuck with the local man, whose ministrations were more reasonably priced. By the time Altman could be got to New York, his disease had advanced too far to be effectively treated. Perhaps he comforted himself with the thought that he was achieving a considerable economy by dying. Altman’s regular doctor, returning from Europe, was horrified to learn of his patient’s death. “Why didn’t he give his name?” he asked a member of the family. “If he had, Dr. A—— would, of course, have gone at once, without bothering about the fee.”



Altman seems to have found Uncle Henry a crony after his own heart. Uncle Henry was a constant visitor at his Fifth Avenue house, and they had orgiastic sessions on ceramics in Yiddish. In dealing with J. P. Morgan, however, Uncle Henry presumably restricted himself to bad English. Though he could not be as fluent with Morgan as he was with Altman, he nevertheless managed to give him a strong push in

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DON’T LOOK FOR THE SILVER LINING, JUST WAIT FOR IT

The rabbit loves his hoppity and the wallaby loves his hippity.
I love my serendipity.
Let none look askance;
Serendipity is merely the knack of making happy and unexpected discoveries by chance.
Only yesterday I was bored by a bore—there is no topic that he isn’t inept on it—
And when I pointed out a piece of chewing gum on the sidewalk, he was too busy talking to listen, so I soon made the happy and unexpected discovery that he had stepped on it.
It was serendipity when a recent hostess of mine in Philadelphia apologized for serving ham and eggs because she had forgotten to order scrapple,
Just as it was when I found a bow tie I could wear that didn’t rise and fall with my Adam’s apple.
I called it happy and unexpected when I found a funny paper with something funny in it,
And when I found a hole in my pocket but hadn’t lost any money because I didn’t have any money in it,
Also when I found a hole in my pocket which I had tickets for a harp recital in, or in which I had tickets for a harp recital, to put it properer,
So instead of the harp recital we had to see the Marx Brothers in “A Night at the Opera.”
If your coat catches on a branch just as you are about to slip over a precipice precipitous,
That’s serendipitous,
But when you happily and unexpectedly discover that you don’t have to go to the dentist or the chiropodist,
That’s serendopitist.

—OGDEN NASH

• •

the direction of ceramics. In fact, before Uncle Henry was through, Morgan's collection was many times the size of Altman's. Uncle Henry did not drop in casually at J. P. Morgan's house as he did at Altman's—Morgan had more insistent social obligations—but he was often invited to breakfast. Morgan was the Lorenzo the Magnificent of American collectors, and Uncle Henry explored with him many realms besides ceramics. By then a big-scale dealer in furniture as well as ceramics, he even, in 1882, furnished Morgan's house on Madison Avenue. The late Belle da Costa Greene, the director of the Morgan Library, used to recall an incident that demonstrated not only Uncle Henry's continuously developing critical faculty but his detachment. After the elder Morgan's death, his son wished to redecorate the Madison Avenue house. Knowing that Uncle Henry had done the original job, and realizing how fond his father had been of him, he called him in. Miss Greene accompanied them on a tour of the house. "Well, Uncle Henry, what do you think of it?" she asked when it was all over. "It iss orful!" Uncle Henry said, and, undaunted by the horrors around him, set about correcting the errors he and his late patron had accomplished together.

"I'll only be in here twenty minutes or so, so don't pay any attention to me."

• •

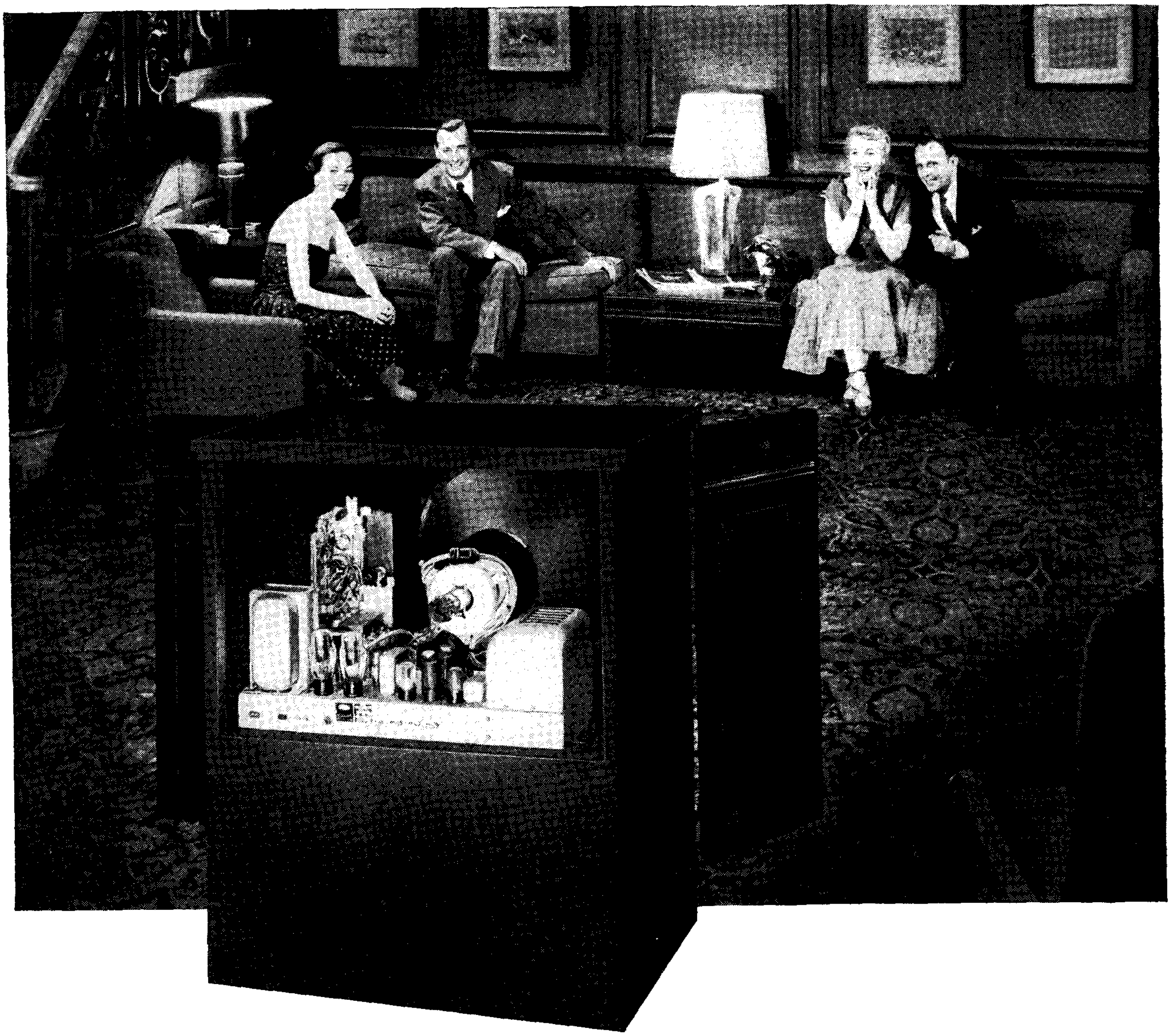
Uncle Henry's migration from Boston to New York was paralleled by Joseph Joel's from Hull to London. Mr. Barnett, who seems to have been a pawnbroker with imagination, thought that his son-in-law, after twelve years in Hull, should try the big city. Joseph Joel Duveen was a dictatorial, irascible man, but he did what his father-in-law suggested; he transported his stock to a shop on Oxford Street and, as before, installed his family in rooms above it. It must have been quite a clutter, for the stock had grown enormously: English, French, and Italian furniture, French and Gothic tapestries, Chinese porcelains, the mingled aromas of Italian velvets and Spanish leathers, the retrieved handiwork of vanished master craftsmen, and, before long, fourteen Duveens. The former Miss Barnett still presided at the till, handling the books and the cash. Joseph Joel was absorbed in buying, without worrying too much about overstocking—a tendency his eldest son inherited. He had unlimited confidence that he would be able to sell the merchandise once he had got it. Like his eldest son after him, he could never buy enough; as for the financial intricacies, he was perfectly willing to leave them to his wife, just as his eldest son was one day to leave them to his comptrollers. Joseph Joel and his wife carried on a running altercation about insuring their property. He did not believe a fire could ever happen to him and held out stubbornly against insurance. But a fire did happen to him—a bad one—and he was in despair. His wife came forward to save the firm. Joseph Joel's absorption in acquiring merchandise had enabled her to put aside sums of money from time to time, so that in this crisis she had enough to rebuild and restock and get going again. After that, the Duveen property was liberally insured.

The four Duveen girls were sent to school, but the boys—Joseph, Charles, John, Louis, Edward Joseph, Benjamin, Henry, and Ernest—had very sketchy educations. Joseph went briefly to Brighton College, quitting at seventeen. From infancy, the boys were spoon-fed on the lore of their father's inventory. They were put to work in the shop, arranging the stock, running errands, wrapping, dusting, learning prices, and studying their father's sales technique. The sons were extremely quarrelsome by the time they reached their early teens. A family conference, an observer recalls, was usually a pitched battle. The father's decision, however, always prevailed. In later life, Joseph was fond of telling stories about how autocratic his father had been. He remembered that when they all sat at the dinner table in their Oxford Street quarters, his father used to begin the meal with the command: "Let no one speak unless I ask a question." As he didn't feel that his children could tell him much, there were often long silences at the table. Another recollection of Duveen's was of being taken by his father to see the elder J. P. Morgan in his London house, at Prince's Gate. His Uncle Henry, who had by then become a pet of Morgan's, had told Morgan that his brother was, next to him, the highest authority on Chinese porcelains. Therefore, Morgan wanted Joseph Joel to see five Chinese porcelain beakers he had just bought. He showed the Duveens, father and son, into his library. "Uncle Henry tells me you know a lot about porcelains," he said to Joseph Joel. "Well, here are five beakers. Three of them are authentic and two of them are reproductions. Now, if you're such an authority, which are which?" Joseph Joel peered at the beakers, then lifted his walking stick and smashed two of them. He offered, if he'd broken good ones, to pay for them. Mr. Morgan was relieved to find that he could not collect.

The Oxford Street business prospered. The advent of William Morris and his wallpapers enabled Joseph Joel eventually to make a killing in tapestries. The craze for Morris's wallpapers caused the owners of English country houses to get rid of their tapestries as fast as they could. Joseph Joel bought them up at bargain prices, and waited for the craze to pass. Then he began selling them at handsome profits to famished customers. His fame spread, and the nobility and royalty started to show an interest in his shop. He acquired three distinguished patrons: the Prince of Wales, later Edward VII, and two of the Prince's close friends, Lord Esher and the financier Sir Ernest Cassel, a grandfather of the present Lady Mountbatten. There is a trade legend about Joseph Joel's first meeting with the Prince of Wales. One day, a gentleman of about Joseph Joel's age came into the shop, showed the proprietor a piece of jewelry, and asked if he would pay a hundred pounds for it. Joseph Joel examined it, and then his visitor. He asked him where he had got the piece. "Never mind about that," the caller said. "It's mine and I want to sell it. Will you give me a hundred pounds?" "No," said Joseph Joel. "It's worth much more than that. I'll give you five hundred." According to the legend, Joseph Joel didn't recognize his visitor. Those who knew Joseph Joel intimately doubted this. They suspected that he was pretty sure his petitioner was the Prince of Wales. In any case, when the Prince became King, in 1901, he had Joseph Joel arrange much of the decoration of Westminster Abbey for the Coronation. This automatically made Joseph Joel the foremost decorator in England. For this and other services, the King knighted him. The reformed lard salesman, the son of the Dutch blacksmith, became Sir Joseph Joel Duveen. Later, his son Joseph was knighted, and, ultimately, raised to the peerage, by King George V. Uncle Henry had a cozy relationship with King George, cemented by the passion both men had for collecting stamps. The King's cousin, Nicholas II, the Czar of Russia, was also a serious stamp collector, and also became Uncle Henry's friend. Uncle Henry used to reminisce about tranquil evenings spent in Buckingham Palace, with the King and himself working at their albums, and Queen Mary embroidering. He remembered huddles between the King, Nicky, and himself over stamps; during these sessions, though he was not strictly one of the family, he must have felt almost like a cousin. After Uncle Henry's death, his stamp collection, which he had bequeathed to his wife, was privately sold, for a million and a half dollars. King George's collection is still at Buckingham Palace, and what happened to Nicky's collection is not known. The Duveens dearly loved a queen. Queen Mary was a friend and patron of Joseph Duveen. For many years, she seldom ventured into an art gallery without him.

THE firm of Duveen Brothers, dealers in furniture and objects of virtu, was established in 1879; Joseph Joel Duveen, presiding over the Oxford Street shop, and Uncle Henry, presiding over his Maiden Lane walkup, were partners. In 1886, Joseph Joel sent his son Joseph, then seventeen, on his first trip to America, to get several months' experience in Uncle Henry's place and to size up the country—a country whose art intake he was to boost so astonishingly and whose taste he was to revolutionize singlehanded. He came over on the Cunarder Etruria; he had heard a great deal about her, and he was disappointed by her smallness. He was also disappointed by the smallness of Uncle Henry's establishment. It served well enough for Altman, Morgan, and Uncle Henry, but Joseph didn't care for it. Before Uncle Henry knew what was up, he had been hustled out of Maiden Lane to what Joseph considered a more becoming location, on Fifth Avenue just below the old Waldorf. The Cambridge Hotel, then perhaps the most chic in New York, was also close by. When the landlord asked for security, Joseph, with the lordly manner King George V was later to make official, paid him six months' rent in advance. The day he got his bewildered uncle into the new quarters, somebody came in and asked to look at a certain tapestry. It was William C. Whitney. Joseph parted with the tapestry for ten thousand dollars. When he got back to London, he reported to his father that not only had he moved Duveen Brothers to the smartest location in New York but he had acquired for them an American customer who appeared to have taste. Uncle Henry's attitude toward his prodigious nephew had about it something of the resignation with which one submits to a tornado. "This boy is a genius, but he will drive me crazy," he said.

One day not long after Joseph's re-



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R & H

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE
In A New Musical Play
The King and I
Music by
RICHARD RODGERS
Book and Lyrics by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Based on the Novel "Anna and the King of Siam" by
MARGARET LANDON
with YUL BRYNNER
DOROTHY SARNOFF · DORETTA MORROW
Directed by JOHN van DRUTEN
Settings and Lighting by JO MIELZINER
Costumes designed by IRENE SHARAFF
Choreography by JEROME ROBBINS
ST. JAMES THEATRE, W. 44 ST.
Eves. at 8:25. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:25

Presented in association with
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MARTHA WRIGHT
IN
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Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Book by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd & JOSHUA LOGAN
Adapted from JAMES A. MICHENER'S Pulitzer Prize Winning "TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC"
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
Scenery & Lighting by Jo Mielziner
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Lighting by CHARLES ELSON
Production Associate BEA LAWRENCE
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turn to London, a stocky gentleman with a marked Irish brogue, accompanied by his wife, a modest, unassuming little woman in a plumed hat, walked into the shop on Oxford Street. They looked like a country couple dressed up for a visit to the city. They asked to see some screens. Joseph Joel had recently had several made up of fine old Spanish leather, and he told Joseph to bring them out. The lady, in ecstasy, bought one screen after another. As the sales mounted, the elder Duveen whispered to his son to find out quickly who these people were. Joseph went into consultation with their coachman—an early instance of his lifelong practice of picking up useful intelligence from servants. He wrote the customers' name on a slip of paper, and handed it to his father. "You may think it strange, Mr. Duveen, that I am buying so many screens," the woman was saying just then. "Not at all, Lady Guinness," replied the proprietor. "You have many fine homes, and you are quite right to supply them with screens." With the delight of anonymity welcoming recognition, Lady Guinness beamed at her husband. "You see, Edward," she said. "Mr. Duveen knows who we are!" When, years afterward, Joseph Duveen told the story to one of the sons of the purchaser of the screens, Guinness said, "At last I know why we had such a bloody lot of screens in the house."

Since the purchaser, Sir Edward Guinness, later Lord Iveagh, was one of the richest men in England, the elder Duveen was enchanted by the episode, but it had an entirely different effect on his son. The pleasure the father took in selling thousands of pounds' worth of screens to the Guinnesses indicated to the son a circumscribed and unimaginative outlook. For he knew that while Guinness was picking up these knickknacks on Oxford Street for trifling sums, he was spending millions of pounds on paintings and sculptures on Bond Street, chiefly with Thomas Agnew & Sons, an old and important firm of art dealers. Guinness, simply by his purchases for his famous art collection at Ken Wood House, in Hampstead Heath, made Agnew's rich. The inner illumination that sometimes converts playboys into dedicated men, wastrels into saints, must have flared up in Joseph. He determined to deal in paintings and sculptures. His father and Uncle Henry felt that since they knew practically nothing about paintings and sculptures, they had better stick to their own province, which was porcelains, furniture, tapestries, and sil-

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ver. Moreover, they were aware that dealing in paintings and sculptures was risky, because of the difficulties of authentication. "It made me sick to my stomach to see people like Lord Iveagh buying mere art objects from us and paintings elsewhere," said Joseph Duveen some years later. "My father was satisfied, my Uncle Henry was satisfied, my brothers were satisfied, but I was not." His mind, like theirs, was a *tabula rasa* as far as pictures were concerned, but he promptly set about making entries. He began an intensive courtship of experts that was to continue the rest of his life. The biggest man in the field then was Dr. Wilhelm von Bode, director of the Kaiser Friedrich Museum in Berlin, and the world's leading authority on Rembrandt. Duveen went to Berlin and got Dr. von Bode to advise him. He then began to advise his father. With headlong impetuosity, he started to make enormous financial commitments for the firm, and cajoled his father as best he could into stringing along with him. He bought like a man possessed.

Joseph Duveen made his real début as an art dealer in 1901, when he paid the biggest price that up to that time had been paid for a painting sold at a British auction—$70,250. The picture was "Lady Louisa Manners," by John Hoppner. (He started paying high, and kept stepping it up higher the rest of his life.) The fact that he had to sell his first picture at a loss did not deter him from buying more and more. Finally, in 1906, in Berlin, he soared into the ether and bought for two and a half million dollars the famous Oskar Hainauer Collection, the official catalogue of which had been prepared by Dr. von Bode. The price made the newcomer a major figure in the art world. Duveen called his father's attention to the lucky circumstance that the collection contained a vast number of objects of virtu. His father couldn't resist them; indeed, they made the elder Duveen's mouth water so much that he swallowed the paintings, too. The objects of virtu in the Hainauer Collection began at once to sell furiously, and this made it easier for Duveen to persuade his father to let him buy another collection—the Rodolphe Kann. Joseph made the point to his father—in talking up the advantage of buying collections, as against buying pictures and sculptures individually—that when one bought a famous collection for a lump sum, the potential repurchaser of a particular item could have no idea of its price, as he would if that item had been sold sepa-

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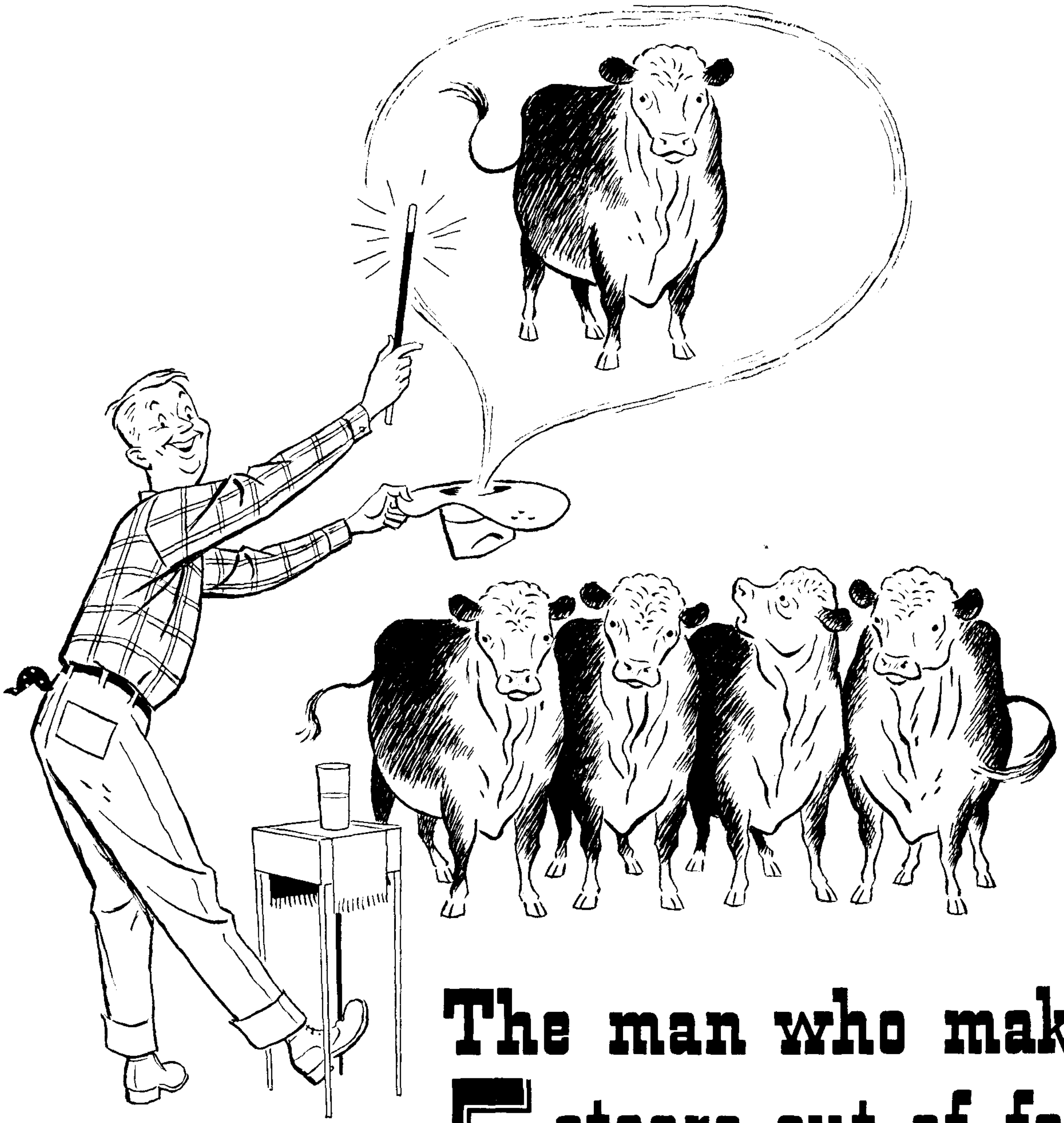

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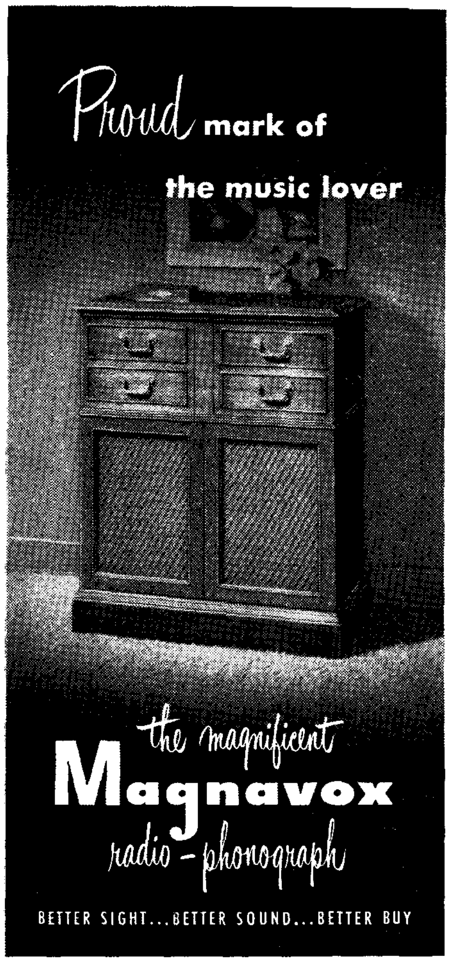
rately at public auction. You could fix your price at will, and the purchaser had no standard to go by. But the stark fact that stared the elder Duveen in the face was that the art was in his storehouse, the purchasers were nonexistent, and the firm's debts were monumental. Joseph bought the Rodolphe Kann Collection at a private sale in Paris, with a loan of five million dollars he got from the firm's bank. As his father suffered from high blood pressure and Duveen didn't wish to send it up still farther, he didn't inform him that this collection consisted almost entirely of pictures and sculptures. His father found it out, however, and the elder Duveen, who had been so happy selling screens and hadn't divined the art hunger of American millionaires, felt that his world was collapsing. Shortly after Joseph's acquisition of the Rodolphe Kann Collection, his father mercifully died of apoplexy.

A few months after his father's death, Joseph Duveen unhesitantly bought still another Paris collection, the Maurice Kann, for which he paid three million dollars. The firm now had nearly ten and a half million dollars invested in three collections—mostly pictures and sculptures, about which Uncle Henry and Joseph's seven brothers knew very little. Since Joseph did at least know Dr. von Bode, he had a great tactical advantage in dealing with his uncle and his brothers. As things worked out, the vast heterogeneity of these three collections formed the backbone of Joseph Duveen's business. Up to the day he died, in 1939, he was still selling pictures and sculptures from these collections; their acquisition so early and the gradual selling of them over a period of nearly four decades has been called, by those close to the art business, the most singular feat of long-range investment in art history. From these three original collections, thirteen pictures eventually went to Altman, twelve to Frick, and others to H. E. Huntington and Morgan. The last trip Duveen made to see his old friend and client Huntington in California was in 1926. It was not a frivolous trip. He was too modest to think that Huntington wanted to see him for himself alone, so he was accompanied by a freight car containing his wares. Among them were many items from the old Hainauer and Kann Collections. Duveen sold Huntington the entire contents of the freight car. How many times Duveen multiplied his investment of ten and a half million in his first three collections cannot be accurately computed (indeed, as he made clear, that had been one reason for



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buying them), but the increment was enormous.

Joseph Joel Duveen left his children and Uncle Henry an estate of close to seven million dollars. When the estate was settled, it was found that about two million was in cash. The rest was tied up in the business, of which Uncle Henry owned thirty-five per cent and Joseph fifteen per cent. How the rest was divided up, no one outside the family knows. As long as Uncle Henry lived, he was the *de-forma* head of the company and Joseph was the *de-facto* head. At Uncle Henry's death, in 1919, Joseph bought his thirty-five per cent and took full command. All the shares his brothers and sisters received at the time of their father's death Joseph ultimately bought, almost entirely on credit. Several of the brothers took an active part in the business—or as active a part as was possible in a firm that contained Joseph Duveen. John, who was the first to be paid off, and in cash, immediately retired. Ernest helped run the Paris gallery, which was opened shortly before the father died, and then left it to become an official in an insurance firm in London, where he handled the Duveen account. Edward worked in the London shop on a salary. Charles had the temerity to go into the decorating business for himself. Duveen paid him twenty-five thousand dollars a year not to use his last name professionally. Duveen grandly ignored the excessive proliferation sometimes indulged in by nature; there was only one Duveen and that was Joseph, and he did not wish the art-buying public to be confused. So Charles became Charles of London. Benjamin, after being bought out by Joseph, became a salaried connoisseur in the New York gallery; he was even permitted to have his own customers. Louis became manager of the London gallery; when he died, in 1920, Duveen bought his share of the business, on credit. Louis's estate was soon threatening lawsuits, but no suits materialized.

The impulse to sue was an endemic family trait. All their lives, the Duveen brothers and sisters pressed for their shares of the estate; all his life, Joseph sought to keep them off balance by unexpectedly paying them large sums of money. At one time, he owed them a total of eleven million dollars, and he doled them out a half-million or a million at a time, when he had it handy. When, however, they wanted more than he doled out, or wanted all he owed them, he sat back and blandly invited them to go ahead and sue. This

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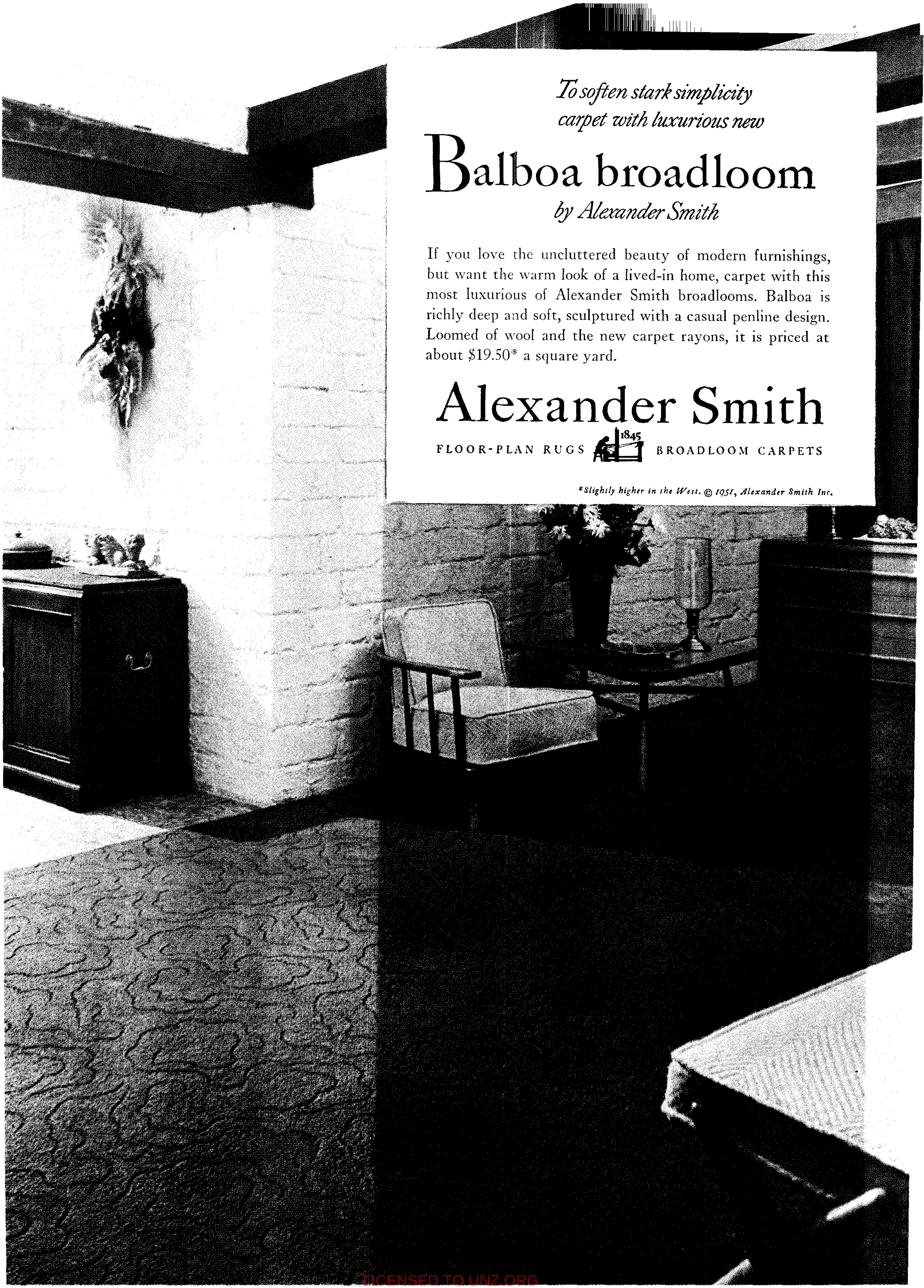

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invitation, attractive as it was, they realized they couldn't accept. Most of the firm's money—and a great deal more—was invested in pictures and sculptures, and Joseph was the only one in the family who knew what anything was worth or what it might bring. Their one hope of getting cash lay in Joseph's theoretical ability to sell not only the incalculable jumble of stuff he had to begin with but all the pictures and sculptures he continued to acquire. When Joseph said "Sue me," he half meant it. Lawsuits gave his life savor; suits against him by competitors, by outraged collectors about whose choice items (bought from rival dealers) Duveen made disparaging remarks, by customers, and, in one instance, by the government of the United States were a ceaseless obbligato to his life. He himself got too much pleasure out of litigation to deny the same pleasure to his relatives. But they never really treated themselves, no matter how often they threatened to. Their threats sometimes sounded so genuine, however, that Duveen had almost as much fun as if they had actually sued. As a result, he was seldom bored.

Not long after buying his third big collection, Joseph Duveen, confident in the knowledge that he owned the greatest inventory of works of art any art dealer had ever owned, sailed for New York with the intention of making it his headquarters. He had begun to siphon off some of these gems through Uncle Henry, who was permitted to sell them to his American clients. Uncle Henry once more found his nephew's presence not only exhilarating but disturbing. Joseph wanted him to move again. Now the possessor of a princely store of art, Joseph felt that he must have a showcase commensurate with its magnificence. He leased the northwest corner of Fifty-sixth Street and Fifth Avenue, cleared the site, and put up a building that was a replica, in miniature, of one wing of the French Ministry of Marine, in Paris. This cost over a million dollars. Uncle Henry was appalled by his nephew's grandiose ways, but his nephew's optimism and impetuosity overwhelmed him. "I have it sold," Joseph told him, referring to his inventory. "You have everything sold," said Uncle Henry helplessly. "Show me the bill of sale."

Meanwhile, in romance as well as in business, Joseph had proved himself unpredictable. In 1899, he was engaged to marry the daughter of Isaac Lewis, who was one of the South African gold millionaires. The wedding was to be held in London. Duveen's Aunt Dora, Uncle

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Henry's wife, went over for it and took with her a lovely young friend of hers, Elsie Salamon, the daughter of a New York tobacco merchant of moderate means. Miss Salamon was just along for the ride. At one of the prenuptial parties, Duveen met her. The effect on him was so powerful that he called off his marriage to Miss Lewis and, with Miss Salamon's consent, married Miss Salamon instead. The marriage lasted till Duveen's death. The Duveens had one child, a daughter they named Dorothy; now married to a surgeon, she is living in London, as is Lady Duveen.

DUVEEN BROTHERS never advertised specific wares and never employed salesmen in Joseph's lifetime. In the beginning, all sales, except of insignificant items, were engineered by the Duveens themselves: Uncle Henry, Joseph, and Benjamin in New York, Louis in London, Ernest in Paris. The rest of the staff consisted of, in the words of a former member of it, "gentlemen ushers, who just walked around and knew a lot." This sophistication extended even to the stockrooms. One day early in 1910, a disgruntled clerk employed there went, after an argument with Benjamin, to Delmonico's for solace. While there, he confided to the headwaiter certain facts about some Duveen importations; after discussing them for a while, the two men decided to go to William Loeb, Jr., the Collector of the Customs of the Port of New York, and confide in him. He was willing to listen, because up to 1909 all art treasures had been subject to duty, and the Duveen importations under discussion had come in before 1909. As a result of the clerk's revelations, there fell on the Duveens an unimaginable disaster: the famous Duveen smuggling case, which, in the end, led to the family's paying the government of the United States the biggest settlement fine in the history of American jurisprudence up to that time. At four in the afternoon of Thursday, October 13, 1910, a squad of three customs agents and three special agents from the United States District Attorney's office entered the office of Duveen Brothers with warrants calling for a search of the premises and the seizure of certain art treasures. Wagons drew up at the rear of the establishment and were loaded with books and papers covering the firm's business for the past several years. Warrants also called for the arrest of Joseph, Benjamin, Louis, and Uncle Henry Duveen, on charges that by means of false and fraudulent invoices

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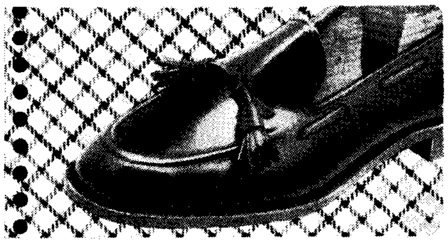

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three Chinese porcelain vases had been brought into the country on February 10, 1908, at less than their true value. The value on which duty was paid had been $1,100, whereas the actual value—the price paid for the vases in Europe—was not less than $28,000.

Benjamin, who must have wished that he had been more conciliatory toward the stock clerk, was the only Duveen in the gallery at the time. He was arrested, taken to the office of the District Attorney, and held in fifty thousand dollars bail, which the firm's lawyers, Stern & Corbitt, quickly put up, giving real estate as security. Joseph and Louis Duveen were both in England, and Uncle Henry was due to arrive from England that night on the Lusitania. Customs men were waiting to grab him when the ship came into the harbor about ten o'clock. They boarded the ship before it docked and brought Uncle Henry ashore in a revenue cutter. His bail was seventy-five thousand dollars. He signed for it and then went home to try to get some sleep. The next morning, Uncle Henry felt that in making his way through the difficulties that loomed before him he would need more imposing representation than Stern & Corbitt could afford him. He asked some distinguished friends to make suggestions. Five of them wrote out a list of law firms. The name of one firm—Stanchfield & Levy—appeared on all five lists, and Uncle Henry decided on that one. There is a story in legal circles to the effect that Uncle Henry let himself in for more than was necessary when he engaged counsel. He called at the office of the eminent John B. Stanchfield to ask him to handle the case. Stanchfield had just taken on a junior associate, and while Uncle Henry waited in the outer office, Stanch-

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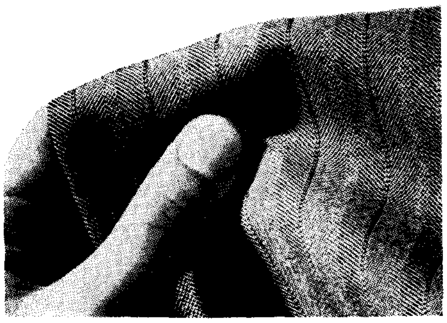

field discussed with this young man what he should ask for a retainer. "You go and talk to him," said Stanchfield finally. "Try him out on ten thousand dollars." The novice went out, passed the time of day with Uncle Henry, talked a bit about the case, and then brought up the question of money. Uncle Henry inquired politely what Mr. Stanchfield's notion of a retaining fee was. "Ten thousand," said the novice. "Dollars or pounds?" asked Uncle Henry. Instantly, by the utterance of a monosyllable, the novice became a professional. "Pounds," he said, and Uncle Henry nodded his assent.

A piquant circumstance connected with the case was the fact that the Customs Collector, having a rather cloudy sense of values about works of art coming into the Port of New York, had been relying for some time on Uncle Henry as its expert. The secret wish-dreams that rival art firms had harbored about the Duveens seemed about to come true when the famous smuggling case started; they were gleeful. Their homicidal gaiety was all the greater because Uncle Henry, in his advice to the Bureau of Customs, had put high valuations on the works imported by his competitors. It now appeared that he had been more modest about his own. It had been an additional exacerbation to some of Duveen's rivals that Uncle Henry, while in a position to appraise their importations, also ladled out to them the pious maxims of a man who is himself immaculate. One of them was "Avoid lawsuits," a piece of advice that blithely ignored the fact that the Duveens were themselves almost constantly involved in several. It is easy to understand how Uncle Henry got his avuncular nickname. He was plump, geniality radiated from his countenance, and his Bairnsfather mustache belonged to the kind of man addicted to sitting in ample armchairs and dandling children on his knees. When the smuggling case arose, several unemotional men were willing to go to extraordinary lengths to do something for Uncle Henry.

The case hung fire for more than a year. The Duveens, it was charged, were in the habit of putting valuations on the works of art they imported that had no relation to their actual worth. It was also charged that they had a tendency to send over lovely old cabinets whose locked drawers held rolled-up paintings and tapestries that had been absent-mindedly stored away in them and then forgotten. The government held that every shipment including even one undervalued item should be for-

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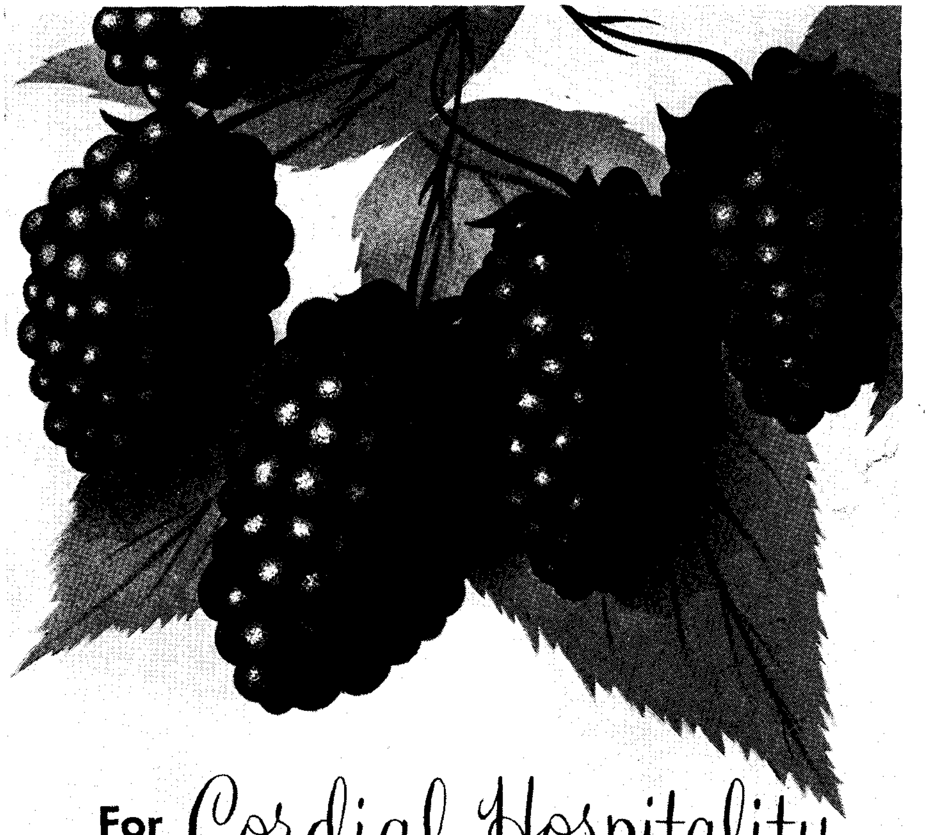
feited. The government's demands on the Duveens started at six million dollars, then climbed to eight, and eventually hit ten. After long and patient whittling, the Duveens' lawyers got the government down to a modest one million two hundred thousand. At that moment, a tapestry the Duveens had sold to George J. Gould was found by the government sleuths to have been undervalued. This upped the final claim to one million four hundred thousand dollars. (The government comforted itself for not getting the ten million it had been asking for by slapping a fine of ten or fifteen thousand dollars on each of the Duveens still in the business.) The Duveens didn't have one million four hundred thousand dollars handy. At this point, the aura of Uncle Henry's benevolent personality shone out to save them. It was an awful lot to ask of an aura, but Uncle Henry's made it. J. P. Morgan sent for one of the Duveens' lawyers to come to see him in his private office on the top floor of the Bankers Trust, at Wall and Nassau Streets. When the lawyer entered the office, the great man was sitting behind his desk. On this occasion, Morgan revealed himself as a kind of Grumpy, horrendous in manner but with a heart of gold. He transfixed his visitor with his piercing black eyes and barked, "Going to get Uncle Henry off?" The lawyer said that he'd like nothing better but that the government had put a trifling obstacle in the way. "Get him off, get him off," barked Morgan. The lawyer then became specific about the obstacle. It would require one million four hundred thousand dollars, he was forced to say. "We've got to get Uncle Henry off," Morgan said, sticking to the theme. "Chauncey Jones will take care of it." Chauncey Jones, it turned out, was Morgan's switchboard operator and handyman, but he must also have been a man of parts. When his boss asked him to get one million four hundred thousand dollars for Stanchfield & Levy, he didn't bat an eye. He pulled out his switches and ambled over to the First National Bank. The next day, Stanchfield, whose office was at 120 Broadway, a block or two away from the Bankers Trust, received, in an envelope containing no other communication, a check for one million four hundred thousand. Uncle Henry got off. In the process, Joseph Duveen, whom Morgan didn't particularly care for, also got off, but Morgan couldn't help himself.

At the time, all their rivals in the art world were convinced that the Du-



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veens were finished. Joseph Duveen, who ten years before had been a mere furniture dealer, had said things about the works of art owned by his rivals that were not altogether flattering. Because it seemed inevitable that he was now through for all time, they began, somewhat prematurely, not to miss him. Certainly the outlook for the Duveens was unpromising, and Uncle Henry's morale had been shattered. But Joseph was imperturbable. The very magnitude of the settlement pleased Duveen, who loved the grandiose wherever he encountered it. "Who else would have so big a settlement?" he asked one of his friendly enemies a few days after the case ended. There was no answer to this question; his rivals conceded his superiority. The nephew tried to buck up the uncle. The jig was by no means up, he said. He pointed out that neither Morgan nor Altman nor Widener nor Gould had been convicted of any crime, and that there was no reason for the Duveens to snub them. He also pointed out that none of the works of art the Duveens owned had been convicted of any crime, and, further, that since the works of art were now in the possession of what could technically be called smugglers, it was all the more urgent to move them. Besides, he said, the Duveens were the victims of a quirk in legal chronology; inasmuch as a law providing that no duty be collected on works of art over twenty years old had been passed in 1909, the United States government was merely penalizing the Duveens for being prophetic. (In 1930, the law was revised to make all works of art over a hundred years old duty-free.) In the days before 1909, Morgan himself had, in order to avoid paying the tremendous duties, kept many of his works of art in his London home. But the Duveens were educators; they were out to elevate American taste, and they couldn't do that if they kept *their* works of art in London. To show Uncle Henry what good company they were in, Duveen pointed out that just a few years earlier Mrs. Jack Gardner, of Boston, had also felt that she had a justified grievance against customs. For a long time, her friends in Italy had been trying to buy for her a fresco by Piero della Francesca. The Italian government wanted to keep the fresco in Italy, but in 1906 Mrs. Gardner's friends finally won out. When the picture arrived in New York, together with some tapestries from the Charles M. Ffoulke Collection and a marble bust of Cardinal Riario by Verrocchio, the customs agents collected huge duties on her

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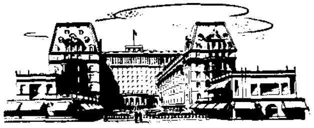

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purchases. An indignant editorial in a Boston paper read:

> When the duties of $150,000 on the old masters, valued at $80,000, have been paid, it may perhaps dawn on Mrs. J. L. Gardner how grievously she has offended against this great and glorious republic, in trying to import works of art. The law of this republic is very strict with all misguided persons who dare to bring to this land paintings, or statuary, or valuable works of research. What these persons should do, if they wish to be favorably regarded by the law, is import dogs. A snarling, blear-eyed bulldog of uncertain walk and disagreeable temper, valued at $10,000, can be imported free of duty. A yelping, howling, snapping poodle, of no earthly good to himself or humanity, but valued at $8000 can be imported duty free. An obese, ungainly, and repulsive dachshund of a value of $5000 can be imported duty free. It is expected that all good and wealthy citizens will spend their money in decorating the land of the free with high art of this variety, and if the animals are "pedigreed," no duty will be charged. But any millionaire who tries to import works by Titian, Rubens, or Turner, is lucky if he escapes jail. All of which proves us to be a logical, reasonable, and highly intelligent nation.

Troubles, Joseph Duveen found, come not single spies but in battalions. When the reverberations of the smuggling case were beginning to fade, the firm suffered two blows that were, if anything, more devastating. In 1913, although he was engaged in many negotiations with the Duveens, Morgan died. It was the only time he ever let Uncle Henry down. He owed the firm a quarter of a million dollars, and his estate immediately paid it, but a quarter of a million dollars was small change compared to what the Duveens would have got had he lived. A few months later, Duveen suffered another blow, equally severe, in the death of Altman. This had a special poignance. Shortly after the smuggling case ended, Duveen had gone after a great picture known as the "Small Cowper Madonna," by Raphael. For it he happily paid more than a half million dollars in cash, despite the fact that his firm had just had to pay nearly a million and a half to the government. While Duveen was taking on this new obligation, Altman agreed to buy the picture from him for three-quarters of a million. But when the Raphael arrived, Altman was no longer alive to receive it. Duveen couldn't grieve full time over Altman's death; he had to worry about what to do with the Raphael, since even in his circle three-quarter-million-dollar customers were rare. The agreement between Altman and Duveen had been oral, and, finding no evidence of sale, Altman's executors de-

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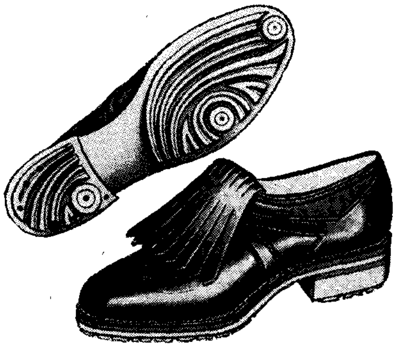

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clined to accept the picture. (Duveen's remark about Altman's travelling like a Cook's tourist did not predispose Altman's executors in his favor.) By this petulance, the executors deprived the departed Altman of what would have been one of the finest things in the Altman Collection.

All his life, Joseph Duveen was in a race with death; his customers were mostly getting on in years. Now, caught in this nexus of disaster, Uncle Henry himself wanted to die, but his nephew forbade it. It was a luxury the firm couldn't afford. Something had to be done about the Raphael. Duveen rallied Uncle Henry, and sent him to Philadelphia to see P. A. B. Widener, the only member of his dwindling band rich enough to buy the Raphael. There was no time to lose; Widener's health was poor. (Two years later, he, too, died.) It may be assumed that when Duveen sent Uncle Henry off on the train to Philadelphia, he did not permit him to take the local. Uncle Henry brought home the bacon. He sold the Raphael to Widener for seven hundred thousand dollars. This was fifty thousand dollars less than the picture would have brought if death had not removed Altman from the scene, but then there were a certain few inexorabilities that even Duveen could not subdue.

—S. N. BEHRMAN

(*This is the second of a series of articles on Lord Duveen.*)

•

THIS IS WAR

[*May Craig in the Portland (Maine) Press-Herald*]

ABOARD THE BATTLESHIP NEW JERSEY OFF THE EAST COAST OF KOREA.—Life aboard a battleship, between battles, is like life in a little village. At dinner, in the admiral's quarters, they wear sun tan dress uniforms, with shoulder boards and decorations. I eat with the admiral and his guests and am I glad that Rear Admiral Ralph A. Ofstie, Chief of Staff, told me to bring a dress. I have only one and have to wear the same every night, but it's a pretty orchid print and I wear that same little flower rim hat that I told you got gnawed by something in Formosa—I found out it was a kind of cockroach they call "Formosa eagle," because it flies and is like a locust, not the slimy kind you find in kitchens.

Clothes are a problem for a female correspondent. When in the field, it's easy, because you wear the sun tan khaki, pants and shirts, or the dark green fatigues that do not show dirt. When I don't have to wear the uniform but still have to wear slacks—and you certainly do, climbing over a ship—I take a navy blue palm beach suit, which has both skirt and slacks. With a pink blouse it looks very nice and when you take the jacket off and put on a string of pearls, it looks all right at lunch where only the top of you shows above the table.

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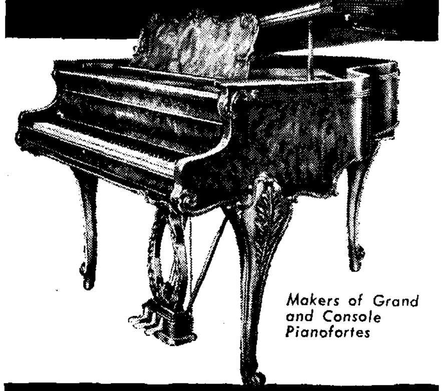

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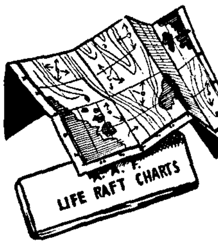

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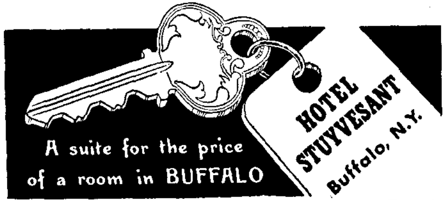

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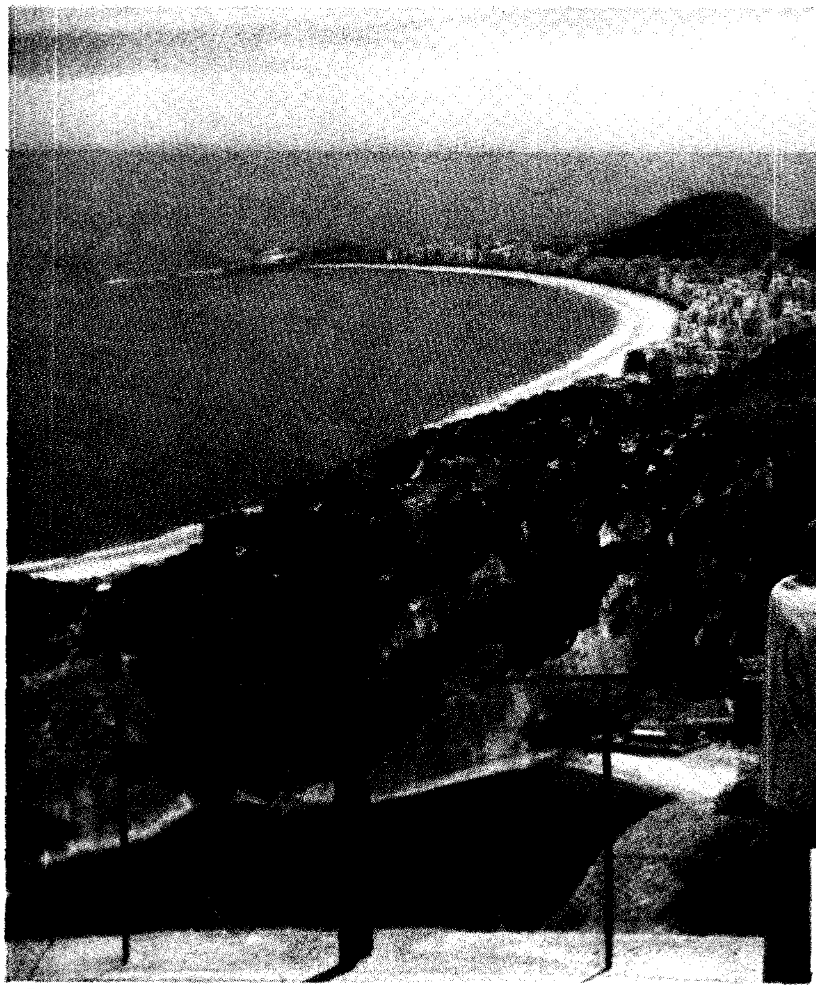
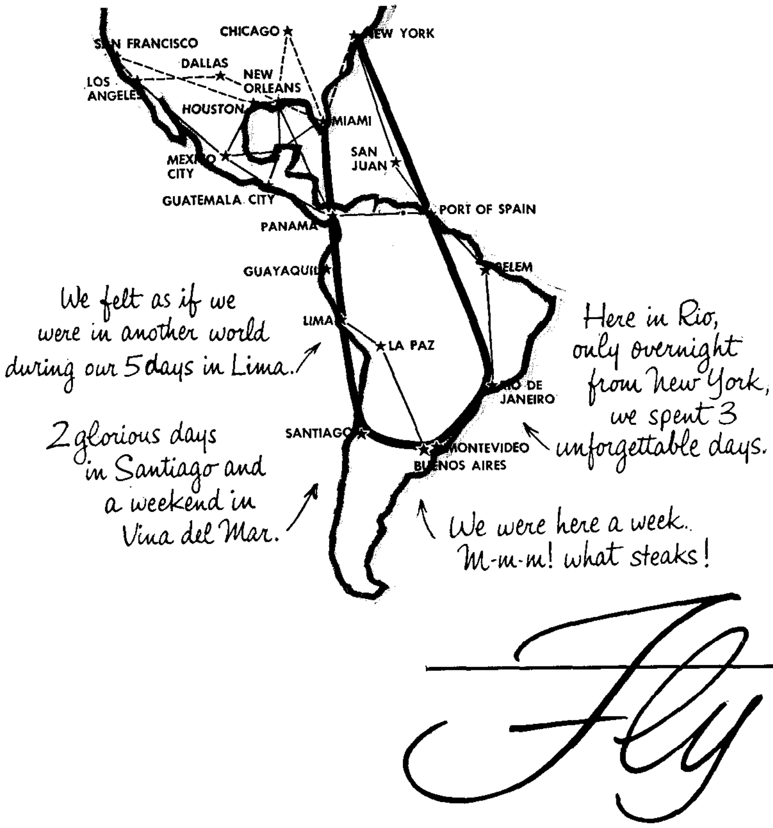


1 **"Rio is incredibly beautiful!** Here we're getting a complete view of the magnificent harbor from the top of Sugar Loaf. That's Copacabana Beach, upper left, curving out to the sea. I'm the blonde and Claire's the brunette."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2 glorious days in Santiago and a weekend in Vina del Mar.
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2 **"Look at Claire** inside the portico of Casa Rosada, the home of Argentine presidents! English is spoken everywhere."

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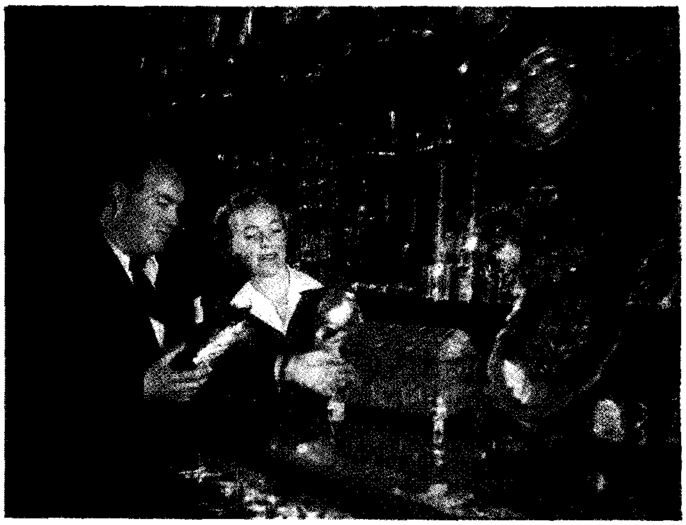
3 **"At Viña Del Mar,** the Chilean who was our host at lunch reminded us that Viña is called the '*Riviera* of the Pacific.' He later took us over to the Casino where we saw gay groups from all over the world. You can weekend in Viña from Santiago—or, if you prefer, visit a fashionable ski resort or fish for giant rainbows in the famous Chilean lake district."

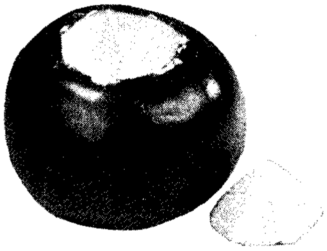


4 **"Lima's shops are lined with silver.** I bought a solid silver cup worked with Inca designs. We fell completely under the spell of the old Spanish charm and leisurely life in Lima. And we found that our U. S. dollars bought much more than they'd buy at home because of prevailing favorable rates of exchange."

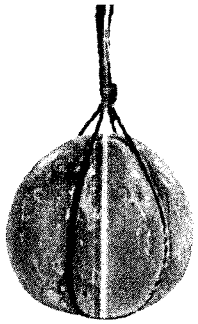
and **PAN AMERICAN**

PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS

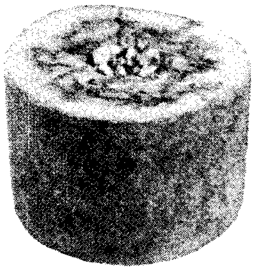
GUINNESS GUIDE TO CHEESE



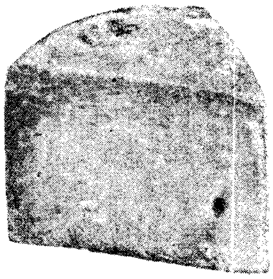
EDAM is *auditioned* before it is sold—the Dutch cheese-mongers tap each cheese and judge its quality by the echo. Admiral de Ruyter used Edam cheeses as cannon-balls. Their delicate flavor calls for Half-and-Half—half beer, half Guinness.



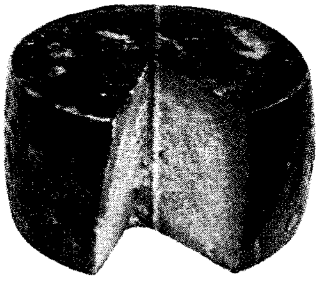
PROVOLETTI is one of Italy's greatest cheeses. It is smoked, and its flavor is sharpened by aging. Its resemblance to a corsetted haggis is merely superficial. Half a pound of Provoletti contains the protein equivalent of ten eggs, or a good-sized steak.



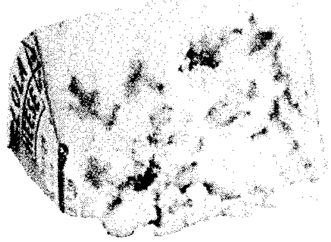
STILTON is perhaps the greatest of the great English cheeses. They eat it with Guinness "that noble liquor—the comeliest of black malts." Guinness Stout is now brewed here, with yeast which is descended from the yeast used in Dublin in 1759.



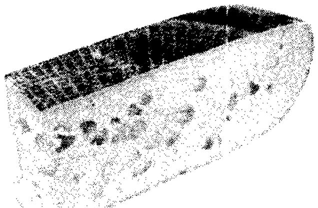
CHEDDAR is the most popular cheese in America, and it was of Cheddar—"toasted mostly"—that Ben Gunn used to dream while he was marooned on Treasure Island. Robert Louis Stevenson was an inveterate lover of Guinness Stout.



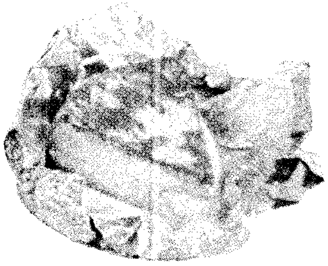
ROMANO comes from Southern Italy. Have you noticed that all *black* victuals are delicious—pickled walnuts, truffles, caviar, Romano, Guinness? Hold a glass of Guinness up to the light and you will see a *ruby gleam!*



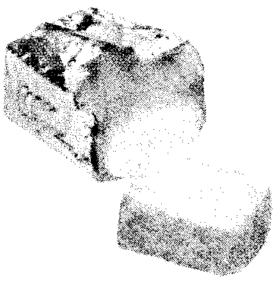
GORGONZOLA comes from a village near Milan. Among Long Islanders, a pleasant custom has recently grown up of giving intimate supper parties in the kitchen on Sunday nights—Gorgonzola and Guinness. The rich, hearty flavor of Guinness is the perfect complement for strong cheese.



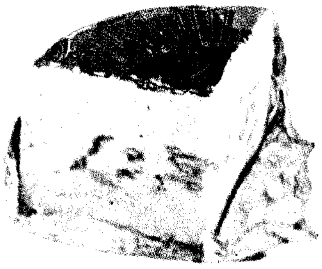
EMMENTALER is made in gargantuan copper kettles which hold a ton of milk. A series of polite explosions take place within the cheese—hence the famous holes. Emmentaler's nutty flavor has an uncanny affinity for Guinness. Emmentaler and Guinness make an incomparable picnic.



CAMEMBERT was Napoleon's favorite cheese. Invented by Marie Harel in 1791, Camembert is almost flavorless before ripening, but later acquires the bucolic bouquet of a Normandy farmyard. "It should be eaten on the wing"—and washed down with drafts of Guinness Stout.

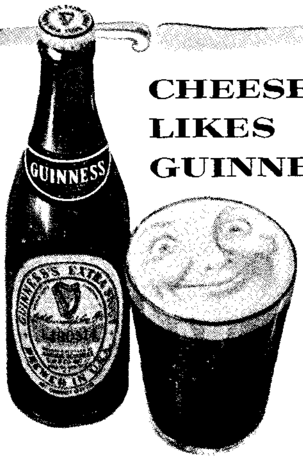


LIEDERKRANZ means *wreath of songs* — sung, no doubt, in a very high key. This brand was discovered in 1892 by Mr. Emil Frey of New York, who was trying to imitate Bismarck Schlosskaese. Prince Bismarck's favorite drink is said to have been Black Velvet—champagne mixed with Guinness.



ROQUEFORT, the king of cheeses, is made of ewe's milk. Casanova once said that Roquefort was a "wonderful agent to restore a love and bring to quick maturity a growing love affair." The blue-green veining is induced by sprinkling the cheese with penicillium Roquefort.

CHEESE LIKES GUINNESS



Guinness ® Stout is brewed by Arthur Guinne
Son & Co., Inc., Long Island City, N.Y. © 1

THE THEATRE

STILL WAITING

"TWILIGHT WALK," a psychological thriller or some such, by A. B. Shiffrin, which closed after eight performances at the Fulton, did almost nothing to improve a season that up to now has been a considerable embarrassment to everybody. The play had to do with a young man who, as the result of an altogether classic mother fixation, was helplessly attracted to girls who resembled her, tried to seduce them, and then, in his chagrin at finding that his confused emotional state had rendered him impotent, felt impelled to strangle them. The chief opponents of this program were a young woman who wrote feature articles for a magazine, and proposed to do one demonstrating that a murderer whose motives are so complex should be regarded as not so much a criminal as a clinical exhibit, and a tough city detective, whose theories on the subject were a good deal less elevated. The real villain, naturally enough, was the boy's mother, who, having driven her husband to suicide by her determination to make a great musical celebrity out of him, had transferred her need to dominate and control some man to her son—to such an extent, indeed, that she still went upstairs every night to tuck him into bed. The action culminated in a scene between the authoress and the psychopath, in which she explained to him how he got the way he was, and he was prevented from adding her to his list of victims only by the entrance of the detective, who, to her more or less incomprehensible indignation, shot him dead.

Mr. Shiffrin entertained me somewhat from time to time, though possibly inadvertently. It seemed to me, for instance, a fine example of the kind of argument that goes on between busy men and thoughtful women when the heroine, theoretically concerned with multiple homicide, suddenly got going on the use of marijuana in the public-school system and the detective said wearily, "Look, why don't we just try to clear up one mess at a time?" It also struck me as a novel inspiration to have the killer attempt to further his evil designs by quoting one of the most negligible and monotonous poems in the English language—a work by Charles Kingsley called "The Sands of Dee" and beginning:

> "O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
> And call the cattle home,
> And call the cattle home
> Across the sands of Dee!"
> The western wind was wild and dank with
> foam
> And all alone went she.

And I rather liked the idea of introducing two ancient and fairly irrelevant chess players apparently for the sole purpose of permitting a little girl, also irrelevant, to ask, "Why is it that everybody's grandfather is a foreigner?" I admired these effects and a good many others, but, as I say, it is hard to tell whether the author quite knew what he was up to when he employed them. On the whole, the impression I got from "Twilight Walk" was that a case history from a popular work on abnormal psychology had been turned into a play, without any noticeable effort to give it dramatic suspense (after the middle of the first act, the course of the plot could hardly be in doubt) and without much more in the way of writing than a flat and repetitive paraphrase of the language to be found in such a book.

The acting, I am happy to say, was generally of a superior order. Nancy Kelly, who can be relied on to pay playwrights the rare compliment of trying to figure out what goes on in their poor, addled heads, did her best for this one and until the end somehow contrived to make the girl reporter appear to be talking some kind of sense; Walter Matthau, as the detective, avoided most of the clichés that have come to attach themselves to the role of the hardboiled dick, and gave, I thought, a really exemplary performance; and Charles Proctor did a nice, restrained job as the madman—a praiseworthy accomplishment, since lunatics, along with drunkards and dope fiends, have a way of inspiring actors to strange excesses of talent. With two or three exceptions, the rest of the large company (it numbered twenty-five) also conducted itself with taste and perception, and will go on, I'm sure, to far, far better things. Paul Morrison's Central Park set—a bridge, a few benches, and a silhouette of the city in the background—was certainly the most interesting I've seen this season.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

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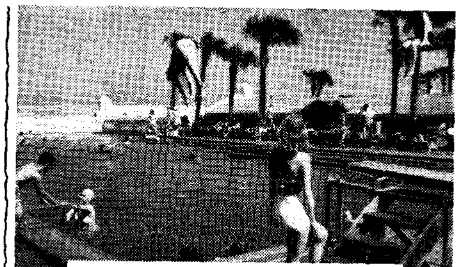
FOOTBALL

Topsy-Turvy World

CONFUSION reigned last Saturday. Navy, which had bowled over a mighty Army team at the end of the 1950 season, had a perfectly terrible time wangling a 7–7 tie with Yale, and Cornell had a fairly terrible time beating Syracuse, 21–14. Army, after all these years, was finally trounced by Villanova, 21–7, and California, which had been unbelievably clumsy in the Rose Bowl game, overran Pennsylvania, supposedly one of the more rugged Eastern teams, by a score of 35–0. Notre Dame, whose catch-as-catch-can performance last season had depressed it to a minor position in the Sunday sports sections, overwhelmed Indiana, 48–6, and Southern California gaily tried a doubleheader by taking on both the Camp Pendleton Marines and the San Diego Naval Training Center. It beat San Diego, all right, 41–7, but the Camp Pendleton Marines, whoever they are, spoiled the fun by winning, 27–17.

All this foolishness obscured the main purpose of last Saturday, which was to indicate to the customers what shape last year's Eastern prodigies—Army, Navy, and Princeton—are in for this year's schedules. Princeton, which had no trouble at all with N.Y.U. (the score was 54–20, as near as anyone can remember), is almost unrecognizable. The ravages of graduation, the armed forces, and a mild attack of a now rare malady called scholastic difficulties (the science of economics greatly reduced its incidence among athletes in the past twenty years) have removed most of the famous faces that graced its lineup a year ago. It is safe to say, however, that Dick Kazmaier is still a practically fabulous ballcarrier, that the Princeton offense is still ingenious and varied and rapid, and that the Princeton attitude toward passes thrown by other teams is still innocent to a degree.

Army, owing to a virulent and celebrated attack of scholastic difficulties, is completely unrecognizable. Even so, what with all the eager young men coming up to the Army varsity from such small but efficient enterprises as Mt. St. Michael, it was reasonable to expect that the squad would be able to handle an average college team. But Villanova, which can put up as merry a game of an-eye-for-an-eye football as



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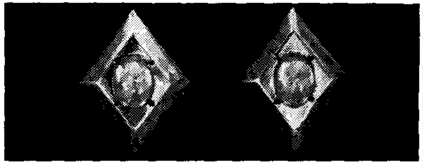

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Army, perhaps should not be considered an average football team.

THIS brings us to Navy and, naturally, to Yale and the Yale Bowl. The Bowl has for years been well known for its stirring tie games. Saturday's tie wasn't quite the equal of those 33–33 and 14–14 ties with Dartmouth, but to judge by the general quality of the football unveiled last weekend, it will do for this season. Plenty of Navy's players from last year are still around, particularly Zastrow, Hauff, and Franco, who did such elegant work in upsetting Army. On the ground, these men and their fellow-ballcarriers were able to gain four times as much yardage as the Yale backs, and even after Yale's startling early touchdown, it seemed likely that Navy would soon pull Yale entirely apart and start breaking up the ball game. But Yale, taking full advantage of its own defensive skill and Navy's fumbling, held off the opposition most of the time. I especially admired Spears, the Yale fullback, who ignored modern tradition by playing on both the offensive and the defensive squads; Conway, a halfback, who cut off two Navy touchdowns, one by recovering Franco's fumble in the Yale zone, another by snatching Zastrow's pass on the Yale one-yard line; and Woodsum, an end, who made Yale's only touchdown. Woodsum's feat wasn't too easy. Navy clearly sensed that a pass was going to him, for three Navy men were nearby when he made his catch, on Navy's eight-yard line. He plowed one into the turf with a stiff right arm and simply outran the others as they tried to drive him out of bounds.

OUT in the Middle West, where football sometimes appears to be a career instead of a weekend pastime, life not only is much too earnest but often induces a state of mind that is faintly maniacal. Example of life: Last year, after Indiana gave a presumably powerful Notre Dame such a bad beating, classes had to be suspended on the Indiana campus until the student body had time to get back to earth. Example of state of mind: Not too long ago, someone on the Notre Dame coaching staff murmured to his analyst, "It's not a pleasant prospect. As I see it, we're on no better than even terms with any of our opponents." —J. W. L.

•

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LETTER FROM LONDON

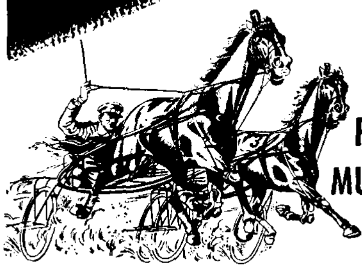
SEPTEMBER 26

THIS looks as though it may be one of the strangest general elections in British political history. It may go down in the records as the King's Election, the extraordinary occasion when the Crown, which constitutionally takes no part in politics, knocked politics sidewise and practically out of the picture. Though the real excitement would not start anyway until all the nominations are in, on October 15th, things should normally be beginning to warm up now, particularly since the coming fight is expected to be far sharper than the last one. But though the papers are, of course, printing all the parties' plans, hopes, and confident prophecies, the public is reading them with an abstracted air, as if the whole contest were going to take place on another planet, maybe between Wellsian candidates with green faces.

At the moment, King George's dangerous illness has worried the people into temporarily suspending their worries about the major economic crisis, the coal crisis, the high-cost-of-living crisis, and all the other crises that seem to be flapping thick, fast, and uncommonly dark around this Parliament's ears and will be perched right over the front door waiting for the new fellows. The King has also worried the people into another remarkable demonstration of the public devotion to the throne, a devotion that was strengthened in the reign of his father, George V, a quiet, reserved man who also had to be gravely ill to discover that he was much loved; that wobbled in the disillusionment over Edward VIII; and that finally settled down, firmer than ever, into the present simple, sustaining general belief that the center of British national life is good, in the plain, old-fashioned sense of the word.

Since the shock of the announcement of the operation (for people had argued that if the King were seriously ill, the doctors would hardly have allowed him to hang about on those damp Scottish moors, and had noted that on the day before his return to London he shot a stag, an animal that does not usually stand around obligingly and wait for monarchs to bag it), crowds have collected before Buckingham Palace in all

NIGHT TROTTING 8:40 p.m.



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weathers. They are composed of all sorts of people: the shabby and the prosperous-looking; young African students, and Indian women in gauzy, wonderful saris; workmen and City gents, dropping by from their jobs; lots of children, lifted onto their fathers' shoulders to see over the heads; country people in tweeds, up to take a last look at the Festival of Britain; and a sprinkling of the weird old characters, held together with string and grime and talking with crazy wisdom to all and sundry, who always seem to shuffle out of London's crevices at times of national emergency or rejoicing to prove that Shakespeare's clowns and Dickens' eccentrics are with us yet. All these people stand and wait patiently—it's hard to say for what—reading and rereading the latest bulletin, which hangs on the Palace railings in a gilt frame like that of an Academy portrait. They stare up at the solid gray block of masonry as though hoping someone will pop his head out of a window and shout good news, or they occupy themselves watching the callers arrive to sign the visitors' book in token of their sympathetic respects—the ambassadors rolling up in their big, shiny cars, and the little old ladies and distinguished old gentlemen who, looking like wraiths from some yellow-leaved court circular, climb painfully out of ordinary taxis and toil on their thin old legs up the red-carpeted stairs. A good many people simply come for a quick look at the bulletin board to see if there has been any change, drawing their cars up at the curb and sprinting across the pavement under the briefly indulgent eye of the traffic police.

On the day the Duke of Windsor arrived in London, there was some mild speculation among the crowds as to whether he would come along with his mother. It stayed mild, though. Many English think it is a strange, ironic twist that the Duke should be on hand just now because of his date to address a dinner of London publishers in his new role of author. (His book, "A King's Story," comes out here this week.) It's as though he had turned up specially to see the depth of England's feeling for the man who shouldered the job he laid down, and also the effects of the job, which have been almost literally killing. Lots of citizens, who have been increasingly dismayed by the press pictures of the King moving more and more like a ghost through the many ceremonies of Festival year, think that the endless, exhausting chores of modern royalty ought to be cut down and

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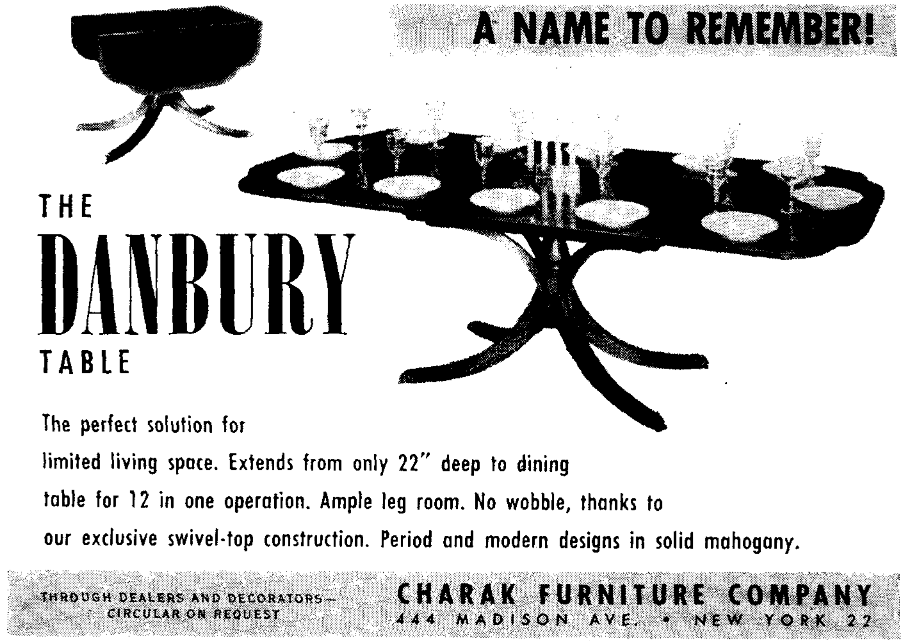

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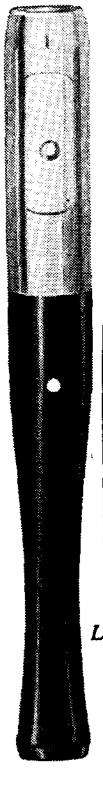

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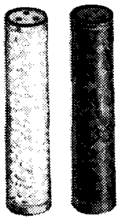

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IN addition to the profound personal anxiety the public is currently feeling for the King and his family, there are all sorts of speculations as to how the situation, which has never arisen in past experience, will affect the general election. Before the most recent bulletins, which sounded encouraging, there were rumors that the election might have to be put off altogether until a less preoccupied moment. The present Parliament will not be dissolved until October 5th, and it is supposed that its life could be prolonged after that if it's necessary, but all parties are going full speed ahead with their preparations in the hopeful belief that it won't be. The King dissolves and summons Parliament, and these constitutional duties, according to precedent, cannot be deputed to the Queen or to a Council of State, which there is talk of setting up. His Majesty also retains, as pretty nearly the last shred of the sovereign's political power, the right to name the Prime Minister of his choice and ask him to form a government after a general election, though the likelihood that this will ever lead to something unexpected is as small as that of his exercising the still existing royal power of veto on a proposed bill, last used in 1707, by Queen Anne. In the King's absence, the formal address from the throne with which he opens Parliament and outlines future business will be read to the House of Lords on November 6th by the Lord Chancellor, the members of Commons having been summoned to sit with the Lords for the occasion.

Another speculation of the moment is concerned with how the astonishing wave of public emotion that has swept over England since last Sunday will affect the election. Some people's guess is that it will wash a tidy number of doubtful votes over to Mr. Churchill. But however things may shape up, the English seem solidly and impressively united now as the King's party.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

ROSELLE PARK—Miss Theodore Marie Barber, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Barber of Colfax Manor, became the bride yesterday morning of Bernard Mondi, son of Mr. and Mrs. Silvia Mondi of the Bronx. . . .

After a phone trip to Bermuda the couple will reside at 1058 Sherman Avenue, South Plainfield.—*Newark News.*

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

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"AN AMERICAN IN PARIS" is that rare commodity, a thoroughly pleasant musical film. Written by Alan Jay Lerner and directed by Vincente Minnelli, the picture trips along to all kinds of Gershwin music, from "Embraceable You" and "I Got Rhythm" to "Concerto in F" and the title piece. In the center spot during most of the film is Gene Kelly, who has never been nimbler or more ingratiating. Against Technicolored backgrounds—some of them authentic shots of Paris, others imaginative variations on Toulouse-Lautrec, Utrillo, and such lads—he impersonates an American artist who is saved from penury on the Left Bank by an heiress with a weakness for taking talented young men home with her. As played by Nina Foch, this lady doesn't look as if she'd need cash bait to attract anyone, but she doesn't appeal to Mr. Kelly very much, and presently he becomes enraptured by a girl who sells perfume and is a potential Pavlova in her spare time. In this role, Leslie Caron is quite engaging, and as the gentleman who is just naturally going to lose her to Mr. Kelly, Georges Guétary makes a charming fall guy.

Never too tightly confined by its slender story, "An American in Paris" skips from love in the moonlight to handsome ballets with the greatest of ease, and Mr. Kelly is always ready, willing, and able to execute a tap dance. The Gershwin tunes, of course, sound fine, and Oscar Levant is on hand to interpret some of them on a piano. Mr. Levant also makes jokes.

TWO and a half years ago, a child named Kathy Fiscus plunged down a pipe sunk in an abandoned oil field in California, and died before a large and well-equipped band of friends and neighbors could rescue her. The central situation of a picture called "The Well" is based on this pathetic episode, but in the movie the story of the Fiscus girl has been altered drastically to make it fit a melodramatic pattern teeming with violence and racial discord. By the device of establishing the child as a Negro and having a white man accused of kidnapping her, the

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movie is able to get a race riot going almost as soon as the child disappears. This riot is a no-holds-barred proposition, with both whites and blacks guilty of all kinds of savagery.

While the makers of this film certainly know how to handle mob shots, they tend to manipulate their scenes and characters to suit the demands of a plot that frequently becomes so mechanical you can almost hear it creak. As an example of this sort of patness, I might mention that the transformation of the rioters from hoodlums into upstanding, coöperative, and ingenious citizens, all united to save a child, is effected so suddenly that the spectator has quite a time reorienting his ideas about the virtuous and the wicked. But despite its faults, we have an interesting picture here, and one that is well acted, particularly by Henry Morgan (not the comedian), as the man suspected of kidnapping; Barry Kelly, as a race-ridden influential businessman; Richard Rober, as a harried sheriff; and Maidie Norman, as the mother of the unfortunate child.

A COUPLE of gentlemen named Mort Briskin and Robert Smith wrote and produced "The Magic Face," and I must say that they are an imaginative pair. It is their notion that in 1942 Adolf Hitler was done in by a jealous husband, who thereupon took over the Führer's post in the Third Reich, with the intention of busting up the Nazi state. The husband is able to do this, we are told, because he is in the quick-change and impersonation line and so skilled at his work that his own wife can't tell him from *der schöne Adolf*, who coaxed her from her legal bed. Once our hero gets his feet under the council table in the German chancellery, he starts balling everything up so that the Reich generals don't know whether they're coming or going. (Most of the time they're going.) To give this fantasy a semblance of reality, William L. Shirer has been thrown into the act as a commentator who got the story right from Hitler's doxy. If Mr. Shirer's celluloid scoop is right, we certainly wasted a lot of time planning battle strategy when we had Germany's No. 1 boy working for us all along.

However that may be, "The Magic Face" is fitfully diverting, and Luther Adler has a great time pretending to be the real Hitler, the fake Hitler, and several other people, including Mussolini, Haile Selassie, and Chamberlain. He imitates the last trio as part of a vaudeville act. —JOHN MCCARTEN

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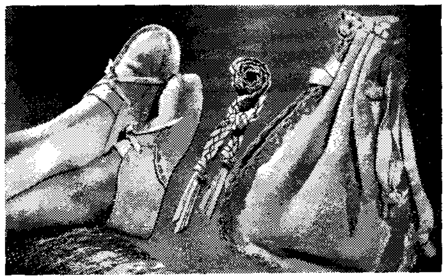

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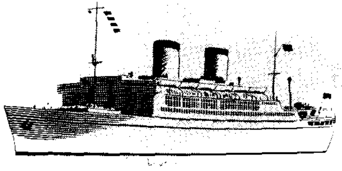

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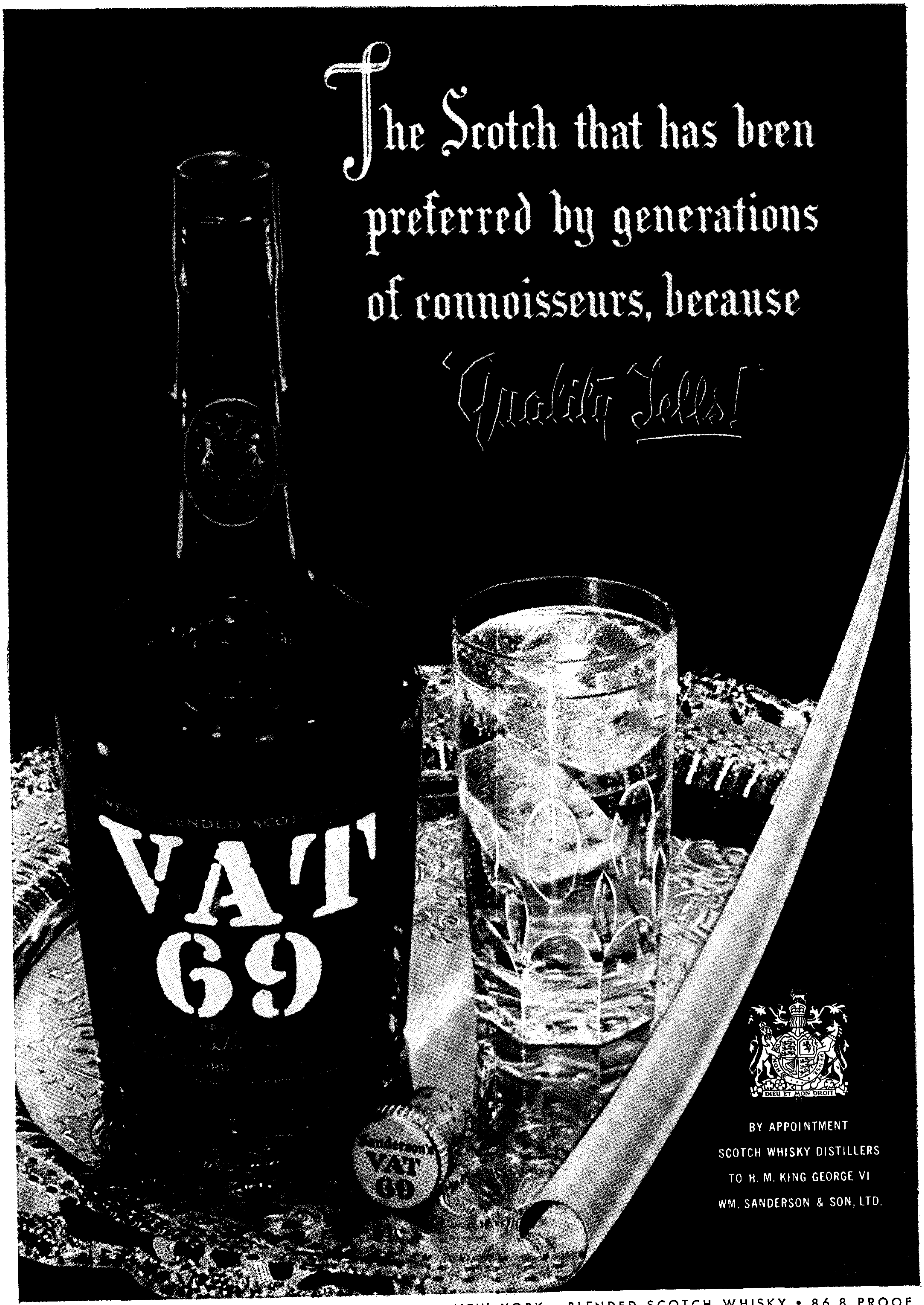
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BEAUTY IS NOT A BEAST

OR, REFLECTIONS ON THE SUPEREGO OF THE HORSE IN VICTORIAN LITERATURE

(*Recently, I was laid up with a sprained ankle in the summer cottage of a friend. While the rest of the household went swimming or sailing, I was immobilized on a chaise longue and thrown upon the resources of my host's library, which consisted almost entirely of avant-garde magazines, literary quarterlies and fortnightlies, and other mediums of the New Criticism. The only other reading fare in the place was a collection of old, soiled children's books, which had belonged to my friend's now-grown daughter. For some days, I alternated between bouts of interpretive criticism of Henry James, T. S. Eliot, James Joyce, and Franz Kafka and side excursions into such works as "Five Little Peppers" and "The Little Lame Prince." The following is a direct result of this unsettling experience.*)

IN 1851, Herman Melville's "Moby Dick" made its appearance on the American literary scene. In 1877, exactly twenty-six years later, there was published in England a book that was, in its way, a *Meisterwerk* of comparable proportions—a novel, written with the utmost *morbidezza* and *sensibilité*, that has remained to this day a species of hidden classic. I refer, of course, to "Black Beauty," by Anna Sewell—a *roman équin* that has been, perhaps, and without doubt, more misunderstood than any other work of its genre. It might be also remarked here that until now no critic, to my knowledge, has pointed out the peculiar coincidence inherent in the two books' having been published in the same half of the same century; i.e., that "Black Beauty" has as its protagonist a *black* horse and that "Moby Dick" has as its antagonist a *white* whale.

I make haste here to acknowledge the monograph of Professor Baxely Wragg, entitled "The Misuse of the Pathetic Fallacy by the Capitalist Class As Exemplified in 'Black Beauty.'" I have examined the unpublished manuscript, now in the library of the Colorado School of Mines, and Professor Wragg has very kindly allowed me to draw upon it for the purposes of this critique. I must say at the outset, however, that I believe Professor Wragg is in grave and even ludicrous error, from premise and thesis to hypothesis, synthesis, antithesis, and catharsis, in his attempt to show that "Black Beauty" is a mere *mythos* of the propertied classes disguised as an *œuvre* for the *naïf* and the juvenile.

Let us briefly recapitulate the *story*, the *tale*, the *fable*, *der Mythus*, that appears to confront us in "Black Beauty." It will be remembered that the hero, or *heros* (ἥρως), of the book is a quadruped of the genus *Equus caballus*—in fine, a horse. The *mise en scène* is England of the Home Counties, or at least we may so assume—an England, as Professor Wragg points out, that was then still aggressively in the ascendant as a nation* and still in an extremely favorable position economically. The story is told according to the Aristotelian dictum—that is to say, it has a beginning, a middle, and an end—and the symbology of this narrative form, which so closely parallels the anatomy of the horse, will be lost on none but the most unperspicacious reader. Black Beauty is born on a farm, is educated (or "broken," a term to which Professor Wragg attaches a sinister and pejorative Marxist meaning), and meets Ginger, a mare who has suffered at the hands of Man and exhibits all the syndromes of a bruised id and a fractured libido (neurotic aggressions, paranoiac tension, glanders, heaves, etc., etc.). Then he (Black Beauty still) goes into a continuum of traumatic experiences (loss of sibling, fire, flood, beatings, broken knees, adulterated food, etc.) and falls on evil days in the city of London (or is "exploited," as Professor Wragg prefers to put it), and the book ends with his (Black Beauty is a male horse, although nowhere is it specified *what kind* of a male horse—a delicate omission, but one, I think, not without significance) retirement to pasture on a pleasant farm back in the country. Thus we have a narrative pattern fashioned in the form of a circle (○), so that one might construct the following schema: pastorale, rurale, suburban, urban, suburban, rurale, pastorale; or, to

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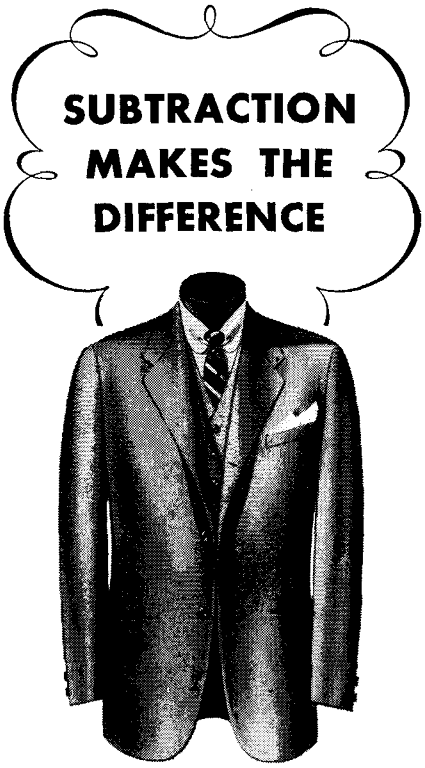
*"We don't want to fight, but by jingo if we do, we've got the ships, we've got the men, we've got the money, too!" cf. Trevelyan, Rowse, et al.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put it in terms of a mathematical formula, 1, 2, 3, 4, 3, 2, 1.

I must not neglect to mention, in this necessarily condensed *abrégé* of the plot, that there is a catalyst in the story in the form of an elderly pony named Merrylegs,* who functions as a counsellor to the other horses on the laws of social conduct and who reflects the *Weltanschauung* of the typical late-nineteenth-century equine mind. I shall quote from only one of the more meaningful passages:

> "If I had been you," said Ginger [the horses are discussing the behavior of some maladjusted boys who have used hazel sticks to whip Merrylegs], "I would have given those boys a good kick and that would have taught them a lesson."
>
> "No doubt you would," said Merrylegs, "but then I am not quite such a fool (begging your pardon) as to anger our master or make James** ashamed of me; besides, those children are under my charge when they are riding . . . and do you think I am such an ungrateful brute to forget all the kind treatment I have had here for five years [Merrylegs, then, by my reckoning, would have come to this particular stable in 1872—one year after the Commune in Paris, when horses were eaten in the besieged city; what connection this might or might not have with the *thema* of the novel is obscure] and all the trust they place in me . . . ?"

This passage I have quoted is one which Professor Wragg has made much of in his polemic, for he believes that it is a thinly veiled allegorical warning to the oppressed classes of England not to rebel against the harsh treatment they were getting during the Industrial Revolution. He also stresses the fact that at the very time this book was published, Karl Marx was in the habit of walking through the crowded streets of London on his way to and from the British Museum, and was in daily danger of being run over by a *horse-drawn* vehicle. Ingenious as this reasoning is, I think we must look elsewhere for the answer, and that what Miss Sewell was trying to say here was that the ego must be controlled by the superego, in horses as well as in *Homo sapiens*.

NO, it is my contention that to extract the full hidden meaning of this masterpiece we must employ a some-

---

*It has been suggested by, I believe, Professor Homer Frite, that the name of this pony is probably a concealed method of conveying the authority of the Church; e.g., "Mary-lex," or Mary's Law=Merrylegs. This I do not think is valid, for a number of reasons, and I propose to enumerate them in a subsequent paper if the Guggenheims will only— But enough!

**James I of England, who was James VI of Scotland (1566-1625), author of numerous learned works, on demonology, etc., is not the James referred to here; cf. my "Thoughts on the Interior Decoration of the Houses in the Novels of Henry James" (All Directions Press; $1.50).

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WHAT WILL THIS $2-A-COPY MAGAZINE CONTAIN?

The worth of a magazine depends upon both the *ideas* within its covers and the *form* of presentation. Many people who know AMERICAN FABRICS (another Reporter publication, hailed as one of the finest existing examples of publishing) believe that an organization capable of injecting so much excitement and challenging inspiration into so mundane a subject as textiles can successfully carry the load we have undertaken in GENTRY; they have sent us four, six and as many as twenty subscriptions for themselves, their families and friends; business firms have ordered GENTRY subscriptions as special gifts for men who already have everything, with one firm ordering two hundred and fifty gift subscriptions!

These people have ordered GENTRY without having seen it because there is apparently a need for this type of magazine.

It is hard to give a picture of GENTRY for the reason that there is nothing in the world like it. For example, when GENTRY prints a story on fishing, our technique calls for the swatching of an actual trout fly in the book. Or, perhaps, we talk about smoking; in this case it is quite natural for GENTRY to enclose a tobacco leaf to illustrate a point which is being made in the article.

WHAT'S IN THE FIRST ISSUE?

There is a story (not too many words) on old automobiles. Rather than do the ordinary in picturing them, we give our readers four tip-ons reproducing a 1904 Packard K Tonneau, a 1909 Thomas Towner, a 1904 Surrey fringed top beauty and a 1908 Buick 10 Rumble. Each of these tip-ons (in pochoir colors on rich mat paper) is suitable for framing; and please remember that these are not offset or lithography printed, but the kind of prints you will find in Madison Avenue shops.

Then there's the question of health and entertainment for yourself and your family. Do you know that for two or three thousand dollars it is possible to build your own private Finnish steam bath into your home? This article, complete with details, costs, etc., will be interesting to almost everybody.

Take the question of fashions: We do not believe that the best magazine reproduction in the world, full color or black-and-white, can do justice to a fine tweed fabric. So, when GENTRY illustrates a new coat, an actual sample of the fabric will be tipped alongside the photo to make it come to life.

Besides good living and fashion, GENTRY believes that people do not live by bread and circuses alone. Indeed, it is our opinion that many people will value and keep the first issue of GENTRY if only for the article entitled "What It Means to Be a Man." We do not believe that muscles, money or medals are sufficient to merit this word. Through the ages the greatest minds have set forth their thoughts on the subject. GENTRY will present some of these thoughts, together with our own editors' estimates and deductions. We believe that if you have a son, this one article may well contribute more to his growth than many months of formal education.

Art, writing, thinking: all geared at the highest possible level, all to give the reader a truly unusual and not-to-be-found-anywhere-else publication . . . this will be GENTRY.

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That is, of course, if you think you will like GENTRY. On our part, we say that if, after you receive your first edition, you do not like it, we will respect your individual judgment; immediately and without hesitation, we will refund your subscription price. We make this offer because *we* believe in GENTRY, and in the type of person for whom GENTRY is published. Will you come along with us?

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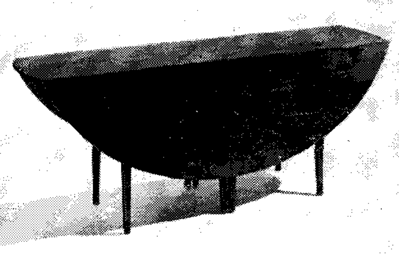

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what different methodology and must begin by assuming that Black Beauty *is not a horse at all.* It must be obvious by now that he represents one half of a complex symbol of the schizoid personality of the Age of Victoria, and we may take it that Ginger is the other half. It will be immediately objected, I am fully aware, in certain scholarly circles that Ginger is a *mare* and that Black Beauty is a *horse.* I am prepared for the objection, for is it not also obvious, after a moment's thought, that to portray the *complex* of the Victorian personality, with all its frustrations, conflicts, resentments, incestuous compulsions (the suppression of women, the adulteration of food, etc., etc.)—to portray it, I repeat, in all its tragic pathos—it is not necessary for the split to be achieved according to the formula: $\frac{1}{2}$ male $+$ $\frac{1}{2}$ female $=$ *être humain* (human being)? I think it is. Is it not, rather, true—and it is—that in every masculine-personality composition there is an element of the feminine, and vice versa, and that in some cases the proportions are the other way around? I think the point is apodictic, and I cite the following paragraph (p. 86 in the Illustrated Junior Library ed.) as confirmation:

> "There was a dreadful sound [Black Beauty is describing his *Walpurgisnacht*—the burning of the barn] before we got into our stalls; the shrieks of those poor horses that were left burning to death in the stable*—it was very terrible! and made both Ginger and me feel very bad [*sic*]. *We,* however, were taken in and well done by [*sic*]."

I have gone to some little trouble to italicize the word "we" here to bring out the essential meaning of this apparently innocent passage. Does not the author here "tip her hand" a little—as though to indicate to the *cognoscenti* who are in her frame of reference that Black Beauty and Ginger were so closely identified with each other that they *felt the same emotions,* were thus one and the same in what I take the liberty of characterizing as the *inner dual personality* (*der geheime Personalität-Dualismus*)?

It is without much hesitation, then, that I can state that "Black Beauty" must be read as a psychological anagram for those lines of Kipling's which read:

Four things greater than all things are—
Women and Horses and Power and War.

If one bears in mind that there is no dialectic mention of Power and War, *as such,* in "Black Beauty," and that

---

*The Black Hole of Calcutta (1756) was still, in 1877, an integral part of the unconscious mass-guilt psychosis of the British people; Black Beauty's name, therefore, would appear to be no accidental choice on the part of the author.

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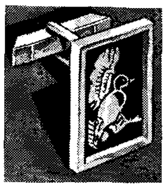

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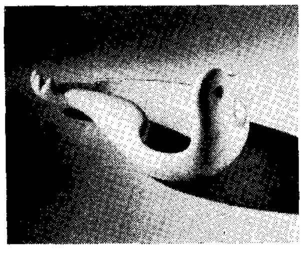

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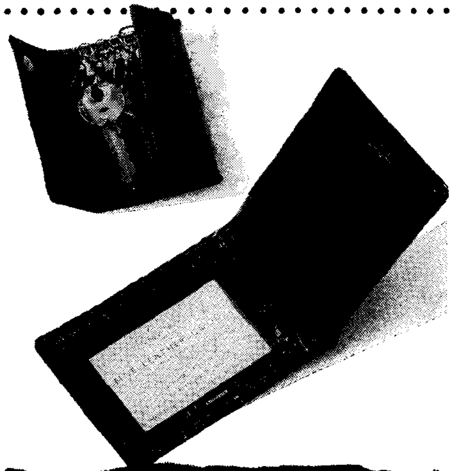

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there is only cursory focussing on Women, *as such*, and that these omissions are of the most immense importance, it will become immediately apparent, I think, that the thesis that I set out to prove has been proven. (To the fact that the lines cited were written by Professor Kipling some time after the appearance of "Black Beauty," and many *years* after the first publication of "Moby Dick," I attach no importance whatsoever.)
—ALBERT HUBBELL

•

OFFICE MEMORANDA

I am old Billy, Billy Bruce,
Able and intellectual,
But now newcomers stand in queues
To call me ineffectual.

Hew to old Bill,
Though isn't he shrill?
Why isn't he spryer,
Or sparer, or slyer?

I am old Rolfe, Rolfe Hazard Haines.
I had an accident.
I nurse odd pains, and this explains
Why all my springs are bent.

Hi to old Rolfe,
Man of bad golf,
Mower of yards,
Stout shuffler of cards.

I am old John—they call me Jack.
My edges are worn off.
When high winds blow, I hie below;
When low winds blow, I scoff.

Yoo-hoo, old Jack!
Your jokes are funny;
We clap your back
And borrow your money.

I am new Brown—they call me fiend
Who do not call me friend.
I came like fire, came fresh as ire—
They call me firebrand.

Hi Brown, why Brown, you shiny
pan,
How you are copper-new!
But soon we new newcomers can
Cry "Poor old Brown" to you.
—CAROL HALL

•

The decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in Terminiello v. City of Chicago was rendered on May 16, 1949. . . . On the merits of the decision, opinion was sharply divided. . . . Some very strange bedfellows found themselves on each side of the fence.—*Lawyers Guild Review.*

Sleeping in the open, were they?

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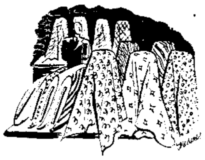
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

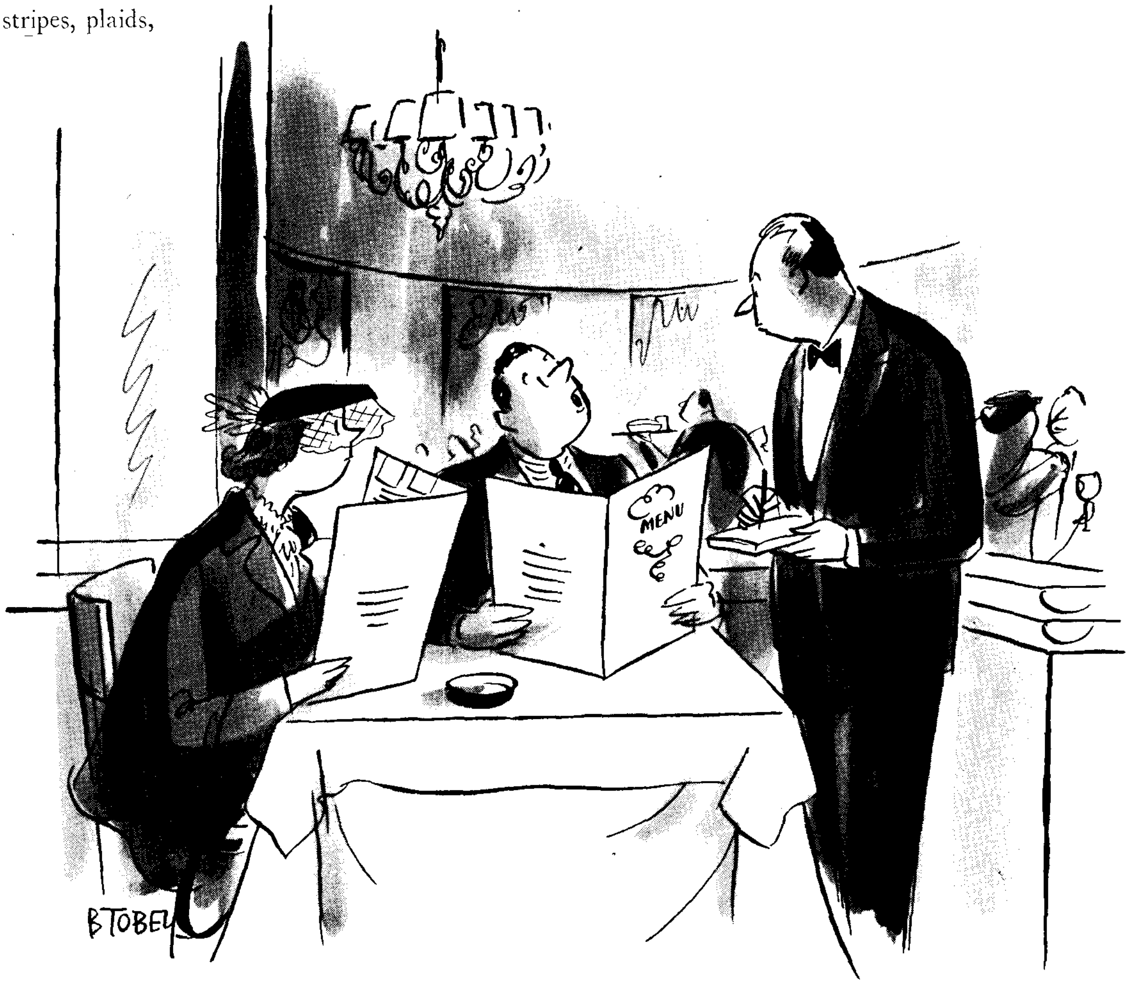
THIS AND THAT



FOR those intrepid souls who believe that the fit should come before the suit, and who are brave enough to follow their own hunches about style and fabric, we've put together a brief list of good custom tailors, to which we append the probably unnecessary reminder that orders take from two weeks to a month or more to fill. To wit:

A MEN'S tailor named C. J. Craig, at 43 East 49th Street, is now turning out stunning feminine adaptations of the classic male tailored suit. His jackets are severely plain, with almost natural shoulders, and his skirts either are gored or have a fly front. Mr. Craig does let himself go a little on the collars of his gabardine jackets, which he lines with lively wool tartan, but as a rule he sticks to tradition and allows himself no frippery. He has a fine stock of imported suitings—lightweight, hand-woven Irish tweed, cashmere in stripes, plaids, and solid colors, silk-finished gabardine, and, for waistcoats, a collection of Tattersall, district, and shepherd wool checks. Suits cost from $95 to $135, separate boleros are $65, and vests start at $18.50.

MOST of the women's suits made by Emil Klein, at 6 Maiden Lane, also have a tailored-male air. His prices range from $115 to $140. A suit with a fairly short, fitted jacket, a high shawl collar, and split, pointed cuffs is sort of easygoing, but in general the jackets are semi-fitted and longish, and have a certain amount of hand stitching for trim. Many of his skirts have a fly front or a wide, stitched panel at the center front. He has a variety of men's imported worsteds in pin dots, nailhead weaves, hairline stripes, or tiny checks, and he likes to use black, brown, or gray mohair, as a change from gabardine, for all year round.



"What do you call your hamburger?"

MEYERS, at 134 East 61st Street, is also a men's tailor, but does a good job on softly cut yet dashing suits for women. He makes a rather long jacket of Glen-plaid Shetland, with a Peter Pan collar and buttons that are bound in a plain wool to match the plain, gored skirt. A basketweave worsted, in a number of browns and grays, produces a handsome collarless jacket, with pointed lapels, stiffened hips, and bias pockets, and a skirt with a conservative amount of box pleating at the sides. Meyers also does suits of knit wool. A knit with a blue-and-white check makes a fitted jacket, a detachable shoulder cape, and a narrow skirt whose side slits are piped with navy wool. A box jacket, the sort of thing you can toss over your shoulders as a casual evening wrap or slip on over a day skirt or lounging slacks, comes in a clinging burgundy, green, cocoa, or black velvet, and is fastened with gold-metal fox heads. For sterner activities, there's a tweed ulster, a princesse coat of plaid wool, and even shooting clothes. Suits cost from $235 to $300, coats from $235 to $295.

JOSEPH FRAM, at 15 East 47th Street, tailors only for women. His suits begin at $150, and he likes to make them with an ascot and an extra skirt in another fabric—a splendid idea for travellers, since one suit can do the job of two. For example, a jacket with a single button at the waist has a matching straight skirt and a skirt in a contrasting wool cut smooth through the hips and widening slightly at the hem. The suit is $150, the additional skirt and ascot are $50. Among his topcoats, which are sometimes loose but never voluminous, there's an excellent tweed with big checks. This has a flat tuxedo front, large patch pockets, and raglan sleeves that fold

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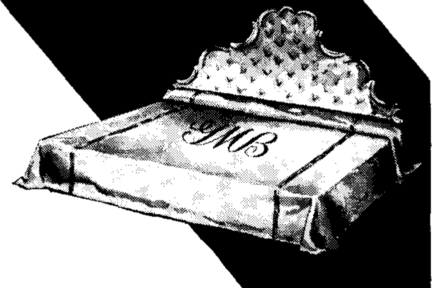

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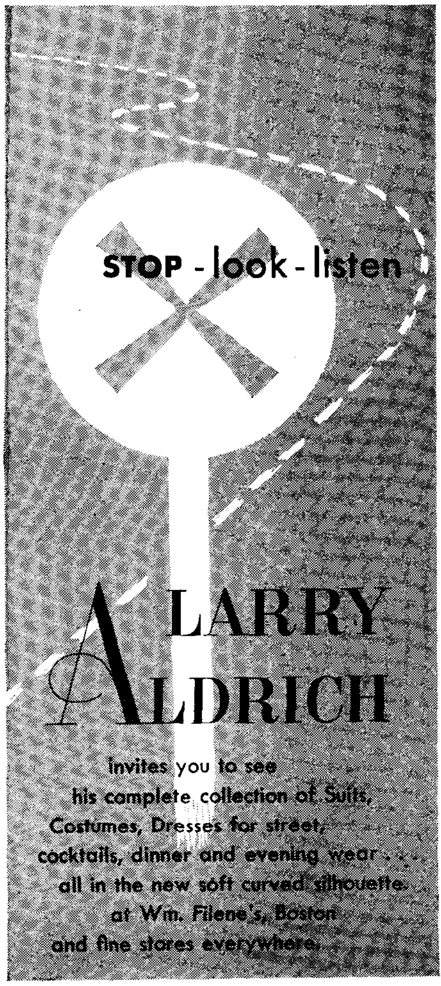

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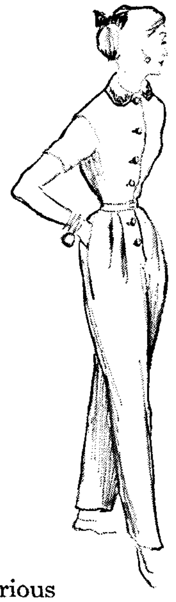
back to make deep cuffs when you want your hands free. Fine for town and perfect for the country or travelling. It's done in green and black, fuchsia and black, or black and blue. There are also more citified solid colors in a smooth wool. Either way, it costs $185. A fur-lined coat is a tricky item, capable of making the wearer look like an overdressed Eskimo if the cut is not just right. Fram, though, can handle this kind of coat properly. One of handwoven tweed, with a wide, shaped collar and set-in sleeves that look slim but still provide plenty of room for a jacket underneath, is lined with lapin; $450. (Prices go up from that, according to the fur.) If you yield up your old fur coat for a lining, the price sinks to $275, and if you dispense with the fur lining, you can pay as low as $175.

LEAVING the working-wardrobe world, we proceed to the brand-new bride's shop at Rosette Pennington, 20 East 56th Street, where a young woman with plans for a romantic future can find herself a wedding dress ready-to-wear or custom. Among the ready-to-wears is a princesse dress of an almost beige ivory rayon taffeta, with a turnover collar, a self-scalloped yoke and basque, and ninety-six small self buttons to make the closing smooth from throat to hem. A white rayon satin cut like a redingote has braid and seed-pearl (fake, of course) embroidery trailing down the sides of the skirt. This one is $95, which is near the bottom here; the top price is $250. For a bridesmaid—or for a bride, come to think of it—there's a strapless rayon taffeta ballerina dress, with a tiny bolero to lend modesty to the ceremony, and even a separate crinoline petticoat with a taffeta flounce, in case ankles are deemed inadvisable. In bittersweet, eggplant, gold, and several pastels; $45. A more worldly rayon satin, in gunmetal or moonstone, has a halter neckline, a bolero, pegtop pockets, and a floor-length skirt. The bolero fits so snugly it looks like part of the dress; $30. Two or three weeks for delivery of any ready-to-wear.

Pennington's custom bridal gowns, which begin at $250 and take only a week to produce, are décolleté, unless you have other ideas. One of chalk-white rayon taffeta, its bodice strapless and sprinkled on one side with iridescent paillettes and imitation seed pearls, has a big smocked skirt caught up at the hips with more of the same pearls. There's a bolero, but it seems a pity to cover up all this beauty with it. A frothy creation of white nylon tulle, long-

Hattie Carnegie



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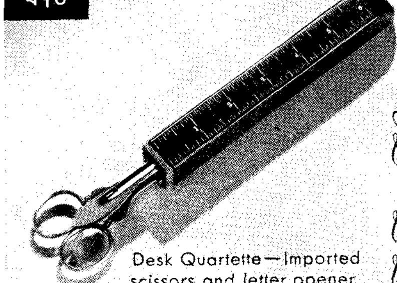

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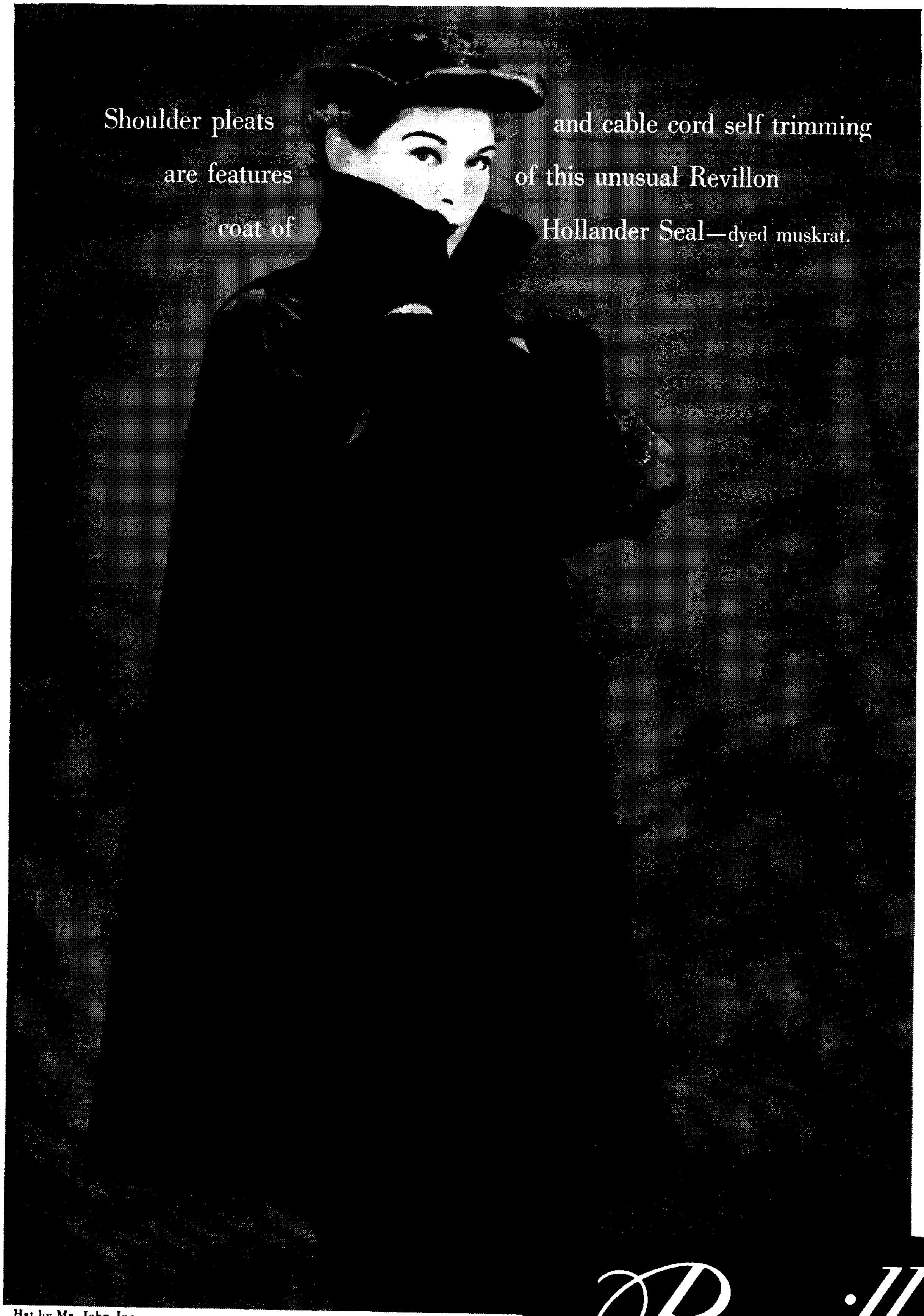

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INVISIBLE
BEAUTY
STRAP
FRANCES DENNEY

sleeved and full-skirted, has tiers of French lace descending from hip to hem, growing wider as they go.

The petticoats at this shop are worth a long look. One is of white rayon satin, floor-length and strewn with tiny blue bows; another, of rayon taffeta, is made billowy with nylon tulle ruffles and is sewn here and there with tiny nosegays of blue bows and apple blossoms. The petticoats are meant to show when the bride loops up her skirt for dancing. They cost $50.

Brides who want more than a few hours' wear out of their dresses can (for a most reasonable fee) have the train cut off and the dress airmailed to wherever they're spending their honeymoon.

THE Atelier Chic has moved itself and its custom children's clothes to 50 East 64th Street. A dress of a lovely Italian plaid cotton fastens with a double row of pearl buttons across a wide box pleat. Sizes 5 to 8. A boy's short overalls in the same material have elasticized sides and a rayon linen blouse with buttoned-down tabs at the shoulders to keep his suspenders in place. Sizes 2 to 5. Holly, a dress of men's pastel cotton shirting, has clusters of red plastic holly berries high on the chest and is piped in Christmas red. Sizes 2 to 5. For older girls, sizes 7 to 14, there's a navy Lanella flannel (a mixture of worsted and cotton) with a detachable collar of white corded cotton and bands of red, blue, and yellow grosgrain ribbons fastened with horse-head buttons at the left shoulder. The flannel is both sanforized and mothproofed. For girls of the same sizes, there's a glamorous party dress of tie silk, with a high, square neck, a high yoke with appliquéd butterflies scattered about, and a bouffant corded skirt. A housecoat of pale-blue-and-white checked Lanella has a deep ruffled cape collar and a gathered, wrap-around skirt. It comes in sizes 2 to 14. A masculine version, in sizes 2 to 8, has a turnover collar and is piped in front with red flannel. Prices range from $19.50 to $45.

Mothers and aunts who bring children in here to be outfitted may now be bemused by a collection of custom blouses that are definitely for grownups. Among them we noticed one of pale-blue raw silk streaked with gray. This has a mere sliver of a collar and a diagonal fold across the front ending in a buttoned pocket. Another, of natural pongee, has a V neckline and an attached ascot with a hand-painted or embroidered monogram. One of Viyella flan-

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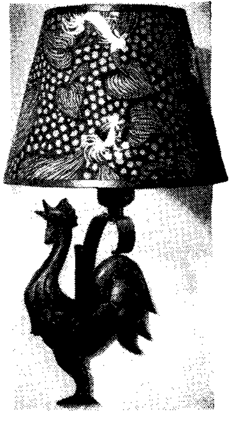


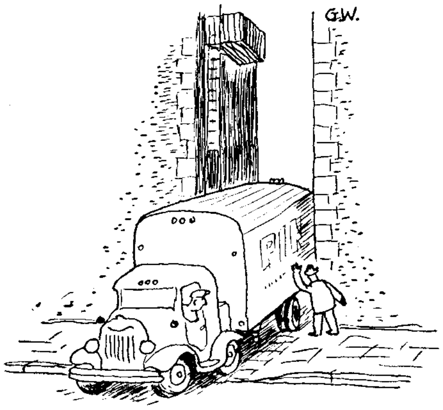
nel has a minute turnover collar and small pearl buttons. Prices run from $22.50 to $45.

BENZ, who's at 21 East 48th Street, has a flair for creating the hat of your dreams exactly according to your specifications and making it fit comfortably. This will cost you from $25 to $30.

ANOTHER talent, Armando Ferrillo, operating at 137 East 55th Street, turns out gloves to order. Slip-on or buttoned machine-stitched shorties of suède or calf in any color are $5. Handmade, they're $6.50. A good winter glove, warm but not pudgy, is done of brown French calfskin and lined with natural English doeskin; $10. Formal kidskin gloves, twenty buttons long, are $25. Ferrillo can be seen only by appointment; Plaza 9-6726.

MAZANE, at 206 East 74th Street, makes custom shoes that are within range of a fair number of budgets. His suède pumps, pointy-toed and trimmed with asymmetrical designs of perforated kid, cling close as a stocking. Some of his open-vamp pumps have a latticework of grosgrain or a leaf of reptile skin curving over the instep. He's willing to copy a broken-down favorite or make a pair of shoes to match a coat or suit, and he's affable toward customers with ideas of their own. In calf, suède, or kid, his shoes are $50; in lizard, they're $5 more, and another $25 will get you alligator. Repeat orders on any of his shoes are $10 less.

LEE ROSSI, at 71 West 55th Street, is a wizard at custom wired brassières. For evening, her Braselette, a combination strapless brassière and girdle that just reaches the hipbones, is pretty yet determinedly constraining. It's all vertical rows of nylon lace, nylon taffeta, and nylon elastic, and it makes dresses fit miraculously. Among the other crea-



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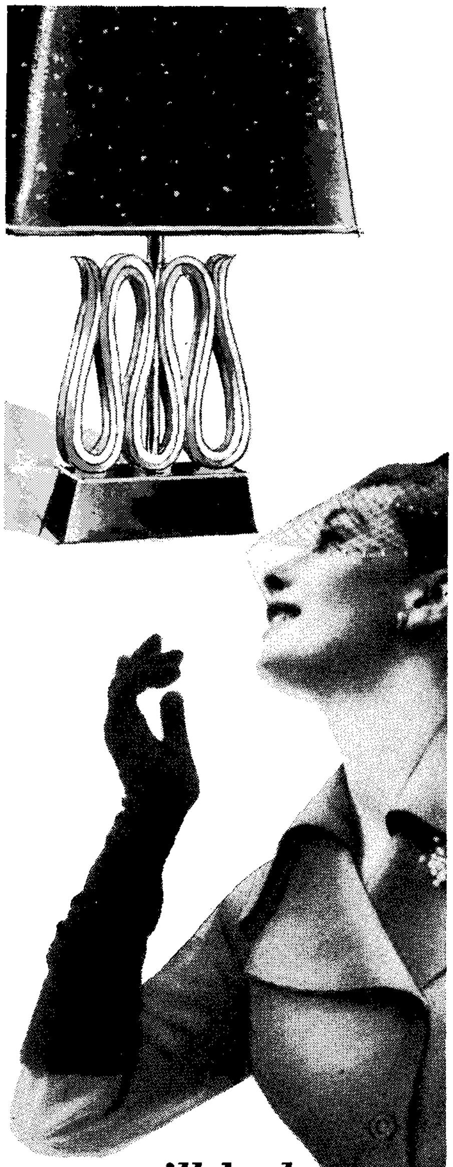

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tions here are a waist-length strapless brassière, of nylon satin edged with nylon lace, that gives one complete confidence in the most reckless of necklines, and a slightly longer brassière, with detachable straps and thus suitable for either day or evening. All these come in black or white and cost less than $20; $40 is as high as Miss Rossi's prices go. There are also excellent ready-to-wear wired brassières. A plain daytime bandeau in black, white, or tea-rose batiste is $9.95; the same thing in black, white, or colored nylon satin or taffeta is $14.95, which is a fair sample of the prices in this department. Finally, she'll take a cocktail or dinner dress with a problem neckline and construct a brassière to go with it. Repairs are on the house, indefinitely.

THE firm of A. L. Workman, in Room 803 at 424 Madison Avenue (49th), has been making custom handbags for forty years, and uses mainly imported materials. The most intricate kind of technique goes into a new bag or repairing an old one, and the most meagre job of mending is welcome. The staff will revamp beaded bags, cut down worn petit-point ones into smaller and more fashionable shapes, mount needle-point bags on composition shell tops that won't crack and then reline them, or build entirely new bags onto pet frames. Workman's own bags are pretty splendid. A satchel of French broadcloth, lustrous as antelope and extremely lightweight, is $48, including tax. This is the lowest price in the shop. Another bag, for busy women with papers and memo books to carry about, is of morocco or alligator. Two outer compartments run the full length and depth, and there are as many inner pockets as the customer wants. As for evening bags, a tiny yet commodious pouch of draped chiffon velvet on an antique gold-metal frame has a thin overarm chain, and a number of small box bags appear in Chinese brocades.

WOMEN who wear eyeglasses might like to know that Master Bag Rebuilders, at 15 East 40th Street, will attach an inconspicuous pocket in matching leather to any handbag. They will also take on the task of building handbags to specifications ($8.50 on up, and the customer supplies the leather or fabric) or of refinishing old bags so that they look respectable again.

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WERNER & CHARLES of Switzerland, who have moved their salon to 16 West 57th Street, are ready to go to work on hair that's been parched by the summer's sun or on hair that's simply tired, dull, dry, or dispirited. The back, shoulders, and forehead are massaged as well as the scalp, and there is brushing until the hair begins to glow at getting so much encouragement and attention. (The operator we had had been with the Ogilvie Sisters for sixteen years.) After the rubbing and brushing are over, tonic and, if necessary, ointment or pomade are applied. The cost is $2.50 for short hair, $3 for below-shoulder length. They claim that an unsuccessful home permanent can be defrizzed for $8, and for from $15 up they'll provide a proper professional one to replace it. A shampoo and a set add up to $2.75. —G. J.

•

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[*From "The Man with the Golden Arm," by Nelson Algren*]

Across the tables, above the piano and over the tiny stage there hung some sort of pungent pall, a bit like the autumnal odor of stale blood dried on a leaf-strewn walk the day after a sudden death between the curbing and the wall. A little, too, like the wet yellow smell of insanity when the white ward wakes in the midwinter Monday morning. A little something, too, of the flowered scent of a young girl's armpits in first love. Something of death in autumn, something of early summer love, and something as flowered as the last day of April—touched by something as cold as a surgeon's glove.

•

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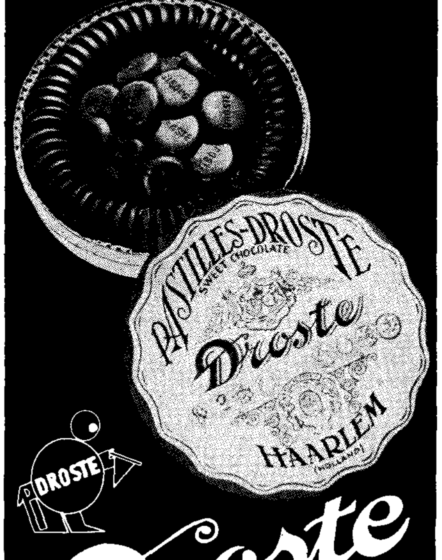

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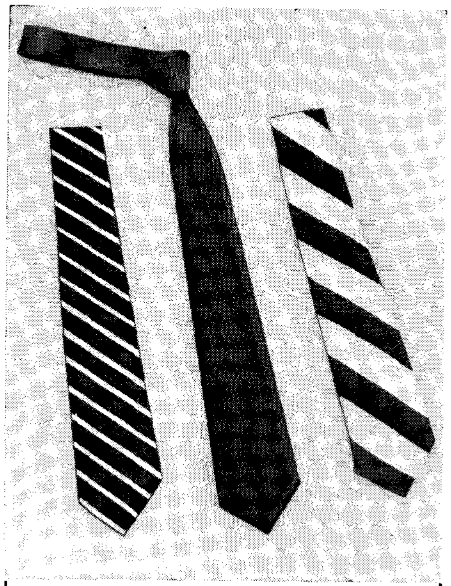
THE ART GALLERIES

James Ensor

THERE are sports in art as well as in genetics, and James Ensor, the Anglo-Belgian artist who is now being featured in a comprehensive memorial exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art, must be classed as one of these, for most of his work, nearly all of which was done well before 1900, seems out of key with that of his contemporaries. In fact, in its strange grotesquerie and free use of wild, frequently morbid fantasy, it is much more closely related to the work of the Surrealists, who came thirty or forty years later. As might be supposed, that he was born nearly two generations too soon did little to encourage his contemporary reputation, and it was not until time had begun to catch up with him that he achieved the recognition that, even in his curiously specialized way, he deserved.

Born in 1860, in the Channel resort town of Ostend, of a family in fairly modest circumstances (his mother ran a souvenir shop, for the summer tourist trade, and his English father seems to have been pretty much of a ne'er-do-well), he had one brief flash of early success when, at the age of twenty-one and barely finished with his studies at the Brussels Academy, he had pictures accepted by both the Brussels Salon and the locally important exhibiting group called L'Essor, while in the following year he had two pictures at the Salon de Paris. Two years later, however, his style having changed from his original academic one, he was rejected everywhere. Except with the group called Les Vingt (with whom he soon quarrelled), he was not exhibited again until close to the end of the century, and although he lived to see the situation reversed and his reputation assured (he died only two years ago, at the impressive age of eighty-nine), there seems no question but that the deep frustrations of the long years of unsuccess were the cause of a good deal of the bitter irony that underlies, and I think vitiates, so much of his later work.

The new show, at any rate—the first full-scale one of his ever to be held in this country—explores his whole career with thoroughness and understanding. Got up in collaboration with the Cleve-



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NEW OIL FIELDS

EDITORIAL REPRINTED FROM The New York Times

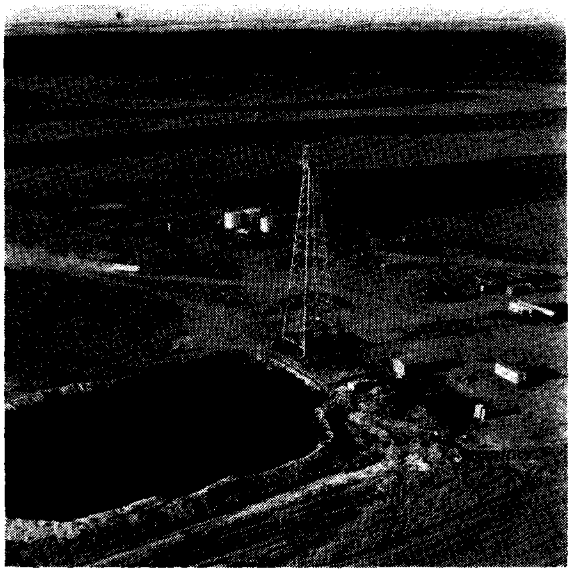
THE ROLE OF THE PROFIT MOTIVE

This editorial appeared recently in one of America's great newspapers. THE NEW YORK TIMES notes particularly the many skills and the great risks involved in the search for oil.

The development of new sources of oil is only one phase of oil company rivalry. The oil must be taken from the ground, refined into finished products, transported by pipeline, tanker, truck or tank car and marketed where and when it is needed. Every step of the way, every day, oilmen try to win more business by doing these jobs better, faster, more efficiently.

As THE NEW YORK TIMES says so emphatically:

"... the role of the profit motive in inducing socially useful action is of primary importance, a fact which our people and our legislators might well keep in mind."



IVERSON NO. 1—When this well, shown with its "slush pit," came in near Tioga in the Williston Basin, North Dakota became America's 27th oil-producing state. It was 29 years ago that a single oil company began the long search for oil in North Dakota. Today many oil companies, big and little, have leased over half the state's acreage for drilling, in the hope that the region will prove to be a major oil producer. Oil companies are getting ready to spend millions to find the answer.

"WHAT may well be the beginning of a new major domestic oil source in the northern Middle West is indicated by two recent important finds 100 miles apart, one last April in North Dakota and another in the past fortnight in Montana. For several decades this country has depended heavily, though not exclusively, upon southern and western areas—such states as Louisiana, Texas and California. If these new finds in North Dakota and Montana presage the opening of comparable rich fields they are of great importance.

"The mounting number of cars and oil heaters in this country is steadily increasing our consumption of this material, while from a global point of view the shadows over the future of oil production in the Middle East, particularly Iran, make it most desirable to increase production from more certain sources, as in this country, as rapidly as possible.

"In our gratification over these new finds we should not lose sight of the factors which made it possible for oil to be discovered at depths of 7,000 to 11,000 feet underneath the earth. The contributions of geologists, drilling technicians and related specialists are, of course, of the highest importance, for they make possible the location and then the reaching of this buried treasure. But important, too, are the enterprise and the willingness to bear risks which motivated these efforts. Wells that find oil are well publicized, but the large number which are no more than dry holes in the ground are recorded only in red ink in private ledgers.

"The men and organizations who search for oil at fantastic depths risk millions in such ventures, and frequently lose them. But they continue even after repeated disappointments because on balance profits can be made if a reasonable proportion of successes is attained. In this activity, as in many others, the role of the profit motive in inducing socially useful action is of primary importance, a fact which our people and our legislators might well keep in mind."

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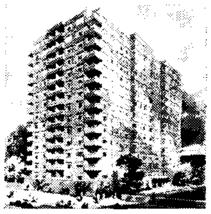

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land Museum of Art, the City Art Museum of St. Louis, and the Institute of Contemporary Art of Boston, and strengthened by copious loans from abroad, it's especially interesting in its earlier sections, in which such pieces as "Dunes," "Estaminet," and the larger and more ambitious "The Lamp Boy"—none of which had been shown before in the United States—reveal him to have been, even in his youth, a remarkably deft technician with a gift for keen observation.

It is hard for us now, though, to realize how fed up the younger and more adventurous artists must have been with sheer technique in those days of rigid insistence on it in the academies. Like so many others of his period, Ensor learned it only to discard it, and this process began as early as 1882, when, in his "Troubled" ("La Dame en Détresse"), one finds him abandoning his low-keyed palette and rather formalized design in favor of a lighter color and more fluent drawing. "Portrait of the Painter in a Flowered Hat," of the following year, goes further, and introduces as well a touch of that mocking irony that played such a large part in his later work, for the hat under which the artist's face gazes gravely out is a woman's one, befrilled and beflowered, and the whole composition, so carefully executed, is a wry burlesque of the somewhat dandiacal portraits of Titian, Bronzini, and others of the Renaissance painters.

But it's not till "Masques Scandalisées," or "Horrified Masks," of 1883 ("Scandalized," the word used in the catalogue, doesn't seem to me quite the proper translation), that one sees Ensor in full revolt against convention, and the picture is significant, too, in that it marks the introduction of those weirdly masked, macabre figures that in time became practically the hallmark of his painting. Ensor had, in a way, a perfect justification for his use of masks, since in Ostend, at Mardi Gras, there was a famous masked carnival, when for several days the whole population went about in false faces; and quite possibly "Masques Scandalisées," which shows a woman with a club creeping up on another masker sitting transfixed at a table, was, despite its ominous overtones, intended only to portray an episode in the festival.

Once begun, though, Ensor apparently couldn't stop. From then on, he seemed haunted by masks, and his canvases are full of them—to the point that in such pieces as "Masks Confronting Death," "Old Woman with Masks,"

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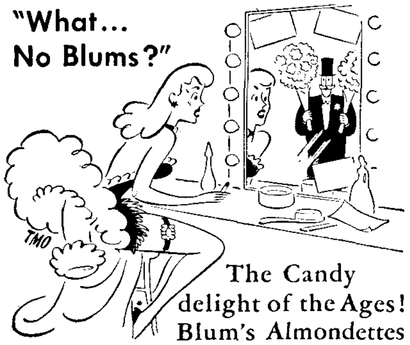

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and particularly that largest and most ambitious painting of all, "Entry of Christ Into Brussels," it is frequently difficult to determine which of the strange, contorted faces are supposed to be masked and which are human. It's this feature of his work, of course, that appealed most to the Surrealists, and unquestionably in his hands the device is used with a frightening intensity, and an ability to convey a mixture of brutal prankishness and sinister hilarity that one must go back to such a man as Bosch, of the Gothic period, to equal.

As he went on, Ensor became more and more preoccupied with death, and one feels that if he was a forerunner of Surrealism, he was also a throwback to the Gothic. The same sense of mortality runs through his work, not only in his masked pieces but in such others as "Melancholy Fishwives" (they have eaten too much poison, a punning legend announces, and two skeletons peer in at a window on the two seated women), and in the gruesome but beautifully handled "Skeletons Trying to Warm Themselves," in both of which he reveals that almost jaunty intimacy with death and its attributes that characterized that era. It is not a pleasant trait; again, it put Ensor out of key with his times, and it is small wonder that his contemporaries reacted with rage and bewilderment. Even now, despite the cushioning effect of the years and the fact that the Surrealists have accustomed us to similar extravagances, his work is likely to appear shocking to many, and in ways that I understand but find hard to analyze.

I think this disquietude stems partly from a natural dislike of seeing anyone throw away his talents, and though Ensor could paint skillfully when he wanted to (as is shown in his still life "The Skate," as well as in the "Melancholy Fishwives"), his rejection of the standard techniques went so far that in his later work he approached his subjects very nearly on the level of caricature, with a resulting loss of depth and richness. There is, too, a frenzy about his work that is disturbing, and this, coupled with his complete callousness toward death (and, of course, its concomitant, life), brings us closer to the roots of the matter. For his frenzy leads him nowhere, since the philosophy behind it is basically empty and negative, and although there is power in his work, it is power operating, so to speak, in a vacuum—one unfortunately devoid of all traces of warmth and human sympathy.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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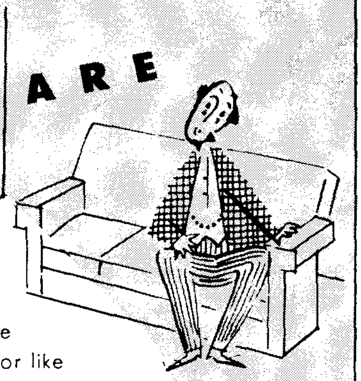

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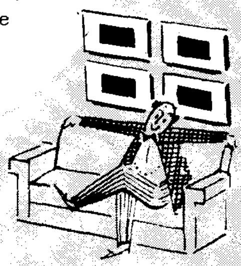

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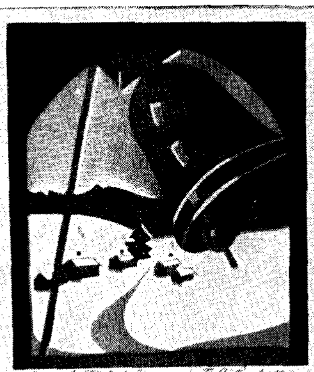

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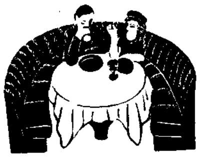
A Phoenix Too Frequent



RISING from the ashes of innumerable dead cafés, a new theatre-restaurant called the Gilded Cage has come into being on the erratic second story of the building on the northwest corner of Forty-ninth Street and Broadway. There, twice a night, the kind of show—long, chock-full of lavishly costumed girls, and firmly rooted in the past—that kept the Diamond Horseshoe active for many years, and that still inhabits the nearby Latin Quarter, is staged. At the show's hard but slightly wormy core is Ben Blue, an exceedingly gifted pantomimist but a man who in his choice of material determinedly lives up to his last name. It is only the things he has to say and the situations in which he finds himself that dampen the comedian's effectiveness in this show, for Blue himself is a funny fellow with a gentle approach to his art. Oddly, his best performance, a Chaplinesque pantomime, is expended on the most distasteful episode of the evening. In addition to Blue and his assistant, a fetching and capable young woman named Roberta Lee, the extravaganza consists of some all-out production numbers ("She's Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage," "By the Sea," "A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody," and a danced version of "Casey at the Bat") and an ancient melodrama. In this last work, tiresome though it is, a young comedienne named Clara Cedrone manages to be both winning and amusing. Bustling in and out of the hour-and-a-half show are Edith Fellows, a tiny and pert soprano; Ernestine Mercer, a knowing Amazon who is almost certainly the biggest girl ever to sing "Love for Sale;" and a former Miss America, a statuesque young lady who can nearly be forgiven, in view of her admirable proportions, for passing herself off as a singer. The décor of the district's newest temple of art is about what you would expect of a place called the Gilded Cage; needless to say, you can't miss it.

IN the Cotillion Room, one of the town's more handsome aviaries, the bright plumage and unusual calls of Yma Sumac are the attraction. A rare Peruvian bird, Miss Sumac, as you probably know, has a voice that encompasses

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four octaves. Unhappily, her singing is not of the first quality in any of them, and it is least appealing in its middle register, the one most suitable for delivering popular songs. As a result, when she abandons the more bizarre aspects of her art and tries to sing a straight little song like "Too Young," she becomes unimpressive. Her voice must be ever on the go—hedgehopping along in a low growl and suddenly shooting up to the top of its range—in order to sustain interest. Her best number, I thought, was a display piece that she explained was something she had put together from the sounds of various birds back home. Short, dark, and sleek-looking, Miss Sumac neatly sets off her chosen style of singing. I enjoyed her act, in a limited way. The inevitable ballroom dance team—Artini and Consuelo, this time—preceded her on the floor.

A TOTALLY different kind of bird, John Carroll, raises his voice in song at the Versailles. A movie performer by trade, he is making his début here as a singer. This may account for the fact that when I caught his act, he was trying a bit too hard to be ingratiating. On the other hand, it may not account for a damned thing; the rough mixture of robustiousness and heavy charm that bothered me may simply be Carroll's usual way of expressing himself. Alternating between cooing sounds and full-voiced ones, he offers a motley program—show tunes, popular songs of the moment and of many years back, and such inveterate baritone numbers as "Go Down, Moses" and "Ol' Man River," neither of which he does very well. He talks a great deal between pieces, usually in a reminiscent manner—or at least in the choppy manner of reminiscing favored by writers of special material—and I thought the technique was being carried a bit too far when, in a subdued voice, he told us the story of his daughter's first love affair, of how he brought the girl and her admirer into the house for a serious chat, of his sudden remembrance of her mother, who had died when the girl was only four, and of what he then said to the pair. At this point, the strings in the orchestra started to play and Carroll started to croon "Too Young." It would not be exaggerating to say that this rather spoiled the evening for me.

ODETTE MYRTIL, the main event at the Blue Angel, is a delightfully assured and entertaining woman of

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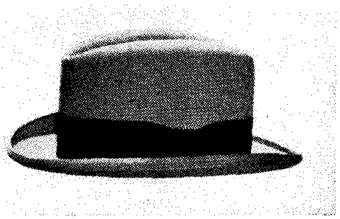

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middle age. She is carefully groomed and looks like a couturière; as it turns out, she is one—out on that other coast, where she operates a shop, in addition to taking an occasional role in a film. Although I remembered having seen her some twenty years ago on the Broadway stage, I found I recalled very little about her. Here she plays the violin and sings. Her son, who accompanies her at the piano, is responsible for her material, and it is quite good. She announces a French song and does a translation of Irving Berlin's "You Can't Get a Man with a Gun," from "Annie du Far-West," the recent French equivalent of "Annie Get Your Gun," which she follows with a medley of genuine French songs of the popular variety. She talks with affection of the old-fashioned operettas—she appeared in a number of them—and presents a parody of one, in which she sings several standard operetta pieces at appropriate places in the narrative. Then she picks up her violin and, playing most of the time but singing a phrase or two, fondles "Play Gypsies, Dance Gypsies." She seems perhaps a trifle too shrewd in her approach to her listeners, but the calculated quality of her performance is outweighed by her authority and genuine ability. As for the three other acts appearing on the bill with her, I can report only that there are no surprises in any of them—the fresh-faced young monologist, the fresh-faced young songstress, and the pair of fresh-faced young men who pantomime the words squalling from raucous phonograph recordings.

JULIE WILSON, stunning as ever but still no great shakes as a singer, is back in that portion of the cellar of the St. Regis known as the Maisonette. On the whole, she's doing pretty much what she did last time out; that is, stimulating the male customers by means of suggestive comedy songs, none of them too well turned, and by delicate maneuverings of her lovely person. —D. W.

•

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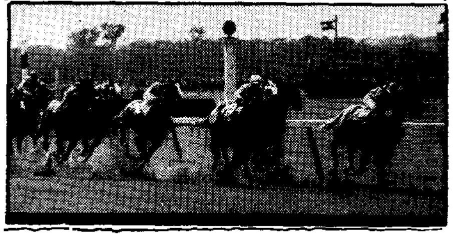

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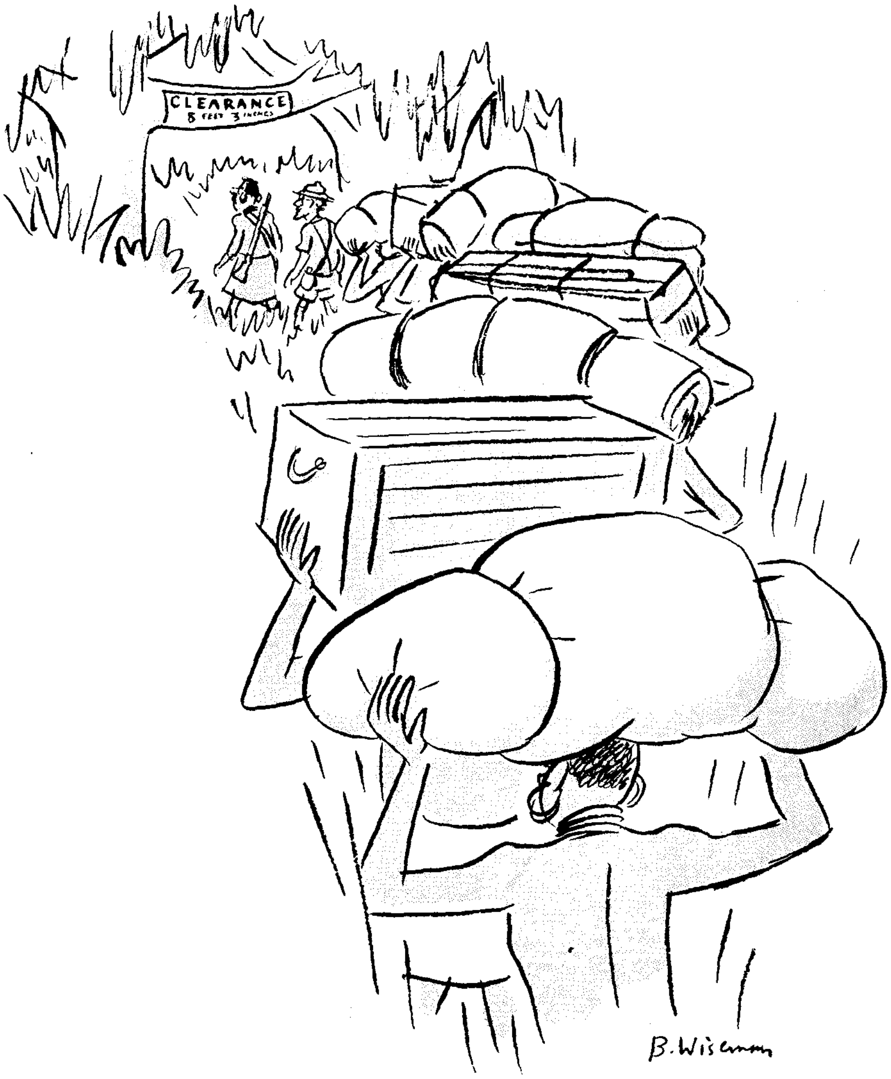
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

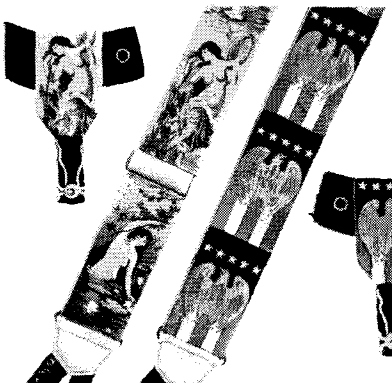
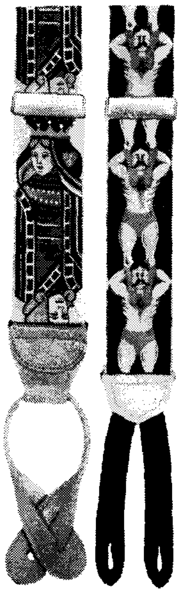
SEPTEMBER 27

THE conclusion yesterday of the talks on Italy with Dr. Alcide de Gasperi has brought to a close the busiest and possibly, in spite of the nightmarish proceedings and non-proceedings in Korea, the most successful month in American diplomacy since the end of the war. It began with the Japanese-treaty conference at San Francisco, and included the Washington conference on Germany with British and French leaders, the Ottawa meeting of the North Atlantic Treaty Council, the talks on Indo-China with General Jean de Lattre de Tassigny, and this week's discussions with the Italian Prime Minister and his staff. It revealed in several highly gratifying ways that American prestige in the world, or at least among the governments of the world, is much greater than it was a few months ago and much greater than most people here thought it was only a few weeks ago. Not even the most confident State Department officials had expected to return from San Francisco with forty-nine signatures—among them those of such notable tartars as Egypt, Indonesia, and Iran—affixed to the treaty with Japan. Nor had they expected to encounter, in Ottawa later in the month, as little resistance as they did in winning acceptance for what a good many Europeans regarded as the eccentric demand on the part of the Joint Chiefs of Staff that Greece and Turkey be brought into the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. Since there have been no ostensible changes in the relative justice and morality of American and Russian policies for quite some time, this increase in prestige is taken, and welcomed, as one of the early dividends of our defense program.

Not everything was as successful as the Japanese treaty and the sponsorship of Greece and Turkey. In Western European affairs, the month's chief gains were, first, the clearing of the decks for the negotiations now getting under way with the Bonn government and, second, the plans agreed upon with Dr. de Gasperi for easing some of the provisions of the Italian peace treaty—two developments, incidentally, that, taken along with the Japanese treaty, might make September, 1951, as good a date as any with which to mark the liquidation of the Second World War. But it will be a long time before the industries of either Western Germany or Italy can contribute very much to the common defense, and longer still before General Eisenhower's command will be materially strengthened by German recruits. His armies continue to consist largely of pledges, and the chances of getting the European members of the N.A.T.O., all of whom, except England, are deplorably behind schedule in arms production, to step up their output by the thirty-three per cent that he has set as a goal for 1952 seem very slim. This would take, as so many of them pointed out at Ottawa, a whole lot of money they haven't got and shipments of raw materials they haven't much hope of getting. There seems now to be some prospect that Congress, in response to an unpublished but reportedly biting telegram sent by General Eisenhower to the chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, will restore some of the cuts it made in the appropriation for the economic-aid program. It is as yet a dim prospect, however, and then there is the fact that the price of materials has been rising so sharply that even if Congress were now to grant the President's original request of $2,200,000,000 for economic aid (this was reduced by the House to $1,500,000,000 and further reduced by the Senate to $1,300,000,000), Western Europe's economy would be strained to such a point that its political stability would be ominously endangered. The only immediate palliative our delegates at Ottawa were able to hold out was for the letting of a half-billion dollars' worth of American military contracts to Western European firms. Since Sir Hugh Gaitskell has estimated that the N.A.T.O. program in the United Kingdom alone will cost $400,000,000 more than the Exchequer of which he is Chancellor can provide, it is plain that the relief afforded by our patronage of European manufacturers would not be very substantial.

The strengthening of the N.A.T.O. is, of course, a good deal more important in our global strategy than winning Egyptian approval of the treaty with Japan or, for that matter, bolstering General de Lattre in Indo-China, and the circumstance that the most urgent problems of European defense are everlastingly being taken out of the hands

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of old committees and passed into the hands of new ones—a whole new batch of N.A.T.O. committees and subcommittees was spawned at Ottawa—is a distressing one. Still, some gains did come out of Ottawa, and there is hope in Washington that at the November meeting of the North Atlantic Council, in Rome—for which, it is being consolingly said in the State Department, Ottawa was merely a "dry run"—real progress will be made.

In any event, despite the economic difficulties in Europe and despite the continuing bloodshed in Korea, there has been a remarkable improvement in the outlook of most people here and a decline in the tensions and general asperity, a decline that for a brief time extended even to the relations between the administration and Congress. Unquestionably, the atmosphere now is in strong and agreeable contrast to that of a few weeks ago, when the news that Andrei Gromyko would head a mission to San Francisco was followed within a few days by the suspension of the Kaesong negotiations and the first authentic reports on the good use to which the Chinese and Korean Communist armies had been putting the weeks of stalemate on the battlefield. This series of dark events led to the fear that the Communist world was on the verge of new offensives, military as well as diplomatic. The offensives didn't come off, and the feeling at present is that the month has seen a greater strengthening of the free nations than has taken place in any other comparable period of time. As far as Korea is concerned, the view in the Defense Department is that we are in a position to hold fast under almost any foreseeable circumstances, and that unless the enemy makes a really formidable attempt to destroy the air cover we are providing for the United Nations troops (in which event the case for bombing Manchurian bases would be militarily unanswerable), it will be possible to confine the war to that unhappy peninsula.

IN administration circles, the improvement in our lot is more frequently credited to the recent inaction of Soviet diplomacy than to any positive accomplishments of our own. Although the State Department was pleased to accept all the congratulations it got for its work at San Francisco and for Dean Acheson's management of the floor debate there, the opinion of most of its members is that it was not so much the parliamentary skill of the Secretary as the uncommonly feeble performance

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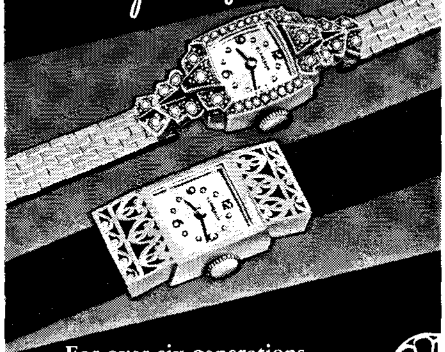

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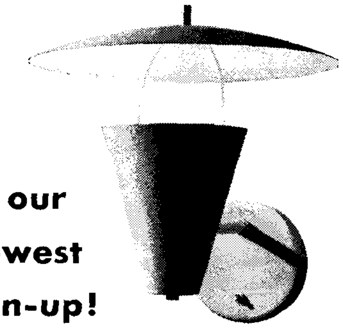
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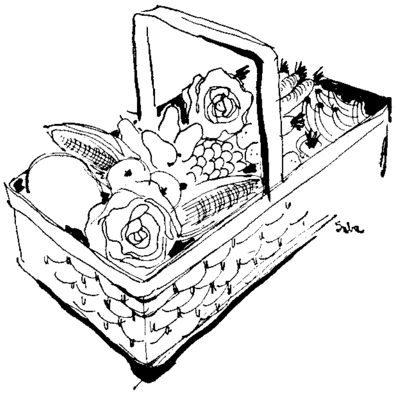
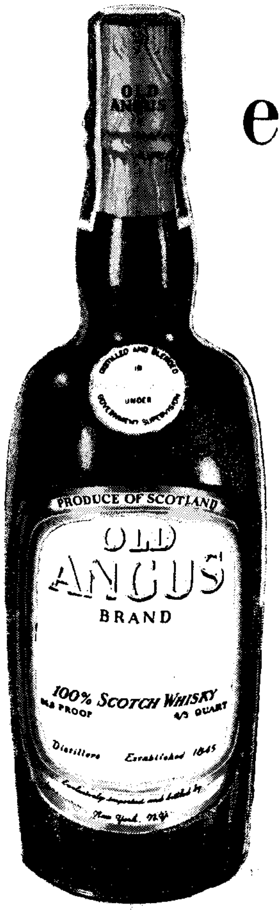
of Gromyko and the satellite delegates that made the whole affair go off so nicely. This, they think, was not a matter of Communist ineptitude (when it comes to making trouble at political gatherings, there is no such thing as Communist ineptitude) or of Gromyko's being temporarily off his form. They are reasonably certain that the man who managed to keep British, French, and American diplomats sitting in Paris for a month and a half, talking about nothing, could, if he had really tried, have detained the San Francisco conferees long beyond the time appointed for their adjournment. Therefore, the argument goes, he didn't really try, and this is clear evidence that he was under instructions not to try. The deliberate failure to make an effort, it is felt, has been characteristic of much, though by no means all, recent Soviet diplomacy. Both in Europe and in Asia, Soviet propaganda, as distinct from that of the satellite governments, seems to have fallen off in violence and, to some extent, in volume, and during the last few weeks the Soviet "peace" offensive has come almost to a stop. In short, Moscow appears either to have adopted a new line or to be considering the advantages of doing so.

On the ground that whatever the elements of a new Russian policy might be, inactivity and halfheartedness would not be among them, most people in the State Department reject any suggestion that a new line is already in effect in Moscow. But a large number of them are persuaded that the Politburo is now in the midst of a reëxamination of the strategies it has been pursuing over the past several years. This, they think, would be a sensible undertaking for the planners of Russian policy, since, on balance, the fruits of their present line have been neither rich nor numerous. In fact, unless the Russians believe that in Korea the drain on American power more than offsets the drain on Chinese power, they really have nothing to show for their labors since 1948. The only





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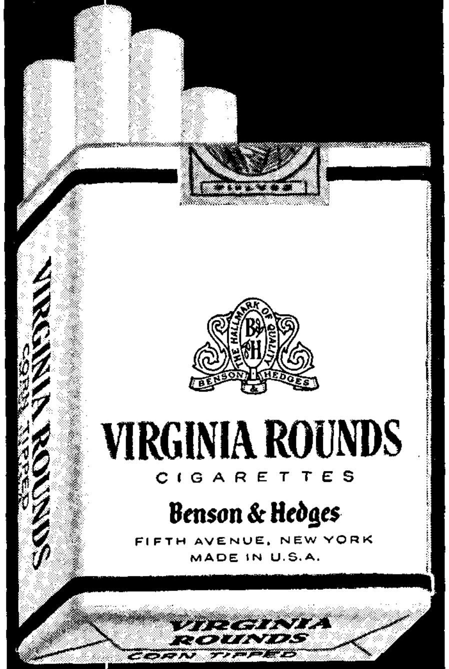

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territory they have added to their empire is Tibet, a desolate region of crags and snow, with no industry or transportation, and with only about one-tenth the population of Yugoslavia, which they have lost. Their effort to wreck the Marshall Plan has come to nothing. The Marshall Plan, indeed, has been a huge success. In most democratic countries, the voting strength of the Communists has declined. The tendency in the free trade-union movements has been to expel Communist affiliates and to show Communist leaders the door. In many Communist organizations, Titoism is epidemic. The Communist "peace" movements and "peace" petitions have been to a large extent discredited by the Korean war—in particular by the Communist responsibility for the failure to negotiate a settlement in Korea. There has been, it is true, a decided growth of neutralism in Europe and Asia, which is very much to the liking of the Politburo, but while it is certain that Soviet military policy has encouraged that growth, it is doubtful whether Soviet political policies have accounted for any significant part of it. What can be ascribed to the combination of the military and political policies of the Soviet Union is the North Atlantic coalition on its western flank and the Pacific coalition now forming on its eastern one. The major consequence of the Soviet's postwar policies has been the greatest peacetime armament program in history.

Attempting to put themselves in the position of Politburo members pondering these facts, our own diplomats—or, at any rate, those of them who think it likely that some kind of stocktaking and reappraisal is now going on in Moscow—believe sober reflection would lead them to the conclusion that there are, roughly speaking, four courses open to the Soviet Union at the present time. Probably the first to come to mind would be not to change anything but simply to continue the cold war in its familiar form and at its familiar tempo. In favor of such a course, it might be argued that none of the recent losses have been crucial, after all—that the rearmament of the West was sure to come anyway and it was Russia's good luck it didn't come earlier, that in time the enemies of the Soviet Union will be exhausted by their abnormal exertions, that neutralism is bound to spread, as a consequence of the hardships imposed by rearmament, and that in the long run neutralist sentiment will be as beneficial to the Soviet cause as the existence of

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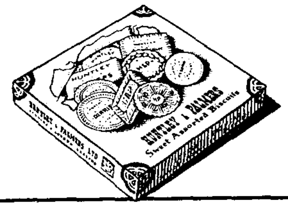

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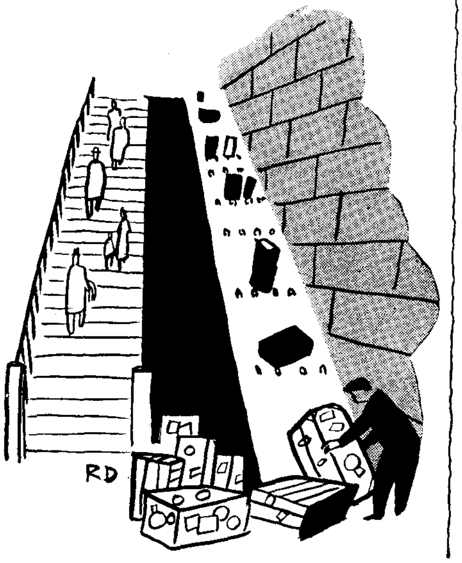
large Communist parties, perhaps even more beneficial, since Communism breeds anti-Communism, while neutralism breeds only more neutralism. The second of the four available courses might be an immediate assault on Western Europe. The logic of this would be substantially the same as the logic employed by the advocates of preventive war in this country—get it over with now, while there's still a chance of winning. A third, and in-between, course would be a continuation of the cold war with the throttle several notches farther out. It would not be wholly unreasonable for Communist planners to conclude that the only thing wrong with Soviet policy in the past two or three years has been that it lacked ginger. They could hold that since they seem to have reached the end of the line with "peace" offensives, the thing to do now is to instruct the Communists in the free countries to accompany their propaganda with systematic industrial sabotage, order Russian and satellite diplomats to set about smashing up the United Nations instead of using it as a platform, and establish in Moscow machinery for submitting governments that have associated themselves with the United States to a vast new campaign of threats, intimidation, coercion, bribery—anything, legal or otherwise, short of war. The last of the four available courses would be a genuine effort to come to terms with the West, perhaps something along the lines of the Soviet-Nazi Pact of 1939, which the Russians entered into—and kept, until the Germans broke it—at the end of a period that, from the Kremlin's point of view, was not altogether unlike the present one. At that time, Russia had been fighting a cold war for several years and had got nowhere. Her chief fears were of war and diplomatic isola-



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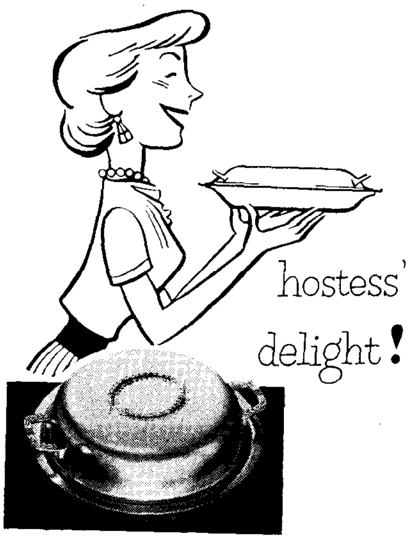
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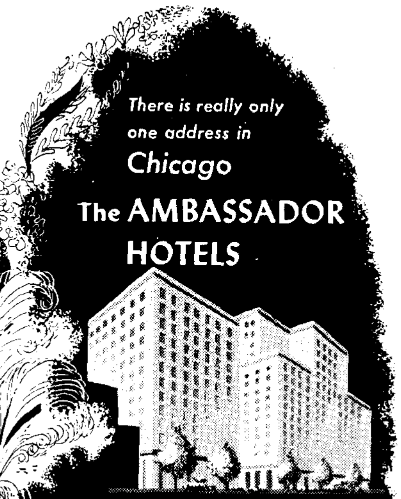
tion, and she settled the problem, temporarily, by coming to terms with her chief antagonist. There are no indications at all that she is seeking a similar solution now, but the feeling here is that in any review she might be making of her policies, settlement is a possibility she would have to take into serious consideration.

Unless the Politburo chose war in Western Europe, which would, as everyone realizes, be a final and absolute commitment, it would not have to bind itself to any one of these courses to the exclusion of the others. The Communist mind may be inflexible in regard to certain matters of dogma, but Soviet foreign policy has more often than not proved quickly adaptable to the needs of the moment, and there is no reason it should not consist of several things—an intensification of the cold war here, a slight relaxation of it there, and an attempt at outright appeasement somewhere else. But a policy has to be characterized by its broad tendencies, and it is felt in the capital that before very long there should be some sign from Moscow either that the old line has, upon reconsideration, been taken up again or that a basically new one has been adopted. The one change that would require no reëxamination on the part of the United States would be war, but either a stepped-up political offensive or an offer of a real deal would catch us badly unprepared. How this country would react, for example, to a sudden outbreak of two or three hundred Oatis and Vogeler cases is something nobody here can foresee. We have taken a definite stand on cases of outright aggression, and the Truman Doctrine offers a precedent for intervention in civil wars started by identifiable Communist forces, but if the government has a policy with which to meet the growing threat of Communist-led *Putsches* in the Middle East, it has not revealed it to anyone here. What we would do if Russia offered us the kind of limited settlement she offered Germany twelve years ago is a question whose answer seems even more obscure. In theory, the whole purpose of our policy is to build up the military power that would enable us to negotiate with Moscow in what Secretary Acheson calls "situations of strength." No one, though, seems to have any clear idea of exactly what is to be negotiated or of how much strength constitutes a situation of it; the feeling one gets is that most people envision the crisis coming to an end in a sort of diplomatic unconditional surrender, in which the Communist re-



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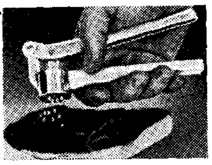

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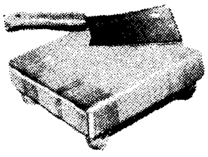

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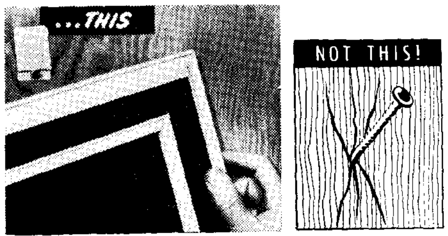

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gime would obligingly negotiate itself out of existence or—and this would be pretty much the same thing—agree to disarm itself. At the same time, though, we keep insisting that we have no intention of ever building the kind of armed force that could conquer the Soviet Union. Since conquest is the only sure way of getting rid of a regime ("Regimes don't negotiate their own survival," Walter Lippmann has said. "There is nothing to negotiate"), we must have aims that fall short of total capitulation. But what these are—what we mean when we talk of "coexistence"—no one here has ever explained, and there is a general suspicion that no one, anywhere, really knows. Certainly the President of the United States, who last week at a press conference had to be reminded that a diplomatic settlement is still the ultimate goal of his own administration, isn't the man with the answer. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

◆

A culture devoid of the arts is as a Bird of Paradise undressed of plumage. The avenue of creative expression is everlastingly open. We are family of living theatre; heirs to an ancient house. We are bannerets for beauty and for truth, and our obligation is deep. We are dedicated to the smile and the tear, and to the emancipation of the imaginative, and to the elevation of the spiritual. We are the privileged and there is joy for us beyond all potencies of measure. But lest we stumble: There is no beauty comes from discord, but from harmony alone—no pleasure but from sharing—no satisfaction other than achievement through amalgamated effort. The golden fullness of art, then, is moulded from a harmonious blending of accomplishment, reaching toward an idealistic latitude. The horizon of time looms radiant, waits formidable. The challenge is great, but the reward is precious. "Come dare the trails!"—*From a program of the Jackson (Mich.) Theatre Guild.*

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[*From "Umberto's Circus," by Eduard Bass*]

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It was a beautiful Sunday in March, the sea gulls were flying above the embankment, from the tower of St. Paul's ten o'clock was sounding.—*Page 289.*

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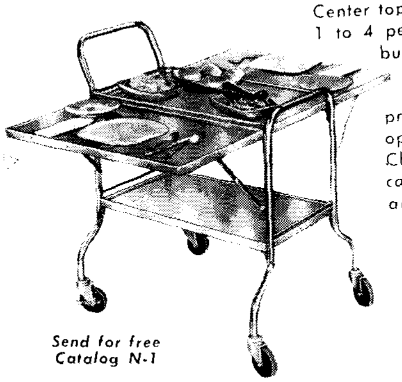

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THE ANIMAL TRAINERS

ONE summer afternoon when I was a boy, Alfred Glezen and I sat on the wooden front stoop of the three-story tenement house in the Bronx where we lived. In those days, our street was shaded by big trees, which were taller than the houses, and there was almost open country around us. I was barefooted, but Alfred wasn't permitted to go without shoes. He had a dark, hollow face and rarely smiled. We had nothing to do.

"You want to hunt snakes?" I inquired idly.

"What for?" Alfred asked.

"Fun."

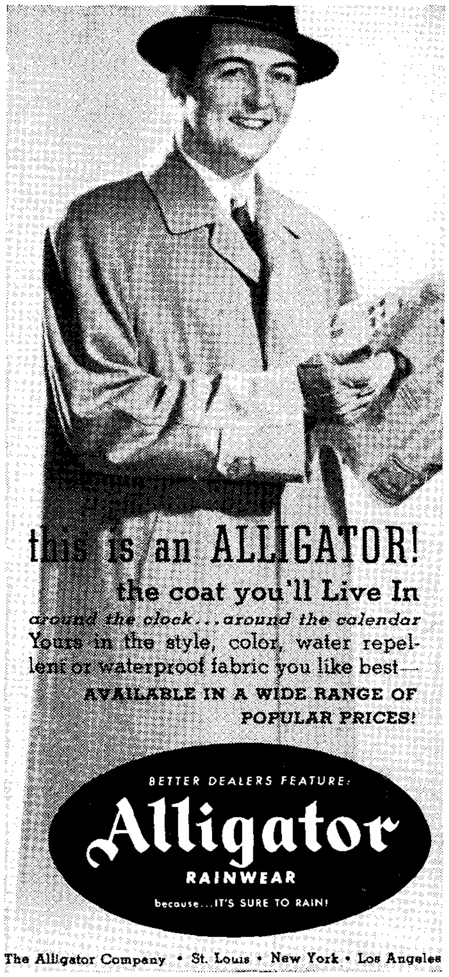
"I don't know if I'm allowed," said Alfred.

"Let's don't ask her," I said.

Alfred's mother, a widow, was the janitress of the building, and she and Alfred had rooms on the first floor. I stood up and, with Alfred following me hesitantly, sneaked in the front door of the tenement and along the hall to a door under the stairway, opened it, and tiptoed down to the cellar, fearful lest Mrs. Glezen hear us. I kept half a dozen empty cigar boxes stashed away in a corner of the cellar, which had a dirt floor with a small worktable in the center of it, and a door and a high window in the back wall. Walking over and picking up a couple of the boxes, I handed one to Alfred. Then I moved to the back door, lifted the hook that secured it, and pushed it open. We emerged behind the house. Ahead of us was a crazy quilt of little vegetable gardens. These gave way to bare ground sloping down to a huge oak tree, around which some flat stones were scattered. I thought the stones would be a likely place for snakes, and I led Alfred to them. While he watched torpidly, I flipped a stone over. Underneath it, the grass was a yellow mat, succulent enough but inhabited only by slugs and worms. I flipped another stone over. To my joy, this time we really saw a small, greenish garter snake. As he started wriggling away from us, I pounced on him with thumb and forefinger and picked him up, and he flickered his split tongue at me till I shut him up in my cigar box. My exploit aroused Alfred, and he fell to with enthusiasm. For over an hour, we hunted excitedly under and around stones, and then we stopped, because our cigar boxes were full.

"I think we got enough," I said.

"Enough for what?" Alfred asked. His ardor had subsided.



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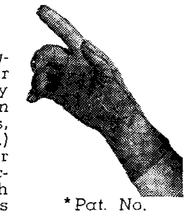

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I had no idea for what. The snakes just seemed like good things to have. "Maybe we could train them to do things," I suggested.

"What kind of things?"

"Oh, tricks," I said. "Like teach them to jump over a stick."

"What good is that?" said Alfred.

"Well, maybe we could charge people to come and see them," I said.

Alfred wanted to know how much we could charge, and I said it depended on how many tricks. Then I had an inspiration.

"Listen," I said. "How about my sister's doll house?"

Alfred said he didn't think he'd like to play with it.

"No, for the snakes," I said. "We'll train them to sleep in a bed, and go up and down stairs, and sit at the table to eat, and go in and out the front door, and everything."

"Could we?" asked Alfred, warming up again.

"It'll be a regular doll house, only with snakes. I bet we could clean up," I said.

Alfred actually smiled. We raced home with the cigar boxes, and when we had slipped through the back cellar door, we set them side by side at one end of the worktable. I put Alfred on guard over them and went stealthily up to the second floor, where my family lived.

THE hallway there was windowless, and dark in the daytime. At night, it was lighted by gas lamps and explored by field mice, and sometimes roaches slept on the walls, undeterred by the landlord's promises to exterminate. Because the kitchen door was near the head of the stairway, my family and I used it as the front door. I opened it and went in. The doll house reposed on the linoleum floor, near the dumbwaiter, and, unfortunately, so did my sister, who was energetically coloring newspaper advertisements with a blue crayon. She looked up at me for only a second. I went to the half-open door between kitchen and living room, and, taking a precautionary peek, saw that my mother was sitting on the window ledge, with the window frame lowered across her lap, washing the outside of the pane. I closed the door gently and surveyed the doll house. It was two stories high, and, from the front, a magnificent white structure with a red roof and green shutters. Every room was furnished. It had no back wall. I knew I had to think of a ruse to get my sister out of

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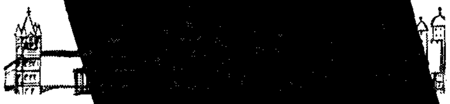

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the kitchen, because long ago she had forbidden me to so much as touch her precious doll house. Pretty soon, a device occurred to me.

I said casually, "I'm going to loan a dime out of your bank. All right?"

"Mama!" she shrieked, and, scrambling up, ran into our bedroom, which adjoined the kitchen. At once, I opened the shaft door, pulled up the dumbwaiter, loaded the doll house onto it, and quietly shut the door—just in time. My sister darted back into the room and said in triumph, "No, you're not, smarty. I hid it somewheres else."

"All right for you," I said.

She plopped down on the floor, but before she resumed coloring the ads, she glanced around the kitchen, a puzzled look on her face. I vanished out the door into the hall. When I got back to the cellar, Alfred and I hauled the dumbwaiter down as uncreakily as we could, lifted out the doll house, and placed it in the middle of the worktable, near the two cigar boxes. Then we stationed ourselves at the rear of the doll house.

Raising the lid of one of the cigar boxes a half inch, I grabbed the first snake that stuck his head out and laid him on a double bed in an upstairs bedroom of the doll house, but he immediately flowed onto the floor and under the bed. I fished him out and put him back on the bed, and he ungratefully flowed onto the floor again. When I laid him back a third time, I held a finger on him, but my solicitude was wasted. The moment I released him, he slid off the bed again.

"This one is no good," Alfred said.

"He must of been sleeping before," I said. "Let's try a different one."

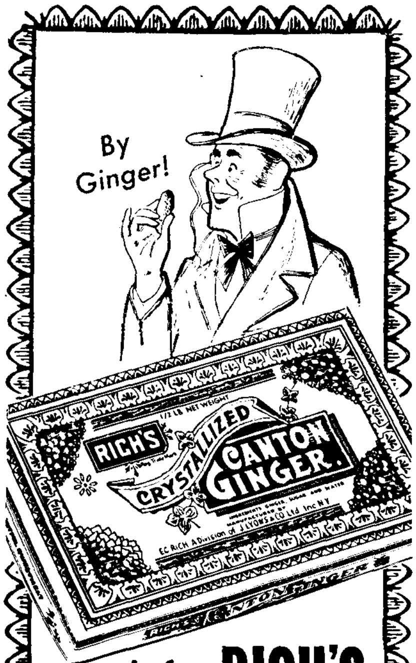
"My father used to sing me to sleep," Alfred said. "That's the way to do it."

I felt this stratagem wouldn't work. "You try it," I said.

Alfred squeezed the wide-awake snake back into its box, and extracted a snake from the other box and deposited him on the bed, thumbing him down. Alfred was afraid his mother would hear us, so he only whispered and hummed to the snake.

"Go to sleep. *Hmmm.* Go to sleep."

He lifted his thumb, and instantly the snake dived under the bed. Alfred squinted at him in displeasure. I fingered him out of this retreat, but he was too elusive for me to hold. He slithered back and forth in the miniature upstairs rooms, with my hand blundering after him, and then he glided down the stairway and climbed halfway out a living-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room window at one side of the house.

"He should go out the door," Alfred said critically.

The snake dropped to the worktable and whisked out of sight around the front of the doll house. I told Alfred to lift the house, and he did, holding it up while I pursued the snake all over the table. Finally, I slapped my hand down on him.

"Nobody's gonna pay to see this," Alfred said.

"We better try something else. They're not very sleepy," I said.

Alfred set down the house. I opened one of the cigar boxes and put the snake in. Then I spied a placid snake among the twisters, held them back with one hand, and with the other drew him out by the tail. I dangled him, and he behaved as genteelly as a piece of rubbery string. Pinching him at the back of the neck, I set him in a living-room chair and poked his stomach in until he was seated upright, but when I let his neck go, he slid off the chair in a heap. I tried again and again, but he wouldn't help.

"Boy, are these dumb snakes!" I said.

"*He's* sleepy," Alfred said. "Why don't you try him in the bed?"

I did, and he lay there curled up.

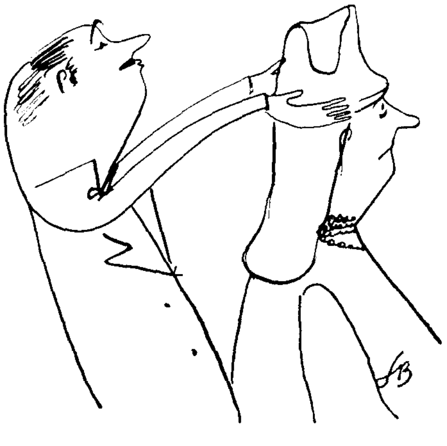
"There!" I said, surprised.

It was our first success. The snake lay toylike on the tiny upstairs bed. We could hardly believe this, and stood gazing at him in delight.

Then Alfred said, "He's dead."

Apprehensive, I prodded him, and he certainly seemed to be dead. We felt very disheartened, looking upon him on his deathbed. Alfred dolefully gave him a last poke, and he shot off the bed, down the stairway, and out the open front door of the doll house.

"He went out the door!" shouted Alfred, swinging his arms exuberantly as the snake sailed off the table. One of Alfred's hands accidentally hit the snake boxes and knocked them to



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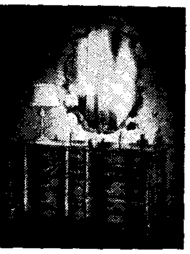

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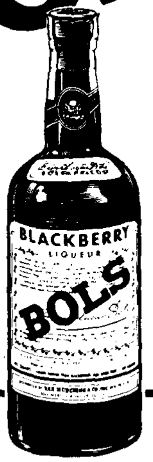

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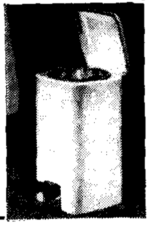

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the floor. Snakes swam out in all directions. A wave of them swept over my bare feet, and I jumped back, yelping loudly. Alfred, secure in his shoes, looked on breathlessly. The floor was alive and eddying.

JUST then, we heard the door at the top of the cellar stairs open, and Mrs. Glezen's voice came down to us, sharp as a saw. "Alfred! Alfred, you down there?"

Alfred flew out the back door. I stumbled forward, knelt down and picked up one of the cigar boxes, and grabbed wildly for snakes.

"Who's down there?" Mrs. Glezen demanded.

"It's me, Mrs. Glezen," I said.

"Isn't Alfred with you?"

"No, Ma'am."

"What are you doing there?"

"I'm looking for something."

"Well, you look for it outside."

"But, Mrs. Glezen—"

"You want me to come down after you?"

"No, Ma'am," I said.

I put the cigar box on the table, stepped gingerly to the stairway, and ascended it. Mrs. Glezen, a lank figure with a harassed face, was holding open the door at the top. Twice a month, she denounced me to my mother for bringing mud into the hall. Now she grasped me by the shoulder.

"What were you looking for?" she asked.

"Snakes," I said. I couldn't think of another thing.

"There are no snakes down there," she said. "You stay out of there. And don't go bringing mud into this hall."

She escorted me along the hall, pushed me out on the stoop, and shut the front door. I went around back of the houses, among the vegetable gardens, and hunted for Alfred. I found him hiding behind some currant bushes at the far edge of one of the gardens. He looked unhappy.

"It's all right," I said. "Your mother stayed upstairs. Let's go back and get the snakes."

As we crept up to the cellar door, we saw a lone snake wriggle toward us over the sill and disappear into a patch of high grass. Suddenly alarmed, I dashed inside the cellar, with Alfred at my heels. There wasn't a single snake to be seen anywhere.

"They've escaped!" I cried softly, still mindful of Mrs. Glezen. "All of them."

Alfred shrugged. "I don't believe we'd have trained them anyway," he

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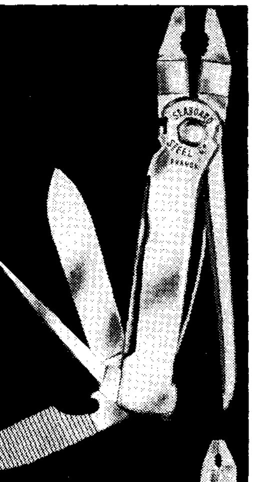

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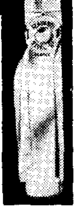

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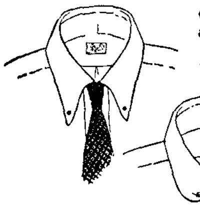

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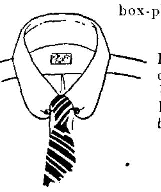

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said. "Snakes are no good for that," he added dejectedly.

"I guess not," I said. I looked at Alfred's sad face and then at the trim white doll house, with its staircase and its tables and chairs and neat, inviting beds.

"Listen," I said, picking up the cigar box that was on the table. "Come on with me."

"Yeah?" said Alfred dubiously.

"Sure, come on," I said, pulling him out the door behind me. "I know just the place where we can catch a mole."

—WILLIAM GIBSON

•

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Although there is always something sad about the year's last game in any park, there was nothing of the character of a wake surrounding what every one must realize was the Giants' final appearance on their home grounds.—*Al Laney, September 25th.*

Otherwise it [the Giants' last home game] was like a wake.—*Red Smith, same day.*

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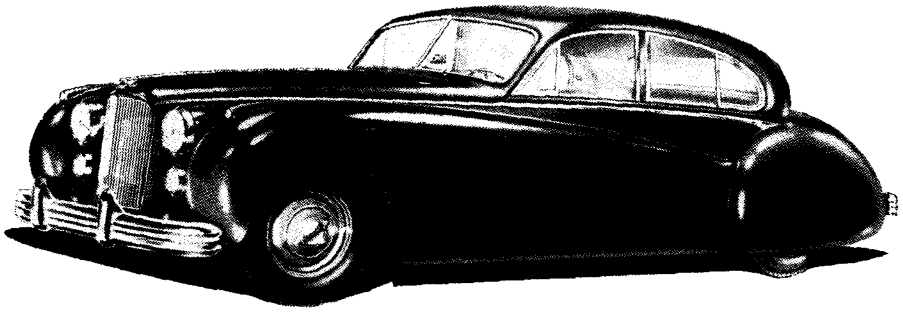

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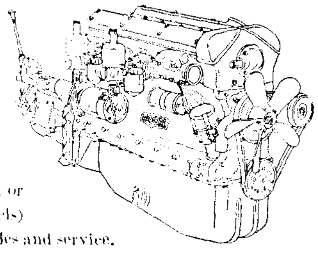

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POLO

One for Milwaukee

IT was probably a surprise to no one, after the first period or two of the final match, that Milwaukee won the Open Championship at Meadow Brook last weekend. For the record, the team, made up of Pedro Silvero, Peter Perkins, George Oliver, and Bob Uihlein, beat Meadow Brook by six goals to two. The fact won't go down in the annals of the Polo Association, but most of the crowd in the stands, who will undoubtedly be talking about it for years, will agree that it was the chilliest afternoon they ever spent watching a major polo fixture. Another subject that will be discussed, preferably near a nice, roaring fire, is the low scoring. No doubt the weather had something to do with that, too, but I'd put it down mainly to the condition of the field—the worst I ever saw.

The most noticeable thing about the Milwaukee team was its steadiness. Silvero and Perkins worked with such unity that you'd think they had been teammates for months. Actually, as far as anyone recalls, they'd never ridden together before; one or another combination of the members had, on one team or another, but the four had never played as a unit until they assembled here for this tournament. Oliver, the No. 3, was the best man on the field; he was unselfish in his team play and his passing, and he never let down. (He and Silvero, by the way, were on the Old Westbury team that beat Mexico for the Open Championship in 1947.) Someone—I daresay a Meadow Brook supporter—suggested wryly that the reason Oliver rode so energetically and got into every play was to keep warm. As you may know, he coaches the University of Miami polo teams, and consequently spends most of his time in southern Florida.

The Meadow Brook team never got going; in fact, it didn't score till well along in the third period, when Combs, the No. 2, tallied. Perhaps Meadow Brook just wasn't lucky. To start things off, Corey, the No. 3, was hit on the chin by the ball during a melee in the first period, and considerable time out had to be taken to patch him up. He wore a heavy bandage for the rest of the game, but neither the injury nor the bandage seemed to affect his playing. Parsells, who was a ball of fire for

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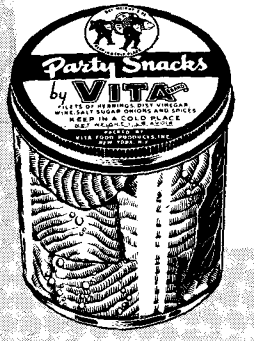

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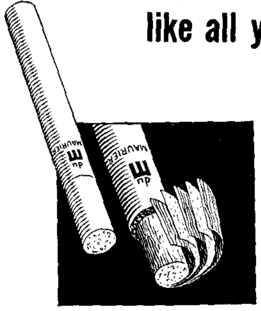

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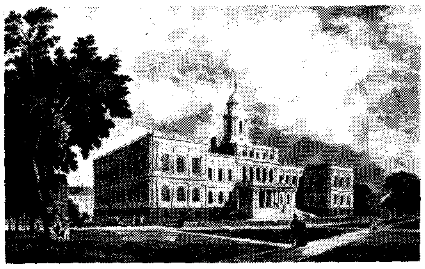

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Meadow Brook against the Chicago Arlingtons, had an off day; his side could have used his sure-goal shots. Nevertheless, the first couple of periods were lively, and good polo. After that, it was all Milwaukee. The team led at half time, 4–1.

Milwaukee had reached the final round by beating the Blind Brook Hurricanes, 9–6, in a match that was full of expert riding; some spectators thought it was the best match of the tournament. Meadow Brook had had to beat only the Arlingtons to reach the finals.

ALL the polo at Meadow Brook this autumn had a disarming, happy-go-lucky quality, making it a little difficult to discuss critically. No one could say that the matches were not interesting, and certainly the riding was all-out. Even so, there was no sustained effort on the part of any one team in any one match. A fairly obvious explanation of this was that the ponies simply weren't up to any such effort. It is hardly news to the devotees along the horse lines that there has been a pony shortage for a long time. That's why even the championship tournament matches lately have had only six periods, instead of eight. No stock has come in from the Argentine for more than a decade, and very little has been done in the production and training of homebreds. The reason for this situation is fairly obvious, too. People don't pay fancy prices for ponies, as they did when Jock Whitney, Sonny Whitney, Laddie Sanford, the Guests, and Charlie Wrightsman were building up their large and expensive strings. In those days, every player had ten or more—frequently more—first-class mounts. Now a man is fortunate if he has four moderately good ones. Maybe things will be different next year. How, I wouldn't care to say.—BACKHANDER

•

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[*From the Ad Club Weekly of the St. Louis Advertising Club*]

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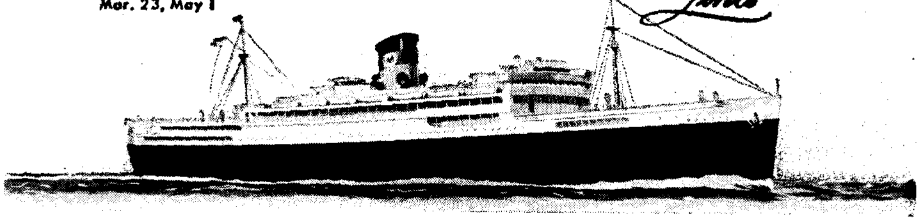

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MUSICAL EVENTS

A Case of Incompatibility

THE New York City Opera Company opened its fall season at the City Center last week with "Manon." This was the company's fourth performance of the Massenet work, which proved so popular when it was introduced into the repertoire last spring. Now, as then, I had an agreeable time watching it, but I also had some bad moments. On the whole, the production is superior; it is well staged, fitted with attractive scenery and costumes, and convincingly sung and acted by most of the principals. In addition, Jean Morel, the conductor, apparently enjoys the score and is able to make its sentiment, occasionally of a sickly nature, seem strong and meaningful.

The questionable part of the presentation is the casting of the two romantic leads, Manon and the Chevalier Des Grieux. Ann Ayars and David Poleri, the pair who appeared in these roles in the spring, are back again. Both have been praised for their performances, particularly Poleri, who created something of a sensation as Des Grieux. The two have widely different styles, though, and when they are seen together, as they are in most of the opera's high spots, this circumstance proves quite distracting. Poleri, youthful and appealing in appearance, plays in what can best be described as a restrained version of the conventional Italian manner. His gestures are delicate rather than broad, but his performance is made up of fine, classic poses, in which he assumes a kind of rapt expression that lends an impersonal quality to his characterization. His singing style, too, is one of studied, calculated fervor. Of course, there is much to be said for the grand manner in opera, especially in nineteenth-century Italian works with big arias and duets. There is less to recommend its use in French operas like "Manon," however, and furthermore, since Poleri's vocal effects have a way of going awry—he frequently flats, and shows a disposition to force his voice to unmusical limits—it often becomes a trifle ludicrous. In sharp contrast to it is the extremely sensitive performance of Miss Ayars, who, to a greater extent

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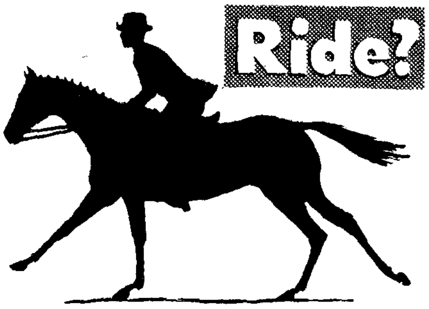

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than almost any other leading soprano, immerses herself in her roles. Her concentration in "Manon" is remarkable, and especially gratifying to anyone who deplores the generally low level of acting in opera. She is in character every moment she is on the stage. She points up the dramatic importance of a scene by listening intently to whoever is singing opposite her, and she contributes illuminating bits of business. Best of all, she sings in character, taking her music to be the major expression of a part. Her voice, as it happens, has a lovely texture, and she uses it charmingly. Add to these qualities of intelligence and skill her personal beauty and you have an uncommonly pleasing opera singer.

Aside from this curious dichotomy, the production is fairly unified. James Pease gives a slightly stiff but reasonably convincing performance as Lescaut; Carlton Gauld plays the elder Des Grieux with a splendid mixture of humor and reserve; and in the role of the elderly roué Morfontain, Michael Pollock creates a clear-cut and entertaining character. The crowd scenes are a bit slipshod, but then they always are in opera, and it would probably be asking too much to expect a bunch of extras to pour onto the stage every now and then and behave as if they actually belonged there.

BALLET THEATRE has come up with a few novelties during its current stand at the Metropolitan Opera House, but its principal contribution has been to make generous use of the talents of Alicia Alonso, the company's prima ballerina. She has long been one of the best dancers around, but I don't believe she has ever before been as brilliant as she has been this season. As Giselle, the weary old virgin of the dance, in the ballet of that name, Miss Alonso has contrived not only to keep the audience spellbound by her footwork but, by her acting, to enlist its sympathy for the rather foolish central character. A special radiance does the trick. Miss Alonso goes through the part as though she really believes in it, and she makes the sorry Giselle a touching figure. The incredible grace of her dancing makes Giselle a tremendously lovely figure, too. It is no wonder that in this work, as in "Swan Lake," Igor Youskevitch's simple excellence in the male lead is no match for Miss Alonso's artistry.

Jean Babilée and Nathalie Philippart, the French dancers, are back with Ballet Theatre, and are again disporting themselves in Babilée's two-character shocker "Le Jeune Homme et la

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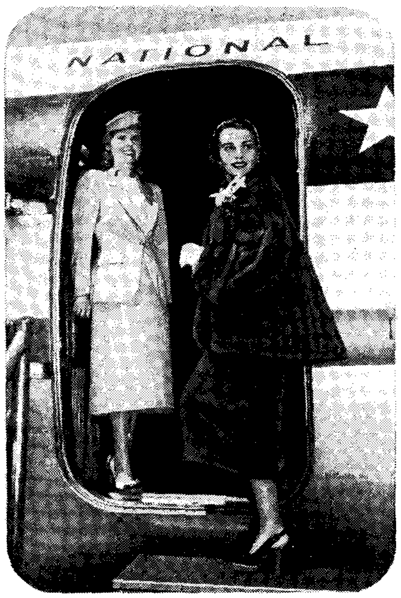

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Mort," which served to introduce them to us last spring. In addition, Babilée has squeezed his dance version of "Till Eulenspiegel," set to the tone poem by Richard Strauss, into the schedule. In this work, new to American audiences, Babilée, who generally wears his hair in loose bangs, is seen in a carrot-colored fright wig. Like "Le Jeune Homme," this piece is made up more of acrobatic leaps, rolls, and turns than of movements suggesting ballet. Here, however, Babilée—aided by the wig, his stocky build, and a pattern of footwork almost identical with that employed by the popular ice-skating comedian Freddie Trenkler—plays a clown. In either ballet, Babilée is something special to contend with, but, having now observed both sides of his dancing nature, I am inclined to think he is better suited to comedy than to pathos. Unfortunately, his comic ability is of small avail in "Till Eulenspiegel," for this is a miserably poor excuse for a ballet. With a lot more polish, it might be an acceptable number in a Broadway musical show, but it seems exceedingly slight to be included in the repertory of a top-notch ballet company.

Another thing Ballet Theatre has done this time out is to restore "Bluebeard," one of the late Michel Fokine's last ballets. It is long and episodic, and tedious as a dance work, but it has these merits: a swingy score, arranged by Antal Dorati from bits of Offenbach's music; a hearty performance of the title role by John Kriza; Mary Ellen Moylan, as the sixth wife, whirling captivatingly about the stage; and a delightful little dancer named Barbara Lloyd, who appears in the part of a page. Nothing more. The orchestra, which is conducted by Alexander Smallens for some of the ballets and by Joseph Levine for others, did not sound particularly impressive on any of the nights I heard it.

—DOUGLAS WATT

•

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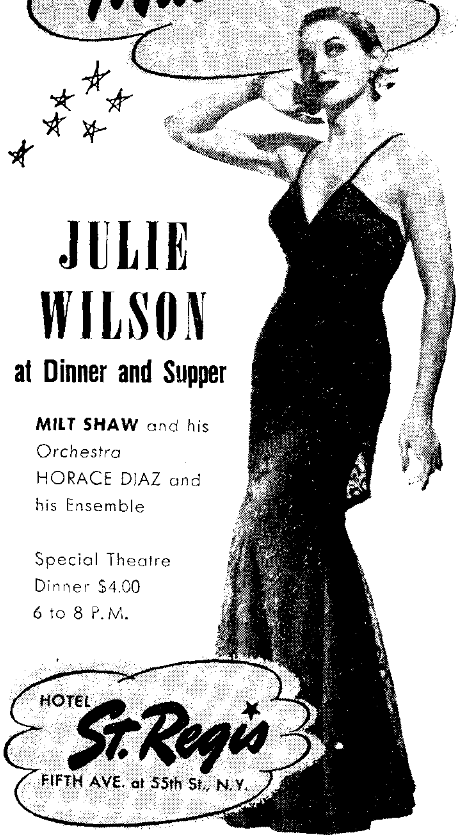

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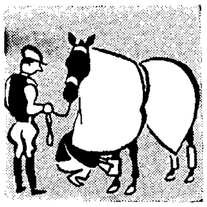

IT begins to look as if Hill Prince has come into his own again. He won his two starts at Belmont last week in such fine style that almost anyone would be tempted to predict that he will win the Manhattan Handicap this weekend, and follow that up next Saturday with another triumph in the Jockey Club Gold Cup. (He beat Noor in the Cup a year ago, you know.) Hill Prince is an old pet of mine, and it's not hard to slip off the deep end if you're the least bit sentimental, but there's no denying the fact that he won't meet any better horses in his coming engagements than he met in the New York Handicap, at a mile and a furlong, on Saturday. Besides, the Manhattan is at a mile and a half and the Cup is at two miles, and the longer distances will be in his favor. Just don't expect a payoff in boxcar numbers.

Hill Prince's performance early last week in a little one-miler called the Harmonicon Purse, in which Sheilas Reward set a very fast pace most of the way, was the best I have seen in a month of Sundays. Arcaro handled Hill Prince exceptionally well in this race, timing his moves perfectly and getting the most out of his mount at the least expense of effort. Hill Prince, by the way, isn't an easy horse to ride; like so many other topnotchers, he has a pretty strong will of his own. I thought that Gorman, who rode Sheilas Reward in the Harmonicon, also deserved a pat on the back. He made a good try, and didn't punish his mount unnecessarily when it became clear that Hill Prince was too much for the beast. In the New York Handicap, despite a nine-pound advantage over Hill Prince, Sheilas Reward didn't go at all well. Hill Prince won it by five lengths from One Hitter. Because the margin was so great, a number of watchers got the notion that Hill Prince, who, as usual, started off slowly, acted a little headstrong going around the stretch turn and overtook the leaders before Arcaro wanted him to. Arcaro said not. "Them leaders collapsed on me," he said.

I'M afraid there isn't much I can say in favor of Hall of Fame, whom one school of thought is setting up

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THE
Minneapolis Star *and* **Tribune**
COLUMN
by JOHN K. SHERMAN
MINNEAPOLIS STAR AND TRIBUNE COLUMNIST

JUST TO ORIENT YOU OPERA-GOERS to the incredible and violent world of operatic narrative, and to cushion the shock when you enter the Metropolitan Opera's lurid realm of hate, love and revenge, I propose to give you a synthesis of most of the opera plots you're apt to encounter in a lifetime:

GRACIOLA, ILLEGITIMATE DAUGHTER OF ROGER, the Black Baron, and a Romanian Gypsy woman who had once worked in the royal dairy, had been kidnapped as a child by her uncle on her father's side (Gripsholm) and was brought up to believe she was Loraletta, a princess of the Gorgonzola line, whose birthright had been stolen by a hunchback half-brother, Gunderson, who had murdered Bertha. (Bertha was the one who had stolen the jewels on St. Bartholomew's eve from her half-wit half-brother, Canaletto, whom she had strangled because she despised him.) This all happens years before the opera begins, and is now remembered only by Zecco, a hunchback fortune-teller, who, guitar in hand, may be observed (as the curtain rises) addressing the villagers who had assembled in native costume for the thirteenth annual dahlia festival and competition.

THEY GREET HIS DIRE PROPHECIES with jeers and laughter and go into a dahlia folk dance, while Loraletta, who has now lost her mind and is wearing an unkempt blond wig, wanders pitifully through the gay throng selling cigarets.

There are ominous mutterings from the orchestra (which is in the pit), the violins shudder and the clarinet pipes a plaintive wail as Loraletta (Graciola) creeps on hands and knees to the front of the stage to sing the aria "Ah, fors e questa o quella" (Oh, but that it is a sorrow to you I must unburden). This vocal gem is one of the highlights of the opera:

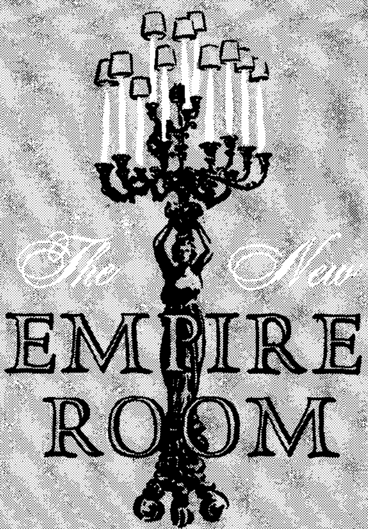
Oh, but that it is a sorrow to you I must unburden:
'Mid the so-happy throng I search for him because of whom my torn heart languishes forevermore,
O hideous fate! Love is the sun which lights our soul,
Which, having extinguished itself, to him no more its radiant rays shall shed sweet lustre, ah me,
Ethelbert—sweet and precious name!
Its mere sound sends a quiver of rapture to the depth of the unrequited heart of that sad one who can no longer tread life's weary highway, in fact—
I've a notion to forget the whole mess, and start life anew."

AT THIS POINT, LORALETTA (GRACIOLA) seems to throw off her depression and flicking her shawl and snapping her fingers in the face of an ogling dragoon, goes into a lively fandango. At the conclusion of this dance, she suddenly lapses into a paroxysm of despair, while four assassins, wrapped in cloaks, approach from the stage left.

This means that the duke's curse, uttered 150 years before the curtain rises, is about to be fulfilled, and it is the signal for the fanfare of trumpets which herald the arrival of the pretender on a pure white griffon. There is a distant tolling of bells, the clock strikes midnight, and there is an ominous rustling in the orchestra, which is still in the pit. The lovers fall into each other's arms, both victims of the poison potion, and Beppo laughs evilly off stage.

★

AS YOU MAY OR MAY NOT GATHER FROM ALL THIS, I "cover" the arts in Minneapolis and the Upper Midwest for the Star and Tribune. I'm glad to step into Cedric's corner this week to give you another taste of the editorial content in the Upper Midwest's best-read, best-liked newspapers—The **Minneapolis Star and Tribune** (combined daily circulation: now more than 485,000) and the **Minneapolis Sunday Tribune** (circulation: more than 615,000).



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as the leading three-year-old. He was beaten too easily last week by Alerted and Mandingo, a second-class animal if I ever saw one, in the Jerome Handicap. It's true that Hall of Fame carried fairly high weight, but a good horse should be able to do that and win. The colt I liked in the Jerome was Counterpoint, who hadn't been out since the Dwyer Stakes at Aqueduct last July. He carried nearly as much weight as Hall of Fame, and he finished fourth. You'll hear more from him before the season ends.

I WAS sorry to hear that Battlefield had a mishap in a morning workout recently and is through for the year. It seems that while he was galloping along, another horse slammed him against the rails, injuring his left foreleg painfully. He'll race again next year, his stable hopes. Well, as I've probably said before, Battlefield may not have been the best colt in the world, but he was consistent, and that excuses a lot in a racer. He must be the darling of the show-players, for he has never been out of the money.

THE more I think of it, the less the two-year-old fillies seem to measure up to the colts, as moderate a lot as they are. (In the spring, it was just the other way around.) Last weekend, the Matron Stakes, which always brings out the good ones, was won by Rose Jet, who had done nothing special since winning the Schuylerville at Saratoga almost two months ago. She led all the way in the Matron, beating Knot Hole and fifteen others. I was especially disappointed in A Gleam, who was lucky to finish in a dead heat with Landmark for third money. As you'd expect, A Gleam looks like her mama, Twilight Tear. The resemblance, I'd say, is only skin-deep.

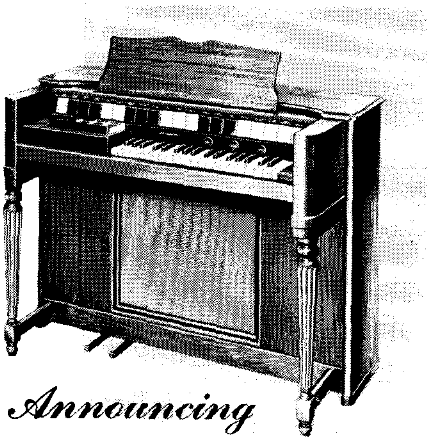
WELL, the Futurity will be run this weekend. Colonel Martingale's guess, if you care, is that the field will be one of the largest in years, and that if the track is fast Tom Fool will win.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Sharon firemen arrived at the scene first, at 5:45 a.m., and they were followed shortly by the the two-tenement house, a two-room school house and two nearby barns.—*Randolph (Vt.) White River Valley Herald.*

Fair-sized crowd for that time of morning.



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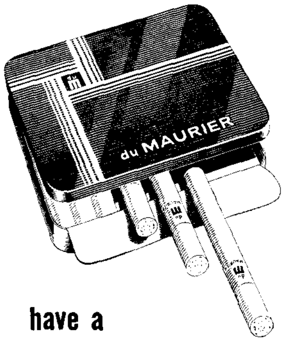

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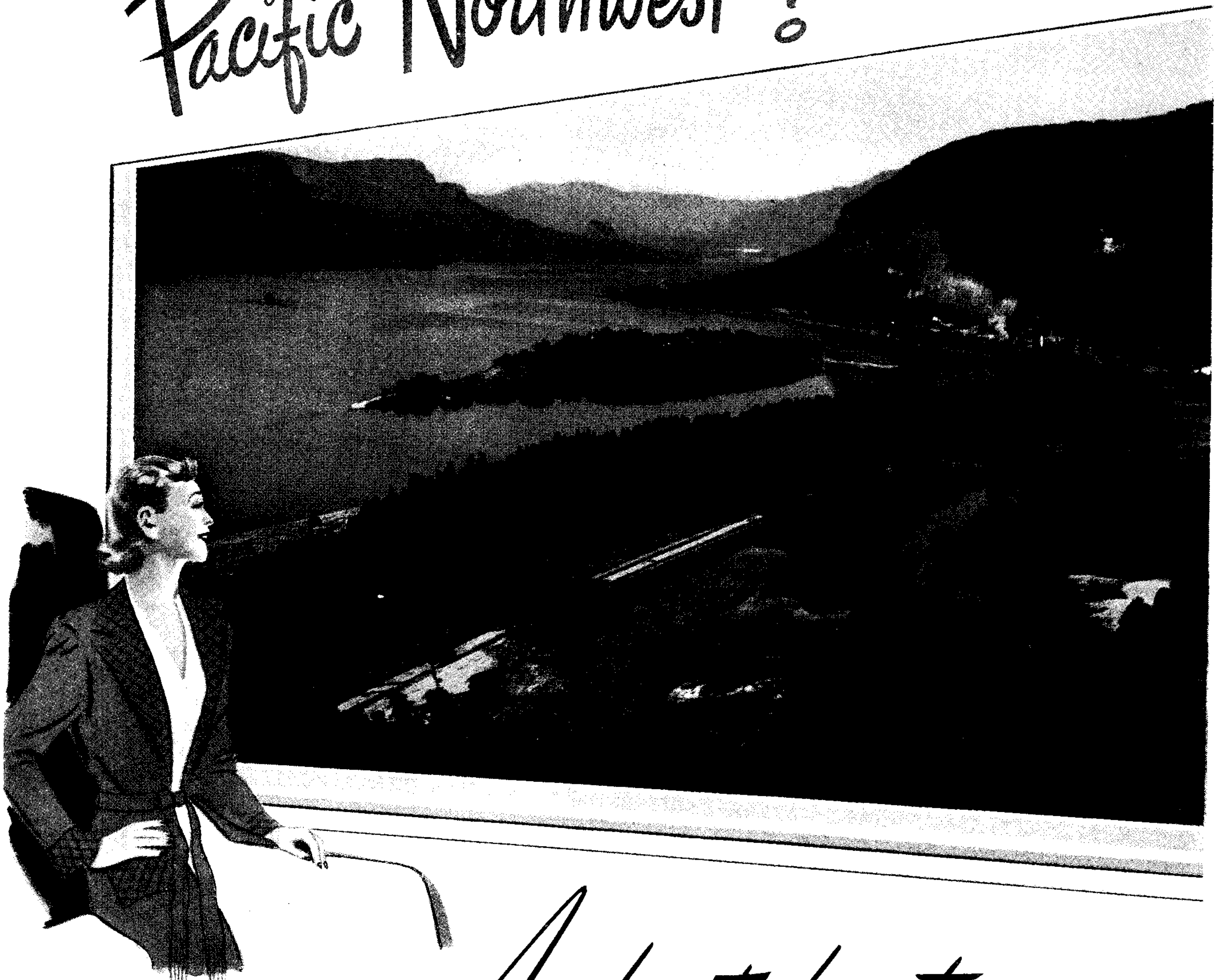

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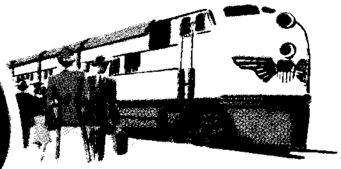

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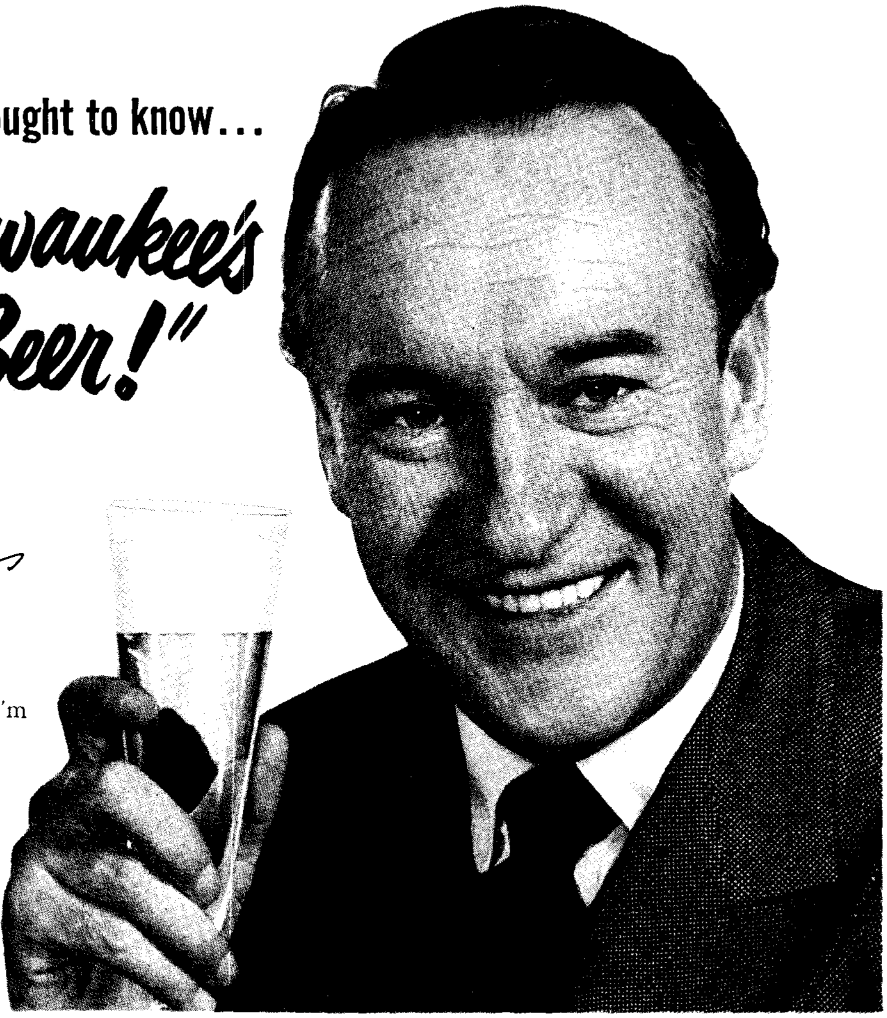

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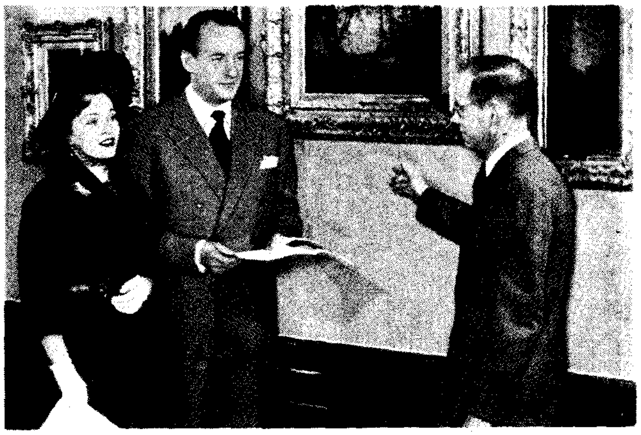

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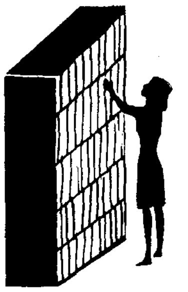
BOOKS

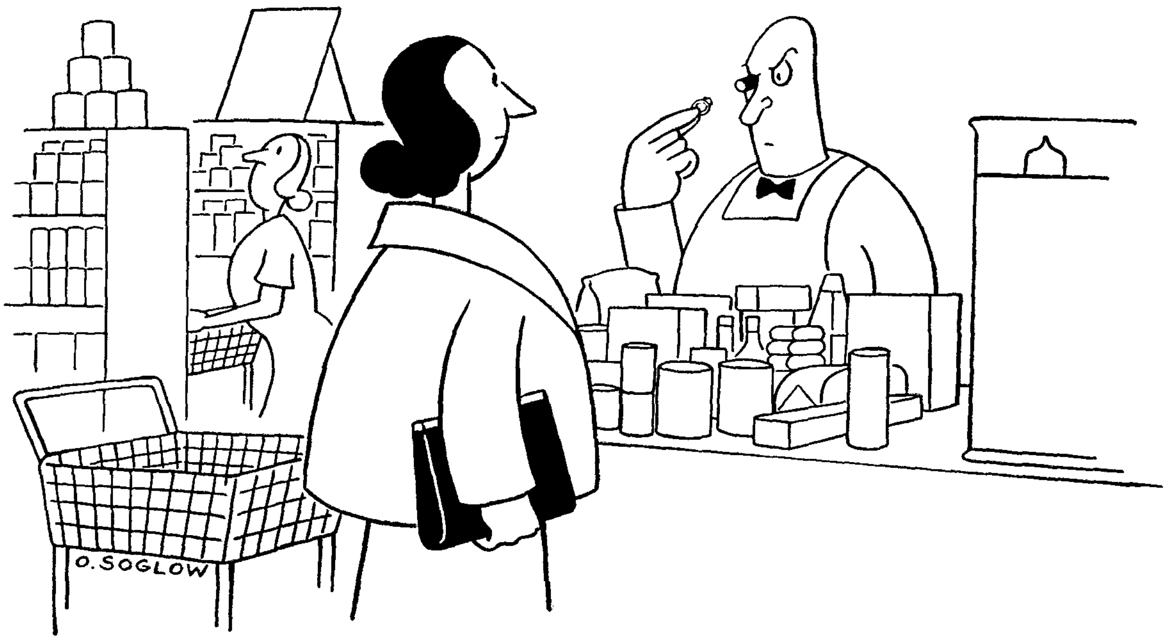
Drawing Room in the Jungle



“SHADOWS MOVE AMONG THEM” (Lippincott), by Edgar Mittelhölzer, is said by its publishers to be a novel like nothing else in contemporary fiction. Although the book is an extremely original one, the claim is unfair to it, because it is an example of that very enjoyable, and characteristically English, form of novel of which Norman Douglas's “South Wind” and Max Beerbohm's “Zuleika Dobson” are the prototypes. It tells an amusing story about an eccentric English family living an intellectually enterprising life in the jungles of British Guiana. The wit is urbane and delicate, and behind the wit there is real comedy. The language is formal and precise, and its clarity gives the writing a pleasantness that reminds one of the best French and Italian prose. And under cover of the light entertainment, it discusses serious ideas sensibly and rationally, putting forward the cool combination of Voltairianism and hedonism that is the hallmark of its school.

There is not much to the plot. The family is visited by a relative who arrives at the peak of a nervous breakdown brought on by the Spanish Civil War and his wife's death. The family tease him out of it, maneuver him into marrying their daughter Mabel, and persuade him to settle in the jungle with them. There is nothing that a neo-Marxist critic of the we-who-have-lived-through-the-depression school would recognize as an issue; it is what such a critic would call the worst kind of intimist novel, a masterpiece of evasion and escapism that slips past the modern world and all its tensions. That, of course, is just what it intends to do, and to get beyond newspaper issues to basic questions of attitudes. The man from outside who comes to visit the family is not mentally sick, or neurotic, in a clinical sense; he is suffering from a bad case of poisoning by what are to Mr. Mittelhölzer the wrong ideas. The outsider is a romantic idealist in the true sense of the word; that is to say that he can never enjoy the happiness that the natural order brings him but must always be looking beyond it to a concept of absolute happiness; can never fully enjoy any physical experience—for instance, sex—because the actual experience is being measured against an intellectual concept of a perfect experience beyond that. He is also obsessed with the idea, based on literary misunderstandings of Freudian psychology and made popular by such writers as Thomas Wolfe, that self-realization is the supreme goal in life—an idea that inevitably pushes its holder into an isolated private hell, because it devalues everything but individual experience and perception, and makes every other individual, demanding recognition for other experiences and other perceptions, an enemy. In the end, such ideas lead to an abandonment of all rational systems of arriving at values, every one of which depends on exchange of information about experience between individuals, and to the adoption of emotional and intuitive tests with intensity as the yardstick. An experience producing a big emotional bang is a valuable one, and it becomes less valuable as what it produces decreases in intensity. By this standard, a scream is more significant and more real than a thoughtful statement, and rape and other instances of messy and passionate behavior are more real and significant than controlled, restrained behavior, however much more creative it may be in the long run.

Mr. Mittelhölzer's visitor is in the grip of all this, and it has taken him apart in the midst of the theoretically safe world of civilization and order. The eccentric family put him together again in the jungle in which they have chosen to live. What he is up against in them is, superficially, the worst that the English middle-class background can produce. The language they talk is a compound of understatement, elliptical reference to a syllabus of reading (part of their education and meaningless to anyone who has not read the books in question), and private jokes founded on Edward Lear's nonsense poetry. The ideas they talk about, however, are another matter. What they have done is to domesticate the best of eighteenth-century French rationalism and to put into working order for themselves a system that reconciles man to man, and man to his place in the natural order. They are at home in the jungle because they are able to deal with it as something that is there, not as a malicious departure from an ideal setting, and they can deal with each other because they value their knowledge of each other's experience as highly as their own. The watered-down language, unattractive as it is to those who like to ride their emotions bareback, corresponds to the facts of life as the intensity of romantic language about the emotions, which suggests that each new love or hate will change the courses of



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the stars or revise the whole pattern of human relations, does not.

The visitor learns with some surprise how accurately their language does describe what is probable and what is possible, and how it enables them to withstand the chimeras and illusions that the jungle breeds out of its lavish disorder, and to canalize their own disorderly impulses. He is borne down by their ability to communicate with each other, their ability to turn fear and guilt into poetry, their frankness about everything, their reasonableness about sex, and their readiness for ruthless, practical action when they are forced to it. It frightens and bewilders him to find that he is being tricked out of his terrors and manias one by one. He fights to retain them, but in the end he is left with no alternative but to accept the measured, civilized, and pleasant way of life that is closing in on him. The principal agent of his conversion is a girl of twelve, whose macabre fantasies and deadly clarity of mind recall the murderous innocence of the young heroine of Richard Hughes' "High Wind in Jamaica." This book has something of the quality of that novel, something of the quality of the early Huxley novels, and an excellence all its own. It can be recommended as a very likable comedy of ideas.

WITH "The Holy Sinner" (Knopf), Thomas Mann's new novel, we come to a much more solemn sort of humor. Though the approach is wholly Germanic, the game is the one Anatole France delighted in—the retelling with tongue in cheek of a pious medieval legend, spicing up a saintly life with lighthearted eroticism. The fable on which Mann has built his story was written by Hartmann von Aue, a German poet who was at work around about 1200 A.D., and is concerned with the life of Pope Gregory, Gregorius vom Stein. Gregory, it would seem, was born out of wedlock to a brother and sister, and by ill luck married his mother. He then spent some time doing penance chained to a rock off the French coast, and was finally elected Pope when his hardships had reduced him to the size, and nearly to the appearance, of a hedgehog.

It is hard to say what Mann can have had in mind when he embarked on the task of spinning this rigmarole out to the length of a novel. Anatole France's motive for doing this sort of thing was easy to understand—an anticlerical one—and his pseudo-pious chronicles were parodies of what the Church was

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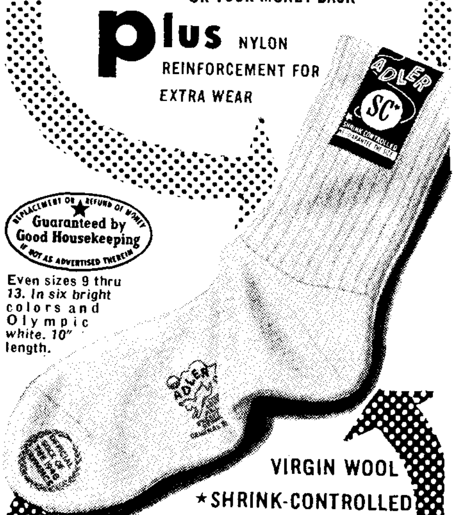

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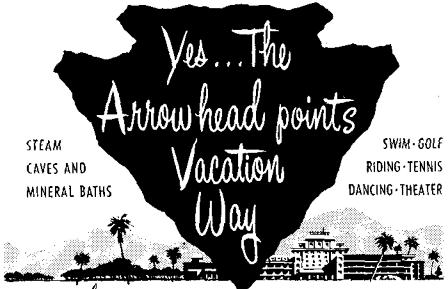

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then circulating in provincial France. But Mann's tone is a teasing one, as if the medieval mind were being laughed at, and this seems oddly naïve and unlike him. Popular hagiography had about as important a role in pre-Renaissance culture as the confessions magazines have in ours. The bias against the Gothic world that eighteenth-century classicism bequeathed nineteenth-century historians no longer obscures the fact that it had an international and brilliant quality rather than a provincial and dim one. Mann does its essence less than justice with such childish medievalisms as "Say not that you have naught! But let us sit down in the window niche and causer cosily a little . . . " This is not far from the silliness of Mark Twain's Yankee, at the Court of King Arthur, mocking the past for its foolishness in not being the present.

The rapidly developing transitional medieval languages are as cranky and uncomfortable to modern ears as Mann suggests where the mere sound of the words is concerned, but there the strangeness stops. The oddity of such a thing as Thomas of Hales'

> Hwer is Paris and Heleyne
> That weren so bryht and feyre on bleo,

which was written at about the same time as von Aue's story, is only skin-deep. As

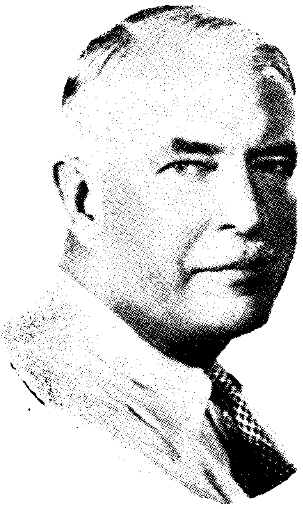
> Where are Paris and Helen
> That were so bright and fair of face,

the thing has a magic and delight that has no date. What is worth going back in time to get is worth the cleanest and sharpest language that can be written. However, Mann has his fun making his monkish narrator into a clumsy-minded clodhopper, and whatever the spirit of the Middle Ages may or may not have been, it is, in its slow way, surprisingly good fun. —ANTHONY WEST

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

MISTER JOHNSON, by Joyce Cary (Harper). Mister Johnson is a seventeen-year-old African, a clerk in government service, who is too full of love to be able to live easily, and who ardently desires the tokens of happiness that money can buy, though he has not the capacity to count or to fear the cost to himself of his reckless borrowing and spending. Mr. Cary describes this boy's brief fling at life, and his punishment, in a curiously immediate and restless prose, which seems to consist of flitting from one human face to the next, catch-



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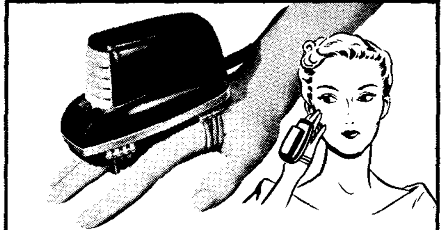

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ing in each some grimace of need—a prose that gives the effect of a series of caresses without ever the warmth or even the promise of an embrace, as though the writer wanted to establish his sympathy and his own pain but was determined, stoically and realistically, to deny all words or gestures of consolation.

ARRIVAL IN WYCHERLY, by Norman Denny (Dodd, Mead). A rueful, very readable story about a man who hoodwinks a lot of people by pretending to be what he isn't. Among the things he pretends to be is a magician, or at least a man with some magic powers. Since his pretending does no harm to those around him and certainly does no good to himself, one cannot help liking him in spite of his foolishness, and wishing things had come out better for him. He arrives in the small and obscure English village of Wycherly on a cold and rainy January night, and sets out on his game of mystification. Mr. Denny writes cheerfully about an interesting collection of people, but he occasionally allows them to engross him so thoroughly that he digresses and dawdles while the story hangs in midair, which is hard on the reader.

UNQUIET NIGHT, by Albrecht Goes (Houghton Mifflin). The time of this story is the autumn of 1942, the place is a German military prison in the Ukraine, and the narrator, who is also the principal figure, is a Protestant chaplain called in to attend the last hour of a young soldier condemned to death for desertion. Mr. Goes crowds his chaplain's mind with unreal and yet distinct impressions of incidents that happen to him during this last night, while he is desperately trying to study the condemned man's dossier before going to his cell to prepare him for death. It would have been a good idea, perhaps, to omit some of these encounters and conversations, because although they are all significant in their way, they are, in view of the impending execution, merely interruptions, detracting from the strength of the book, which is too slight to support so much change of subject. Despite all this, it is a touching story, with here and there a heartfelt phrase that makes it seem more of a pity than ever that Mr. Goes did not simply concentrate on the human tragedy that began and ended it all.

WITH ALL MY HEART, by Margaret Campbell Barnes (Macrae Smith). A novel about domestic virtue. Cath-

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erine of Braganza is the wife. Charles II of England is the husband. She is possessed of, and by, great virtue, solid as a rock. Mrs. Barnes, writing feverishly about this locked, loveless household, seems driven by some mysterious conviction, which is never made clear. The Literary Guild selection for October.

NOTE: "Bella, Bella Kissed a Fella," a collection of short stories by Arthur Kober about the Gross family in the Bronx, has been published by Random House. Most of the stories first appeared in this magazine.

GENERAL

SCHNOZZOLA, by Gene Fowler (Viking). An affectionate and suitably high-spirited account of the career, to date, of Jimmy Durante. It is Mr. Fowler's contention that back in the twenties his subject had already achieved in his night-club appearances a degree of immortality approximating that of Grimaldi, the most famous of English clowns, and he therefore devotes the major, and by far the most successful, portion of this biography to a strongly nostalgic survey of the robust goings on in the Club Durant, Les Ambassadeurs, and the other spots where Durante and his partners, Clayton and Jackson, almost literally bowled their audiences over. Since Mr. Fowler admits that it's next to impossible to put an analytical finger on a talent such as Durante's, he leans rather too heavily on his subject's famous and individualistic approach to the English language, which he reproduces with tireless fidelity, and, as far as personal appraisals are concerned, on tributes from the comedian's friends and associates. The tributes, as it happens, are almost entirely superfluous, since the factual content of Durante's life speaks very nicely indeed for itself. Photographs.

THE LOG FROM THE SEA OF CORTEZ, by John Steinbeck (Viking). A reissue of the narrative part of "The Sea of Cortez," which was the record of an expedition to the Gulf of California undertaken ten years ago by Steinbeck and his marine-biologist friend Ed Ricketts. The object of the voyage, made in a seventy-six-foot seiner, was to observe, collect, and catalogue examples of the marine life of the Pacific littoral, as well as to have some fun. The book that came out of it was an unconventional and memorable one, very unlike most re-

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ports on scientific exploration. The present volume omits the marine biology, and the author has added an informal biographical sketch of Ricketts, who was killed in an automobile-train collision in 1948. Ricketts, according to Steinbeck (who used him as the central character of "Cannery Row"), was an improvident, irreverent, hard-working man who made up his own moral code as he went along, had odd and interesting ideas of what is diverting in life, and was almost an idol to the citizens of Monterey who knew him. His highly flavored personality, as it emerges from the pages of the new preface, greatly enhances the appeal of the book.

The Quest of the Schooner Argus, by Alan Villiers (Scribner). In 1950, at the invitation of the Portuguese government, the author of this book voyaged to the Grand Banks and Greenland aboard the four-masted, steel-hulled schooner Argus, one of the thirty-odd deep-sea fishing boats that annually set sail from the coastal villages of Portugal and return, months later, packed with salted codfish from the icy North Atlantic. These ships, which make up the last fleet of working sailing vessels in the world, are manned by fishermen who go out in the one-man dories carried in stacks on each ship's deck and catch the cod on hand lines. Their life is almost unbelievably hard, and Mr. Villiers was deeply impressed by both their character and their seamanship. He writes about his experiences among them with the same persuasive enthusiasm and knowingness that have earned him the reputation of being the English-speaking world's foremost writer on non-sporting blue-sea sailing.

Civil Liberties Under Attack, edited by Clair Wilcox (University of Pennsylvania Press). A series of lectures given recently at Swarthmore College by six coolheaded authorities in the fields of education and law, covering, very comprehensively, the various aspects of the frontal attack on nonconformist thought and action currently being waged in this country. After a general examination of the subject by Henry Steele Commager, Robert Carr discusses the progress that has been made lately in civil liberties, and the legal and mental stumbling blocks in the path of further advance; Zechariah Chafee, Jr., the laws against subversion and the in-

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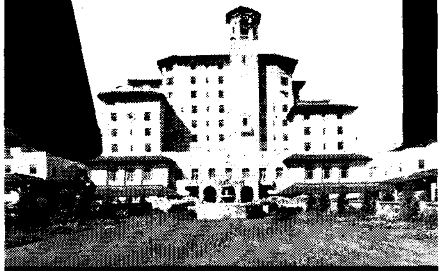

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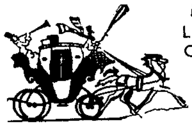

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vestigations of radicalism; Walter Gellhorn the problem of security in science; Curtis Bok censorship in the arts; and James P. Baxter III the necessity for freedom in the academic world. None of these experts raises his voice in anger at any point, but cumulatively the lectures form one of the best and most incisive commentaries on our state of exaggerated apprehension to have appeared lately.

MR. ODDITY, by Charles Norman (Bell). A popular biography of Samuel Johnson that falls short of being first-rate only because its author attempted too much. Mr. Norman has presented Dr. Johnson skillfully and to the life, and has given a fine sampler of the conversation of "the greatest talker who ever lived." But he has also tried to bring the reader to an understanding of Johnson's peculiar religiosity, his peculiar sexuality, and his peculiar peculiarness without allotting himself enough space for these large and vexed questions. He has also, in a commendable effort to keep from merely plundering Boswell's "Life," drawn upon a dozen other sources of Johnsoniana, and here again he has not given himself enough room to reconcile their conflicts and inconsistencies. A very entertaining book, however.

HOW TO GET FROM JANUARY TO DECEMBER, by Will Cuppy, edited by Fred Feldkamp (Holt). An almanac composed of what the publisher refers to as "tidbits"—that is, mildly quizzical comments on topics the late Mr. Cuppy found piquant, irritating, absorbing, or all three. Some of these tidbits are appropriate to the season or to the date under which they appear, others are merely tossed in with the air of offhand elfishness that entranced Mr. Cuppy's public and, incidentally, concealed a remarkably wide range of more or less useful knowledge. Illustrated by John Ruge.

HOW BUSINESS IS NO BUSINESS, by Al Hirschfeld (Simon & Schuster). Mr. Hirschfeld, one of the best newspaper caricaturists of the theatre and its fauna, now reveals himself as a writer with a nice talent for humor. For the past thirty years, he has sat on the fringes of the show world, and in this book he demonstrates that he loves it but doesn't necessarily respect it. He gently reduces the whole thing to an absurdity (no very difficult task, if this catalogue of insanity is to be believed), meanwhile exploring every facet of the theatre, from acting and designing to play-

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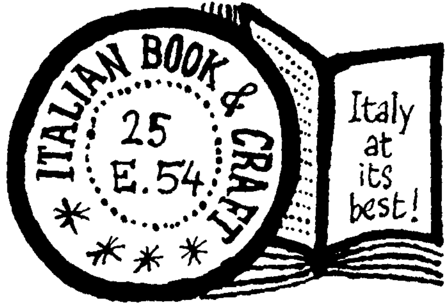

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writing and directing, where "being Hungarian is not enough." In addition to the drawings that illustrate the text, there is a representative collection of Mr. Hirschfeld's newspaper and magazine work.

THE ROAD IS YOURS, by Reginald M. Cleveland and S. T. Williamson (Greystone). A history of the automobile in America and of the automobile industry in general, written in a workmanlike, easy style that alternates facts—like the gloomy statistic that if all goes according to formula, the millionth American will be killed by a car toward the end of this year or early in 1952—with anecdotes and brief biographies of such men as R. E. Olds, Walter P. Chrysler, the Stanley twins, Henry Ford, William C. Durant, William S. Knudsen, and Charles W. Nash, whose enterprise made that statistic possible. There are over fifty full-page illustrations (vintage cars, pioneer and modern methods of production, and so on), most of which are captioned in the jocular manner that authors of books of this sort seem unable to resist; there is even one that reads "Get a horse!"

MYSTERY AND CRIME

I COULD MURDER HER, by E. C. R. Lorac (Doubleday). Old Mrs. Farrington's domestic entourage was wonderfully complicated—her second husband, seven younger people related to her in various ways, and a charwoman named Mrs. Pinks—and when she died (by an injection of insulin, accessible to practically everybody) it was something of a blessing for all of them, since she had been a difficult old lady at best, firmly in charge of the family finances. It is hard to say who benefits most from her murder, and Inspector Macdonald, of Scotland Yard, has to put up with quite a few false confessions, attempted suicides, and deliberately misleading testimony before he gets his problem solved. The author's cast is so large and its members are so similar in their general air of eccentricity that the casual reader may have some trouble keeping them straight, but on the whole the story is ingenious and distinguished by a kind of semi-plausible characterization.

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